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HARPERS



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Cowboys, Ranchers, and the Ruin of the West

By Edward Abbey

GOSSIPING ABOUT GOSSIP

Is There Truth to Trivial Talk?

William F. Buckley Jr. Liz Smith John Gross

Barbara Howard Robert Darnton Mark Crispin Miller

GUATEMALAN DEATH MASQUE

By Francisco Goldman

'DALLAS' VS. 'MIAMI VICE': TAKING TV TO MARKET

By Les Brown

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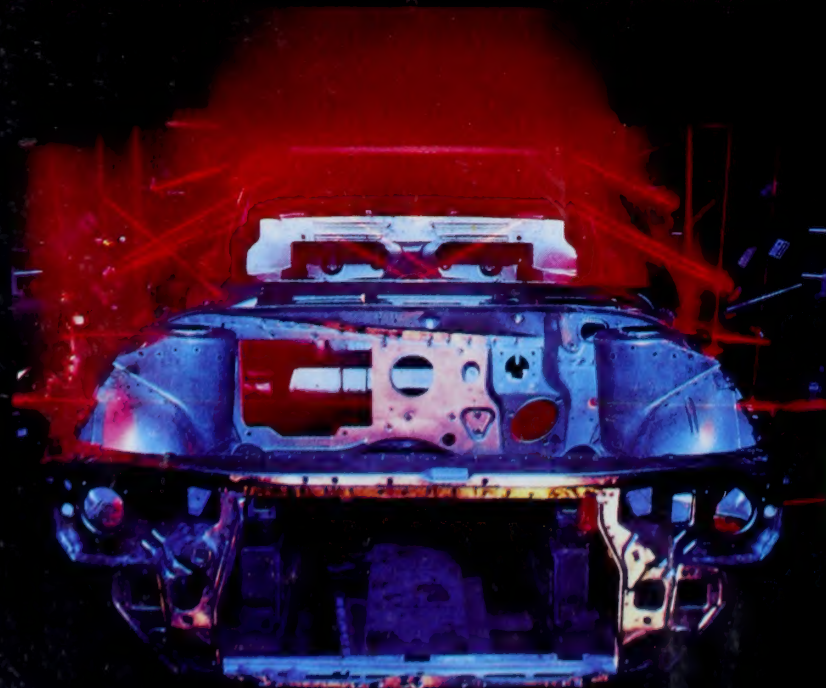
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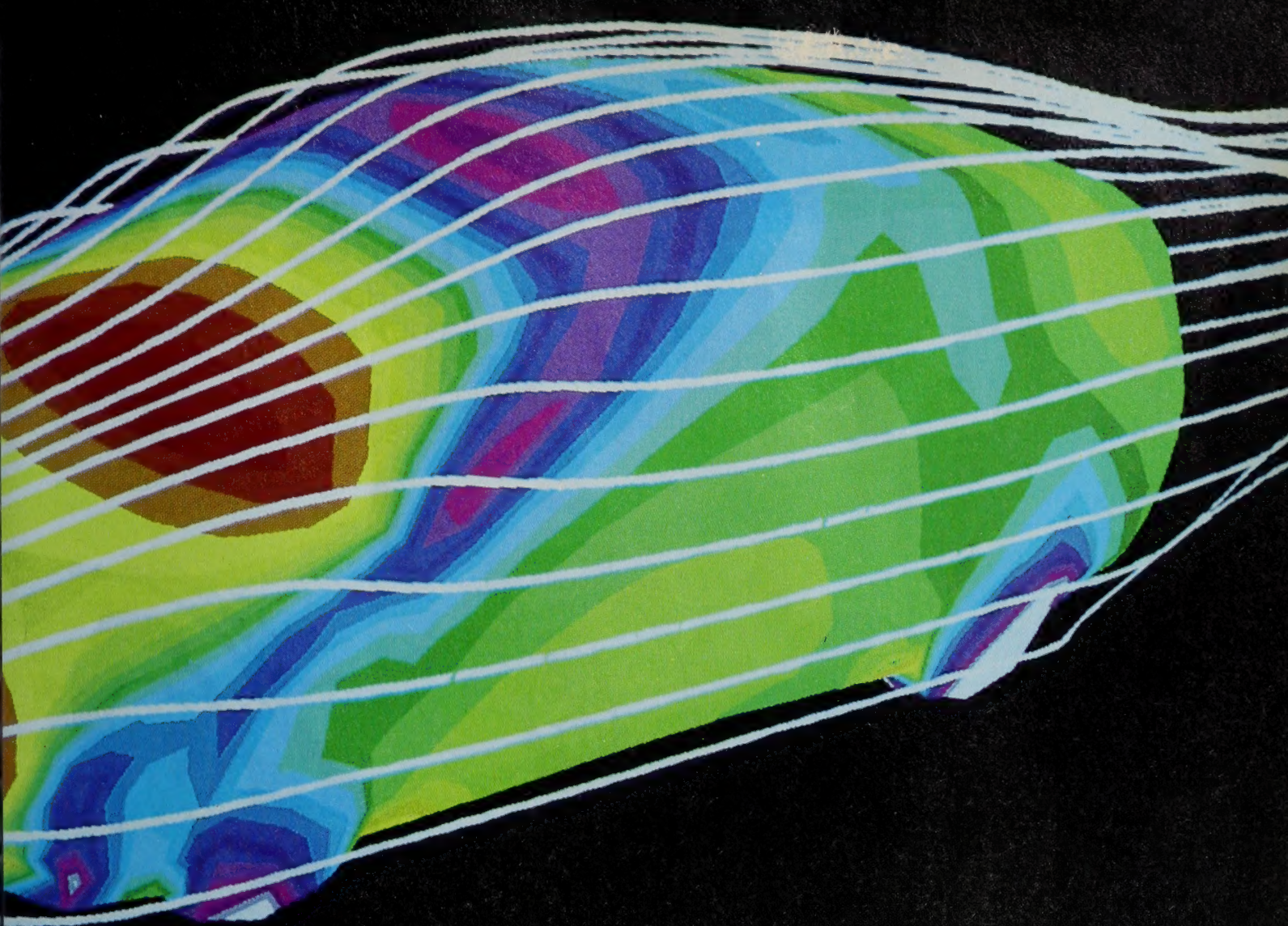
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Written long before women's liberation, Rossini's "L'Italiana in Algeri" is the hilarious story of how a spunky woman captive outwits her captors—"After all, they are only men..."—convincing the lecherous Bey of Algiers he's better off with his wife, rescuing her lover from slavery, and even persuading her captors to bid her and her lover a fond bon voyage as they happily set off to freedom.

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LETTERS

Science Fiction Strikes Back!

What in the world has gotten into Luc Sante ["The Temple of Boredom," *Harper's*, October 1985]? With prose as purple and cliché-ridden as that of the authors he decries, Sante has managed to uncover the dark truth that most of science fiction isn't very good. For decades, critics both within and outside of the genre have complained that much of science fiction is indeed boring, rife with adolescent macho fantasies, and deficient in carefully worked-out characterization and plot.

At its finest, however, modern science fiction is a laboratory of imagination that uses the distancing effect of far-off worlds and times to reflect the hopes and fears of our own era. Contemporary authors such as Ursula Le Guin, John Crowley, Gregory Benford, Gene Wolfe, Kate Wilhelm, and Alice Sheldon (to name a few) weld scientific plausibility with literary sophistication to create imaginative portrayals of possible futures. These authors' themes—which include the possible contours of post-catastrophe societies, changes in gender roles, the impact of scientific discoveries on social institutions, and the nuances of human–alien relations—are hardly the stuff of escapist fantasy and rarely make use of technological extrapolation for its own sake.

It's a pity that Sante chooses to waste his time confirming the obvious worst of science fiction instead of seeking out those tales which widen

our vision and provoke consideration of the deepest implications of science and technology for society.

Dennis Livingston

Boston, Mass.

Dennis Livingston is senior business editor of High Technology magazine.

Luc Sante's worst misconception is about money. The fact is that most science fiction writers are not paid well; even some of the best have not gotten rich. They write for love, quite imprudently.

George Zebrowski

Johnson City, N.Y.

To make a case against an entire genre, as Luc Sante attempts to do, requires that you consider its successes, not merely a random sample. Ponder Frederik Pohl's recent *Years of the City*, which has much to say about New York's problems. Or simply read the last five years' Nebula Award-winning novels.

Gregory Benford

Laguna Beach, Calif.

Let us judge science fiction by some of its finest works. Let's talk about Theodore Sturgeon's brilliant novel *More Than Human*, a tender and loving portrayal of a group of genetic misfits whose powers interact in a unique gestalt of human potential. What about Roger Zelazny's *Lord of Light*, which takes on the Hindu pantheon of gods and turns it inside out in a splendid far-future tale of human power and conflict? Or Ray Bradbury's *Something Wicked This Way Comes*; if Sante considers Bradbury a "mid-

Letters to the Editor are welcomed by Harper's. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

dling" writer, he must never have read this terrifying, unforgettable fantasy.

If "hard SF"—science fiction based largely on scientific speculation—is what you want, try Hal Clement's *Mission of Gravity* or Larry Niven's *Ringworld* or Gregory Benford's *In the Ocean of Night*. If you want to see myth and anthropology skillfully blended, try Jane Yolen's *Cards of Grief* or Joan D. Vinge's *The Snow Queen*. If you like psychology mixed in with hard science, try Frederik Pohl's *Gateway* or *Man Plus*. If you are looking for absurdist humor, try some vintage short fiction by Robert Sheckley. If you want to sample some of the best fiction by new writers, try David Brin's *Startide Rising* or Kim Stanley Robinson's *The Wild Shore* or anything by Octavia Butler (who will be surprised indeed to hear that Samuel Delany is the "only major black writer of science fiction"). If you simply want to read some superb writing that's impossible to categorize, look for Gene Wolfe's *The Book of the New Sun* series.

Jeffrey A. Carver
Cambridge, Mass.

Science fiction does have its present-day masters.

If Luc Sante (or anyone else) wishes to expand his appreciation of science fiction, I suggest the following works: *A Canticle for Leibowitz*, by Walter M. Miller; *The Left Hand of Darkness*, by Ursula Le Guin; *Where Late the Sweet Birds Sang*, by Kate Wilhelm; and in particular *Sundiver* and *Startide Rising*, by the new and remarkable David Brin.

Richard D. Simms
New York, N.Y.

I have always considered myself a minor fan of science fiction. So I was surprised to find that, Wells and H. G. Wells aside, not one of my favorite science fiction works popped up in Luc Sante's essay. What of Anthony Burgess's *The End of the World News*, *The Wanting Seed*, 1985? Or Doris Lessing's *Canopus in Argos* series?

Thomas S. Acton
Framingham, Mass.

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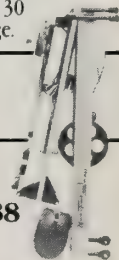
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While many statements in Luc Sante's essay are unfair, one in particular intrigues me. "Stanley Kubrick's epic production of Arthur C. Clarke's *2001: A Space Odyssey* gained a cult following but failed to inspire a Hollywood trend." Can't this be said of many other films, even those considered great ones, such as *Gone with the Wind*? After all, there are people who see this film every time it is shown, and I can't recall a trend in Civil War epics.

Mark D. Weiner
Los Angeles, Calif.

Science fiction does not always attempt to depict the future. Its best writers choose a hypothetical place and period of time, add enough detail to make these seem reasonable, then invite the reader to consider the points of view of characters whose like they will probably never encounter in real life. Dostoevski manages this; so does *Dynasty*.

Modern readers must simply refuse to be frightened away by autochthons and tachyons, accept a few of these invitations, and judge for themselves the quality of their journeys. We live in an age when the prophets of space technology have turned for inspiration from Mount Olympus to space operas, when computers make split-second decisions that can intimately affect our daily lives. Good science fiction may be the only viable literature that will give us half a chance to think about where we are going before we get there.

John Eric Noran
Parkland, Wash.

Like so many bright, literate detractors of science fiction, Luc Sante just hasn't done his homework—and it shows. He seems unaware that scholars no longer find the conventional literary paradigms he uses very helpful for discussing science fiction

in intelligent or rewarding ways. More importantly, he ignores the great body of short science fiction; in the last two decades writers who use this form have worked free of book publishers' formulas and produced, with craft and vision, the kind of science fiction Sante claims he can't find.

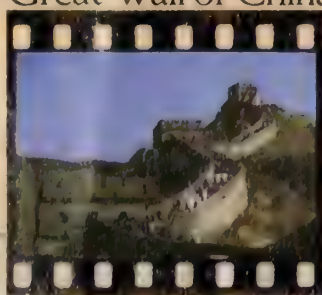
Science fiction is the only genre of popular fiction that is still seeking its form; the successes of its best writers as well as the failures of its worst are the fascinating consequence of this. But science fiction, as Sante should know, is the only popular-fiction genre ever to experiment in the manner of "experimental literary fiction." Science fiction writers have borrowed from Joyce and the New French Novel, tampering with traditional narrative assumptions of time, character, causality, and unity. It is also the only popular genre to borrow compulsively from other classic and popular genres (detective, gothic, fable, medieval romance) in its search for form. Even

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the individual "failures" that Sante takes pains to indict reveal a struggle to find the literary form appropriate to an interdisciplinary project unique in literature.

Some science fiction writers are better than others, of course. Some do ambitious work. Some do indeed, as Sante suggests, capitulate to the entertainment conventions of science fiction's romance roots. Some succeed, some fail, but all science fiction writers face the same dilemma: how to write as human beings about things beyond the familiar, often beyond the human itself, for an all-too-human audience in an all-too-particular decade; how to abandon "earthly correlatives," as Sante would have science fiction do, without losing a very earthly audience (be it mass, educated, or scholarly); how to "invent the future" without being hard on the reader, as Sante charges Samuel Delany with being; how to work within the romance tradition of the genre while delivering on its promise of "ra-

tionalism"; how to blend the "real" and the "unreal."

Sante is quite wrong to assume that science fiction's primary responsibility is as some kind of future-forecasters' think tank for "depicting" or "inventing" the future. Its responsibility is to pose, and to try to answer, the eternal question of all literature: What does it mean to be human? He is wrong to exclude from science fiction anything more interesting than the examples he condemns; by doing so he falls prey to the hoary "If it's good, it can't be science fiction; if it's science fiction, it can't be good." He is wrong to exclude Orwell's 1984 presumably because the author's intent was satire rather than prediction.

Sante makes a fool out of himself when he holds up Ray Bradbury and Isaac Asimov as measuring sticks by which the field currently judges its art and intellect. That might have been the case twenty or thirty years ago, but surely it isn't in 1985—not with the emergence of writers like Ursula

Le Guin and James Tiptree, Gregory Benford and Barry Malzberg, William Gibson and Michael Swanwick, and with anthologies like *Light Years and Dark* and the Dozois and Carr "year's best" volumes (none of which Sante seems to have read). And why Sante chooses to condemn the genre for its worst examples, I'm not sure. I doubt he'd do the same with literary fiction. Would he take into account the steady stream of sincere but mediocre poetry and fiction appearing in the nation's hundreds of little magazines?

Those of us in academe who happen to celebrate the genre at its best ignore what bores us and concentrate instead on what is cause for celebration in the genre: science fiction's uniqueness. Rather than blame science fiction for its inability to be either pure "romance" or pure "rationalism," as Sante seems to do, we're fascinated by the paradoxical tension of "romantic rationality" and by the dynamic mix of popular-genre con-

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(continued on next page)

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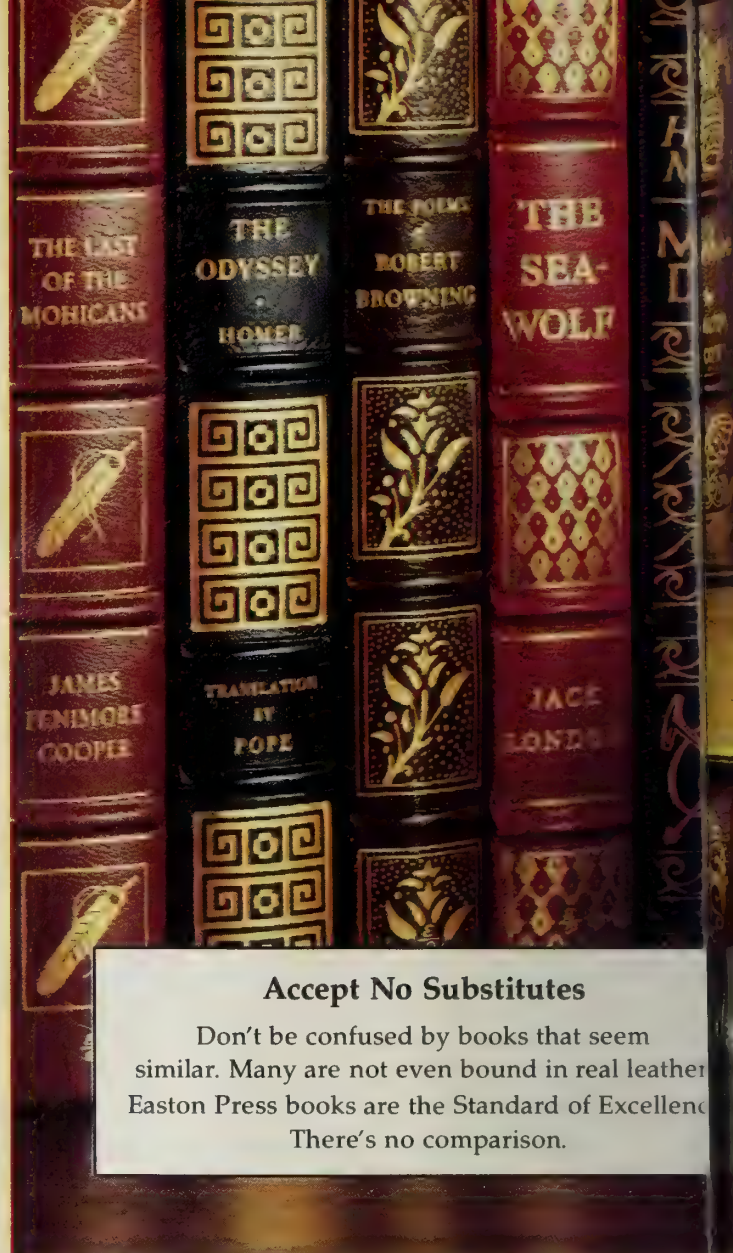
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NOTEBOOK

Noises off

By Lewis H. Lapham

History is something unpleasant that happens to other people.

—Arnold Toynbee

New York this past autumn has been busy with diplomats attending the fortieth anniversary proceedings of the United Nations, and for several weeks it has been hard to walk into a crowded room without being asked for a commentary on a geopolitical text. The matters of larger policy—global environmental ruin, the collapse of the international banking system, the meaning of the Geneva summit—I refer to sources more knowledgeable than myself about the likelihood of World War III. Mostly I talk to minor and unassuming officials about the weather in Tunis, the virtues of Hungarian novelists, the price of fish in Kuala Lumpur. To my surprise, I notice that few of them set much store by the example of the United States.

Their indifference has nothing to do with ideology. They watch reruns of *Dallas*, wear blue jeans, drink Coke, and go out of their way to praise American movies, American flags, American money. They show little affection for communist systems of government or belief. Nobody denounces the evil of American imperialism; nobody preaches Marxist sermons.

The travelers from abroad make a more subtle point. Without prior consultation, and probably without meaning to do so, they speak about America as if it were the Old World, not the New—as if it were the past, not the future.

In the evening hours of the eighteenth century, the American envoys in Paris presumably reserved similar judgments while acknowledging the perfection of the *ancien régime* and the loveliness of the court at Versailles. I can imagine Franklin compli-

menting the Princess de Lamballe on a dress that cost \$18,000, or Jefferson saying to the Duc d'Orléans that it was a pity he'd lost \$1.5 million the previous evening at cards. I also can imagine Jefferson and Franklin thinking that neither the card game nor the dress would have made much sense in Philadelphia.

Twenty years ago it was still possible to assume that everybody's portrait of the future looked like an American postcard, that the rest of the world wished to become as much like the United States as time, money, and circumstance would permit. Other countries might not wish to own quite so splendid a military establishment, and maybe they wouldn't have the resources to support three television networks and two divisions of the National League, but surely they knew that the very idea of the future came in an American box—complete with instructions for assembling a constitution, a bill of rights, a first amendment, and a row of Marriott hotels.

But to at least a few of the diplomats at the U.N. this autumn—possibly an unrepresentative faction or a subversive minority—the United States no longer presents itself as an ideal to which the world can safely aspire. The property costs too much; so do the furniture and the servants. A gentleman from Seoul observed that although the Korean steelworker earned less money than the American steelworker, his countryman probably lived in a better house in a better suburb and owned a better car; certainly he retained more of his income as savings, and for his children he held a higher hope of the next ten years. A lady from Canton phrased her doubts as a question: "How can America stand on the side of the future," she asked, "when it sets the example of eating the future?"

A friend had taken her shopping

that afternoon on Fifth Avenue, and she had been impressed by the price of luxury: \$195 for lunch for two at Four Seasons, \$2,000 for a silk nightgown, \$150 for a forty-five-minute consultation with the exercise director at Elizabeth Arden. It had occurred to her that the United States had become a nation of waiters.

The most recent figures show that Americans now retain only 1.9 percent of their income as savings, the lowest percentage since the government began keeping records in 1959. The banks serve the function of shoring up in Las Vegas casinos, hustling gold-plated instruments of short-term debt, and setting up speculators with the funds necessary to make a play for an oil company or an airline. The stock market rises and falls on the rumors of inside trading, and the states open numbers rackets that compete with the gambling games run by the newspapers. The magazines publish hagiographies of the old and new rich. The ratings accorded to *Dynasty* and President Reagan's staging of Star Wars measure the ethos of an age that thinks it possible to buy the future as if it were a season subscription to the Metropolitan Opera.

Unlike their forebears in the nineteenth century, the current heroes of finance display a talent for consumption but not for production. The magnates of the Gilded Age, men like Morgan, Carnegie, Harriman, and Hill, at least took the trouble to build railroads or steel mills. No matter how conspicuous their vanity, their labor added to the sum of the nation's energy and wealth.

The modern nabob is a parasite and more often than not his story is the story of a stomach. He takes his money in fees or arranges a leverage buy-out in which the assets of the required company pay the cost of its

acquisition. The deals almost invariably result in the contraction rather than the expansion of the enterprise. The earnings of the new company service its debt to the past instead of its development into the future.

Historical analogies deserve to be regarded with suspicion, but it is easy enough to imagine Louis XVI's brothers, the Comte d'Artois and the Duc de Bourbon, paying the current New York rate of \$20,000 for a five-minute personalized fireworks display. Marie Antoinette, known to the salon gossip as "Madame Deficit," was in the habit of paying her dress designers 1 million a year, a sum that the wives of important Hollywood producers might regard as a trifle low.

During the same reception at which I spoke to the lady from Canton, I ran across a prominent New York lawyer who had been disbursing funds for the reconstruction of a large apartment overlooking Central Park. His client, a woman distracted by her ambition to become acquainted with "the best people" advertised in the magazines, had already spent nearly \$3 million, which is as much as it cost Marie Antoinette to build the garden at the Petit Trianon. The woman wasn't yet satisfied. In order to make a bath and a dressing room spacious enough to accommodate her self-esteem, the contractor had broken through three walls and joined what once were two bedrooms into an arena that could bear decoration in the manner of the Louvre. Still, the result was somehow lacking in effect. That morning the woman had instructed the contractor to supply additional mirrors and to install a refrigerator in the marble wall next to the bath. "She needs the refrigerator to chill the cologne," the lawyer said. "She says it's demeaning to step out of a bath on a warm day and have to wear tepid cologne."

Seen from the perspective of the poorer nations, the American future begins to look like a proposition that not many people can afford. The more careful travelers, as much as they might marvel at the refined wolfishness of the American appetite, begin to think of America merely as a market, not as an idea—as a melon that can be plucked, not as an example that can be followed. ■



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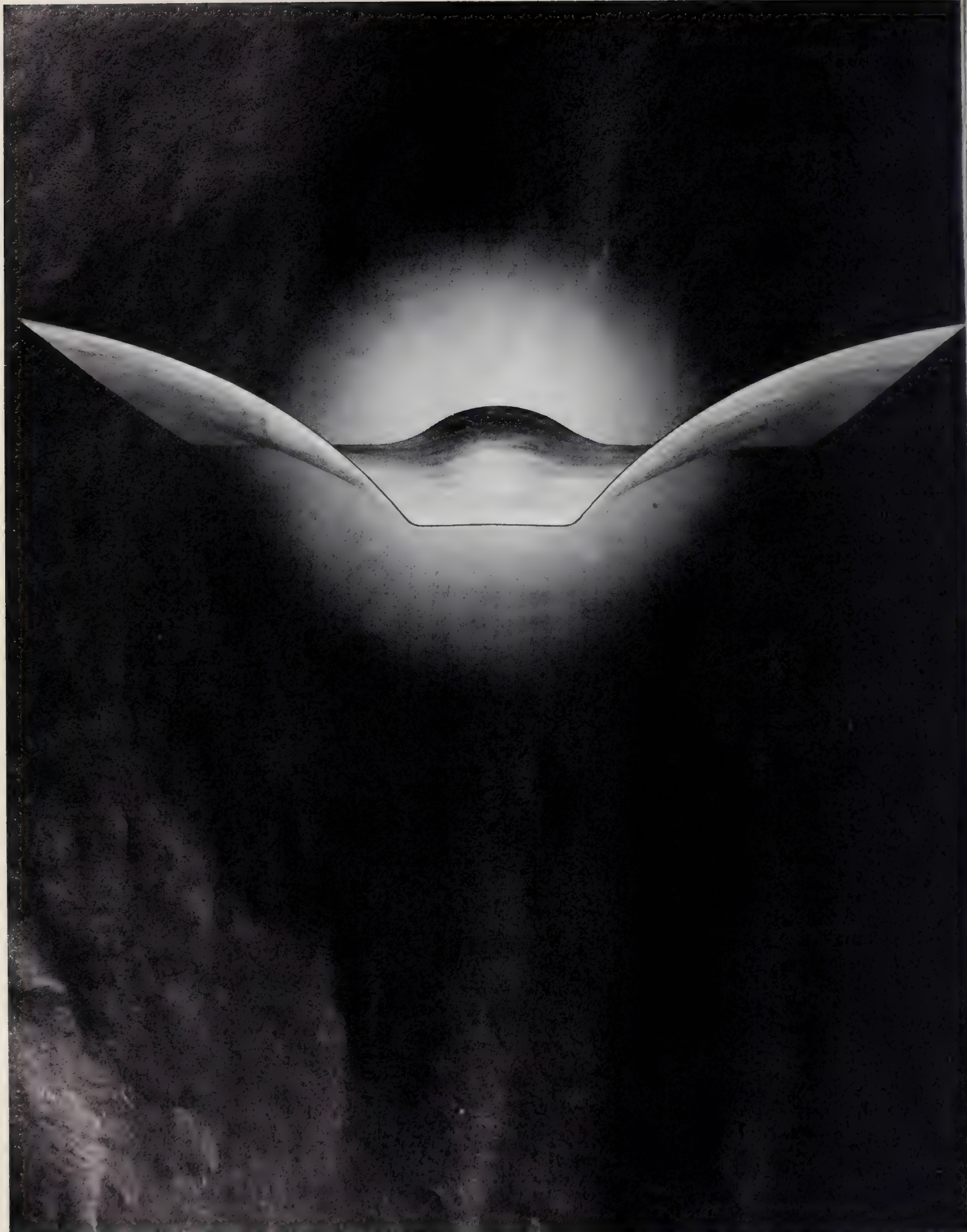
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HARPER'S INDEX

- Number of South Africans whose race was legally reclassified in 1984 : 795 (see page 23)
- Number of the 48 U.S. prisoners executed since 1977 whose victims were not white : 5
 - Average age at which an inmate in federal prison first fired a gun : 13.2
 - First had sex : 13.7 (see page 19)
- Percentage of female college students who say they have been raped : 16
- Percentage of those who say the rapist was someone they were dating : 57
- Amount General Dynamics was fined by the Pentagon in 1985 for improper activities : \$676,283.80
- Estimated value of Pentagon contracts awarded to General Dynamics in 1985 : \$8,000,000,000
- Percentage of U.S. Steel's revenues derived from businesses other than steel in 1981 : 31
 - In 1984 : 70
- Percentage of unemployed Americans who receive no unemployment benefits : 75
 - Percentage change in Britain's manufacturing output since 1979 : -6
 - Number of U.S. companies acquired by British companies in 1984 : 50
 - By Japanese companies : 12
- Percentage of black industrial workers in Haiti employed by U.S. companies : 66
 - In South Africa : 4
- Number of blacks among the five Americans most admired by teen-agers : 3
- Cost per second of advertising time on *The Cosby Show* : \$9,000 (see page 71)
 - Chances that an American has appeared on TV : 1 in 4
 - Percentage of liberals who say they've gone skinny-dipping : 28
 - Percentage of conservatives who say this : 15
 - Percentage of French women who say they've had sex in a movie theater : 2
 - Percentage of American men who say they enjoy sex more than money : 47
 - Percentage of American women who say this : 26
 - Number of Cocaine Anonymous meetings held weekly in Los Angeles : 75
 - Number that were held there three years ago : 6
 - Number of states that have banned or regulated "happy hours" since 1981 : 22
- Percentage decrease in the number of drunk drivers killed in accidents from 1980 to 1984 : 24
 - Number of stretch limousines sold in 1980 : 2,000
 - In 1985 : 6,500
- Percentage of Jeeps sold in 1984 that were bought by people living in urban or suburban areas : 59
 - Cost of leasing one New York State sugar maple tree for one sap season : \$29
- Percentage of Americans who say they had a pizza delivered in the last three months : 40
 - Chances that an American has never eaten a bagel : 4 in 5
- Percentage increase, since 1977, in the number of Americans who skip breakfast : 33
- Rank of Alaska, among all states, in the percentage of people who walk to work : 1
 - Chances that a male North Dakotan is an Elk : 1 in 10
 - Members of the North American Deer Farmers Association : 10
 - Number of Ant Farms sold since their invention 30 years ago : 7,000,000

Figures cited are the latest available as of November 1985. Sources are listed on page 76.

READINGS

[Memoir]

BEIRUT ELEGY

From an essay by Edward Said in the July 4 issue of the London Review of Books.

I knew Beirut first as a child. During the early 1940s my family would pass through the city's outskirts en route to a dreary mountain village, Dhour el Shweir, inexplicably loved by my father. Coming from or going to Palestine and Egypt were the main routes in my life then: Lebanon's mountains symbolized for me an unrelieved tedium I have experienced nowhere else. During the long summers we would go to Beirut only once, except for the two passages through it on the way in and out of the country. In the morning we visited a bank where my father changed some money; then we would spend the rest of the day at a beach where the swimming was sheer beauty.

Once an idyllic provincial capital, Beirut grew tremendously during the 1950s and 1960s, decades when all around Lebanon revolutions and coups brought into the country a sizable number of dissident or dispossessed classes—intellectual, political, and commercial. The Palestinians constituted by far the largest and most influential of these groups. Lebanon and Palestine had always been linked by trade, by the connection between families, and by history. It was natural that the Palestinians dispersed by the establishment of Israel would flee to Lebanon, where they were almost a whole society, not just a layer on top of one. The intensity of these assorted influxes was very great, however, and it now seems in retrospect too much for Lebanon to have borne.

Beirut's real heyday, when it became a great world center of services, was the result of the oil boom, which had the effect of accelerating and

exaggerating all the processes already at work in Lebanon generally and Beirut in particular. After almost thirty years of unsatisfying transits through it, I spent my first complete year in Beirut during 1972 and 1973, and my recollection of that year is marked by a sense of how everything seemed possible in Beirut then—every kind of person, every idea and identity, every extreme of wealth and poverty—and how the incoherence of the whole seemed to abate and even disappear in the pleasures or agonies of the moment, a scintillating seminar discussion or a horrendously cruel Israeli raid on South Lebanon.

Two epiphanies from those days in the early 1970s provided disquieting indications of what troubles were to come. The first occurred in a remark to me by my wife's mother, a remarkable woman then in late middle age. Wadad Cortas was for three decades the headmistress of the only programmatically nonsectarian private school in Lebanon. She was a great orator and a well-known writer and feminist; she had struggled against the French occupation and espoused Arab nationalism and the cause of Palestine with unusual sincerity and conviction. After 1948, for example, she opened her school—gratis—to Palestinian refugee children. But she was Lebanese through and through: she knew her country and its people in an extraordinarily intimate way, and because of her fame and social rank she participated in a wide spectrum of Lebanese activities. What she told me—I think it was in 1973—took me completely by surprise. "Have you noticed," she said, "how X and Y politicians are beginning to talk about 'the Lebanese cause' [*al-qaddiyah al Libnanyah*]? This is sheer nonsense. There is a Palestinian cause, there is an Arab cause, but there is no Lebanese cause. I love Lebanon, but our meaning is what we derive from others, not what we are on our own, which is so modest and even trivial as to be nonexistent." Lebanon was

***GREAT MOMENTS IN PANIC: THE REAGAN ADMINISTRATION DISCOVERS A PREVIOUSLY OVERLOOKED ROCKET OF POOR PEOPLE STILL GETTING SOMETHING FOR FREE**



From the Austin American-Statesman.

at its best, in other words, when it was not itself—a self either meanly confessional or sectarian or, in the language of its pompous Francophone Maronite philosophers, *un projet culturel*; i.e., Western and Christian in total defiance of its actual setting. How defiant and how sectarian Lebanon's population would become, no one, I believe, had any idea.

The other revelation occurred when my father died in the early 1970s. We planned to bury him according to his wishes in the mountain village to which he had been faithfully attached since 1942. He was well-known there, had been a benefactor of Dhour el Shweir in many ways, and most of the friends he had in Lebanon after he moved there in 1963 were men and women he had met in the village. Yet when it came to buying a tiny bit of land in one of the local graveyards, we had a grotesque time, the still angry memory of which prevents me from recounting it in detail. Suffice it to say that we were unable to conclude an agreement with any of the Christian churches in Dhour except one, and when that one accepted our offer we got so many telephoned bomb threats as to end our plan completely. I realized that my father was an outsider, a Palestinian, and no matter how jolly they were when he was alive, the residents wouldn't tolerate his long-term presence even after he had died.

All this was well before "the events" actually began in 1975, but already the number of compartments in which Lebanese life was led, and through which one passed in the course of a day, had become dizzying. Suddenly, in the mid-1970s, one realized that the compartments were still there but that the corridor between them was not. Nor did they all stand on one continuous piece of ground. Beirut was transformed into a collection of overlapping territories with extensions in the Arab world, Europe, America, and Israel: extensions and interests that would easily overcome the imperfectly maintained balance within Lebanon's actual geographic boundaries. The first barricades appeared in the summer of 1975, and I can remember the shock of fear and uncertainty I experienced one Sunday in August as I drove through East Beirut en route to Brummana, a pleasant mountain resort. At the end of a street I had routinely traversed over a period of weeks was a barbed-wire-and-log obstruction manned by young men brandishing automatic rifles. I experienced the most common of all feelings in the disintegration of Beirut: being entirely at the mercy of armed men whose guiding authority was somewhere else. You could be killed here and now, at the direction of people who were sitting in a distant Syrian palace, a Swiss villa, an American embassy, an Israeli office, or a Lebanese chalet.

There are other things that continue to haunt me about Beirut, and about its stunningly depressing contemporary fate as a major city. One is its marginality, the marginality of a densely populated metropolis whose people tear each other apart without much perceptible reference to any one central antagonism, even as—also without any specifiable reason for doing so—the world looks on in fascination.

Another is the insidious role played by religious and sectarian conviction. I'm ashamed to admit that a great many of my early memories of friends and family expressing religious opinions are harsh and unpleasant. "Moslems," I was told in 1954 by a great friend of my father's, "are dust. They should be blown away." Another wise man, a prominent philosopher and former Lebanese foreign minister, frequently denounced Islam and the Prophet Mohammed to me, using such words as "lechery," "hypocrisy," "corruption," and "degeneracy." Such compliments tend to be reciprocated. The result is a consolidated animosity, what Hazlitt calls "the pleasure of hating." A feature of this pleasure is that it "eats into the heart of religion, and turns it into rankling spleen and bigotry; it makes patriotism an excuse for carrying fire, pestilence, and famine into other lands: it leaves to virtue nothing but the spirit of censoriousness, and a narrow, jealous, inquisitorial watchfulness over the actions and motives of others." The relevance of these words to that nasty mix of religious zeal and nationalism sweeping through Lebanon, Israel, and Iran—and the United States, which has a history of involvement in all three countries—is perfectly evident.

Still, there is no denying the terrible sadness and anger one feels about Beirut's ruination. I can't fully grasp what Beirut's citizens must be going through, but I can in a general way venture a response on behalf of exiles like myself, for whom Beirut provided a substitute home. However much we blather on about Lebanese corruption and superficiality and violence, we feel ourselves now to be sadly out in the cold. Beirut's genius was that it responded immediately to our needs as Arabs in an Arab world gone prisonlike, drab, and insufferably mediocre. For some years one could, in Beirut, burn with a hard gemlike flame; even the city's vice and profligacy had a brilliance you could not see elsewhere. The only thing contemporary Beirut did not give us was staying power, or enough feelings of concern for the rather fragile foundations that its dazzling hospitality covered. The main consolation of these dark times is the feeling that since Beirut once rose from obscurity, it might rise again out of its catastrophic destruction. But there seem to be few Lebanese who believe in such wonders.

[Speech]

MEDIA COURTESANS

From a speech delivered by Ted Koppel to the International Radio and Television Society in New York City last October, upon receiving its "Broadcaster of the Year" award.

I don't know what's happened to our standards. I fear that we in the mass media are creating such a market for mediocrity that we've diminished the incentive for excellence. We celebrate notoriety as though it were an achievement. Fame has come to mean being recognized by more people who don't know anything about you. In politics, we have encouraged the displacement of thoughtfulness by the artful cliché.

Which brings me to my own profession, indeed, my very own job and that of several of my distinguished colleagues here. Overestimated, overexposed—and by reasonable comparison with any job outside sports and entertainment, overpaid. I am a television news anchor—role model for Miss America contestants and tens of thousands of university students in search of a degree without an education. How does one live up to the admiration of those who regard the absence of an opinion as objectivity or (even more staggering to the imagination) as courage?

How does one grapple with a state of national confusion that celebrates questions over answers? How does one explain or, perhaps more relevant, guard against the influence of an industry which is on the verge of becoming a hallucinogenic barrage of images, whose only grammar is pacing, whose principal theme is energy?

We are losing our ability to manage ideas; to contemplate, to think. We are in a constant race to be first with the obvious. We are becoming a nation of electronic voyeurs whose capacity for dialogue is a fading memory, occasionally jolted into reflective life by a one-liner: "New ideas." "Where's the beef?" "Today is the first day of the rest of your life." "Window of vulnerability." "Freeze now." "Born again." "Gag me with a spoon." "Can we talk?"

No, but we can relate. Six-year-olds want to be stewardesses. Eight-year-olds want to be pilots. Nineteen-year-olds want to be anchorpersons. Grown-ups want to be left alone, to interact in solitary communion with the rest of our electronic global village.

Consider this paradox: Almost everything that is publicly said these days is recorded. Almost nothing of what is said is worth remembering. And what *do* we remember? Thoughts that

were expressed hundreds or even thousands of years ago by philosophers, thinkers, and prophets whose ideas and principles were so universal that they endured without videotape or film, without the illustrations or photographs or cartoons—in many instances even without paper, and for thousands of years without the easy duplication of the printing press.

What is largely missing in American life today is a sense of context, of saying or doing anything that is intended or even expected to live beyond the moment. There is no culture in the world that is so obsessed as ours with immediacy. In our journalism, the trivial displaces the momentous because we tend to measure the importance of events by how recently they happened. We have become so obsessed with facts that we have lost all touch with truth.

As broadcast journalists, it's easy to be seduced into believing that what we're doing is just fine; after all, we get money, fame, and to a certain degree even influence. But money, fame, and influence without responsibility are the assets of a courtesan. We must accept responsibility for what we do, and we must think occasionally of the future.

[Settlement Agreement]

NOT THE ROYAL CANADIANS

From the agreement that settled a suit brought by the Guy Lombardo Orchestra against William Lombardo, nephew of the late bandleader and the leader of his own band. The suit, filed in June 1984, charged Lombardo with "misleading and deceiving the public into believing the Bill Lombardo Orchestra is the rightful successor to the [Guy] Lombardo Orchestra." The settlement was signed in June 1985.

1. Defendant will include a disclaimer in any contract relating to any performance for any band or orchestra led or directed by him. . . . Such disclaimer shall state that " 'The Bill Lombardo Orchestra' [or other applicable name] is not a successor to or connected with 'The Guy Lombardo Orchestra' or 'Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians.' "

2. Defendant will include a disclaimer as a separate paragraph, as set forth in ¶1 in all press or publicity releases issued in connection with New Year's Eve performances for the five years commencing December 31, 1985. The disclaimer shall be in type size no smaller than the type size selected for the remainder of the text of such press or publicity release. . . .

4. Defendant will not wear any clothing or use any indicia that is characteristic of the Guy Lombardo Orchestra, including but not limited to red jackets, maple leaf insignia, and the insignia and logo of the Guy Lombardo Orchestra's bandstands. . . .

5. Defendant will not, in connection with any performance by any band or orchestra led or directed by him or otherwise, do any "tributes" to the Guy Lombardo Orchestra or to Guy Lombardo, Carmen Lombardo, or Lebert Lombardo; provided, however, that Defendant may perform up to four Carmen Lombardo compositions or Guy Lombardo arrangements of any compositions during a performance. Defendant, how-

[Survey]

PRISONERS' PROGRESS

From The Armed Criminal in America: A Survey of Incarcerated Felons, published by the Justice Department. The National Institute of Justice (a research arm of the Justice Department) surveyed a representative sample of inmates in federal prisons to determine at what age each of the following "significant life events" first took place. Figures given are mean ages; the average prisoner surveyed was 27.8 years old and had been in prison for a total of five years. The figure given at right is the percentage of respondents who said they had never engaged in the activity in question.

First time respondent	Age	Percent who "never"
Fired a gun	13.2	8.6
Had sex	13.7	1.0
Got drunk	14.5	8.5
Stole \$50 or more	15.1	19.1
Obtained a long gun	15.1	31.0
Smoked pot	15.8	15.0
Had full-time job	16.4	6.0
Was arrested	16.6	—
Lived on own	16.8	8.5
Took hard drugs	17.1	36.7
Sawed off gun	17.8	74.3
Obtained handgun	18.1	34.7
Hurt someone	18.8	46.1
Committed felony	19.0	—
Was convicted	19.2	—
Was sent to prison	19.2	—
Committed armed crime	19.8	36.8
Committed handgun crime	19.8	51.2

ever, will not perform such arrangements or compositions sequentially, except that Defendant may continue to perform two Carmen Lombardo compositions in medley fashion.

6. Defendant will not use the phrases "American tradition renewed," "passing the baton," or words of similar import or make any reference to the Guy Lombardo Orchestra, Guy Lombardo, or Carmen Lombardo in connection with any performance or publicity related activities, except that in a complete biography or press release which contains a full biography of Defendant and his musical experience, Defendant may in substance state that: (a) he was employed as a drummer for the Guy Lombardo Orchestra in 1972; (b) he was employed as the leader of the Guy Lombardo Orchestra between March of 1978 and February of 1980; and (c) that he is the son of Lebert Lombardo and the nephew of Guy Lombardo and Carmen Lombardo. . . .

William Lombardo

THE GUY LOMBARDO ORCHESTRA

Louis Ciccotto

Lebert Lombardo

[Radio Transcript]

WHO WAS MARX SQUARE NAMED AFTER?

Radio Budapest recently sent reporters to Marx Square to ask passers-by who Karl Marx was. This transcript, taken from the broadcast of the interviews on the comedy program May Cabaret, was published in the December issue of Index on Censorship.

RADIO BUDAPEST: Who was Karl Marx?

ANSWER: Oh, don't ask me such things.

RB: Not even a few words?

ANSWER: I'd rather not, all right?

RB: Why not?

ANSWER: The truth is, I have no time to study such things.

RB: But surely you must have heard something about him in school?

ANSWER: I was absent a lot.

ANOTHER VOICE: He was a Soviet philosopher; Engels was his friend. Well, what else can I say? He died at an old age.

A FEMALE VOICE: Of course, a politician. And he was . . . you know, he translated Lenin's works into Hungarian.

AN OLDER FEMALE VOICE: It was mandatory to

study him, so that we would know.

RB: Then how about a few words?

THE SAME WOMAN: Come on now, don't make me take an exam about my eighth-grade studies. He was German, he was a politician, and I believe that he was executed.

RB: Who was Marx Square named after?

A VERY OLD FEMALE VOICE: Well, wasn't he that great German philosopher? No? Marx, Engels, Lenin? No?

[The radio reporters then went to Engels Square.]

RB: Do you know who Engels Square was named after?

PASSER-BY: After Engels.

RB: And who was Engels?

ANSWER: He was an Englishman and he screwed around with communism.

RB: Do you know who Engels Square was named after?

AN OLDER FEMALE VOICE: I don't know. I'm not from Budapest. I don't know.

A MALE VOICE: Well, let's see. Engels, a revolutionary?

RB: And do you remember his first name?

ANSWER: Engels, Engels . . . Marx Engels. Marx, wasn't it?

ANOTHER VOICE: One of his names was Marx, the other Engels?

ANOTHER VOICE: That's it.

RB: Where did Engels live?

A FEMALE VOICE: Where did he live? you ask. Well, he lived in Leningrad; that's to say, Moscow.

RB: Could you tell me who Marx Square was named after?

THE SAME VOICE: Karl Marx.

RB: Where did he live?

THE SAME VOICE: Well, partly, so far as I know, in the Soviet Union. That's where he studied for a while, and then I think he also spent some time in Hungary. I wouldn't know exactly.

RB: Do you know who Marx Square was named after?

SEVERAL VOICES: No, we come from Szeged. We are from Szeged, so we don't know.

RB: Do you know who Engels Square was named after?

MALE VOICE: No.

RB: And Marx Square?

THE SAME VOICE: I don't know that either.

A FEMALE VOICE: I don't remember that school stuff anymore.

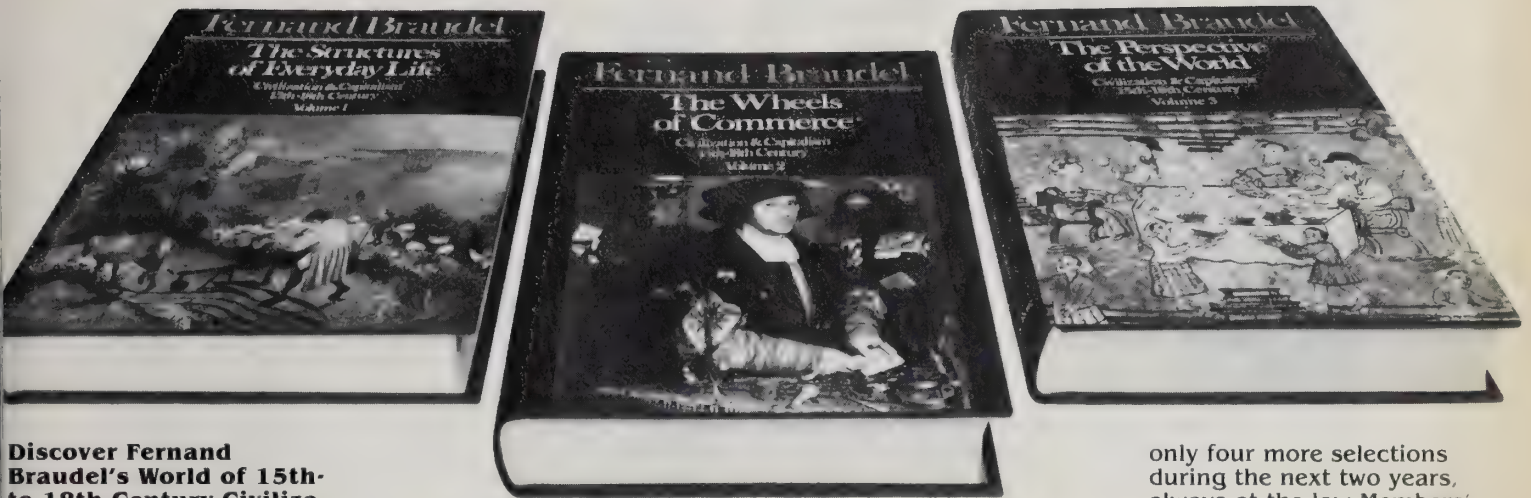
A MALE VOICE: Well, so far as I know, Engels was originally a German.

RB: And his first name?

THE SAME VOICE: Karl, wasn't it? Wasn't it Karoly? Or was Marx called Karoly? I don't know. I don't know. It's not important either. At the seminary they just kept referring to him as Engels, because once he was mandatory.

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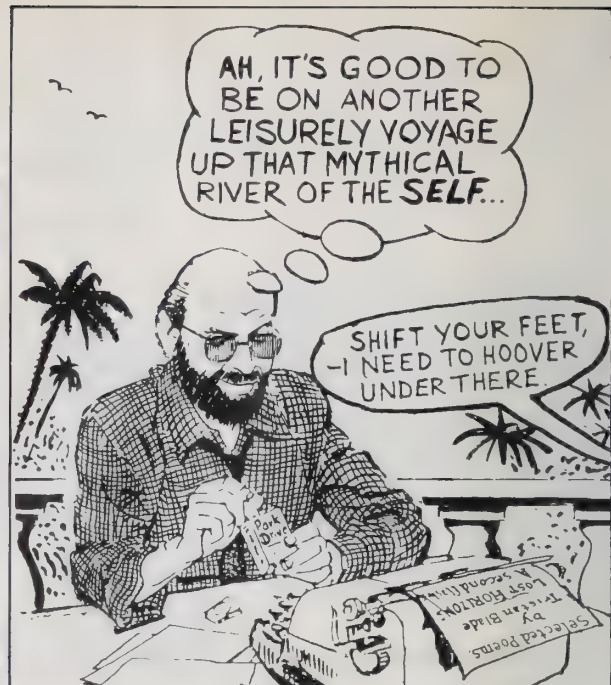
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From *Desert Island Biff*, a collection of cartoons by Chris Garratt and Mick Kidd, published by Corgi Books in London. Biff cartoons appear regularly in the *Guardian* and *Spin* magazine.

[Memoir]

ARE YOU BITCH ENOUGH?

From *Are You Tough Enough?*, by Anne Burford with John Greenya, published this month by McGraw-Hill. Burford served as administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency from 1981 until March 1983, when she resigned after it was learned that members of her staff had had improper dealings with corporations that were the subject of EPA actions. Rita Lavelle, whom Burford had hired to administer the agency's toxic waste dump clean-up program, was convicted in 1983 of perjury and obstructing a congressional investigation of the scandal.

When I first saw Rita Lavelle, I was not favorably impressed. That may sound cruel, but it is the truth. The woman does not make a favorable impression. She is overweight, an unnatural blonde, and her appearance is blowsy.

On the plus side, and offsetting her lack of managerial experience, she did seem to have fairly wide experience within Aerojet General. According to her representations, within that very diversified company she had not worked for any one division but rather had performed public relations tasks for the various segments. . . . I like that. I also liked the idea that she would be bringing public relations awareness to a program that people needed to be informed about.

For the most part, however, and using hindsight, I have to say that I just didn't care about the prospect of hiring Rita Lavelle. Or, to put it in a way that sounds less callous, I felt that she couldn't do any harm. So much for prescience.

At the time, I didn't think she was as dumb as she turned out to be. And I didn't perceive how recalcitrant she was or how much she thought she knew. I didn't see the pitfalls in advancing someone who on paper lacked the credentials for the job. I felt that if she had any real holes, we could fill them.

I was tired of looking, and the White House seemed to want her in the job. As for the strength and importance of her White House contacts, all I knew was that she obviously had them, or we wouldn't be talking to her again. She was the only person sent over by the White House whom we were asked to reconsider after refusing initially.

To this day, it isn't clear who sent her back. She claimed a great friendship with Meese (who swore her in), and she knew Deaver's secretary very well. But you don't come out bluntly and say, "Who are your friends over there, and just how important are they?" We did know that she had worked for the Reagan gubernatorial team in Sacramento when she was quite young, and that she had improved her position from one job to another over several years.

The problem is that none of those high-level contacts turned out to be as great and good friends of hers as Rita led us to believe.

So I gave in and agreed to hire Rita Lavelle.

[Manifesto]

GANDHI IN THE WEST BANK

From "NonViolent Resistance: A Strategy for the Occupied Territories," by Mubarak E. Awad, in *Nonviolent Struggle in the Middle East*, a booklet published by New Society Publishers of Philadelphia. Awad is director of the Palestine Center for the Study of NonViolence in Jerusalem. His essay first appeared in the *Journal of Palestine Studies*.

The most effective strategy for Palestinians living in the West Bank and Gaza today is one of nonviolence. This strategy would not dictate the methods open to Palestinians living elsewhere. Nor does it constitute a rejection of armed struggle: the struggle may become violent at a later stage. Simply put, my thesis is that at this particular time, and with regard only to the 1.3 million Palestinians living under Israeli occupation, nonviolent action is the best way to obstruct the policy of "Judaization."

This kind of struggle would utilize to the fullest extent possible the resources of Palestinians living in the West Bank and Gaza, and would offer all sectors of Palestinian society an opportunity to engage actively in the struggle. It would neutralize much of the destructive power of the Israeli war machine and would enlist in our service, or at least neutralize, important sectors of Israeli society. Such a strategy would increase international attention to our cause by revealing the racist and expansionist nature of the Zionist movement. Moreover, it would deny Israel the justification that it was acting to protect its "security." And it would remove the irrational fear of "Arab violence" that cements Israeli society together.

There are no immediate prospects for the liberation of the occupied territories. The military branches of the PLO are currently incapable of liberating these areas by force, and the Arab governments do not seem interested in entering into a military confrontation with Israel over this issue. Under these conditions, any attempt to delay or obstruct Judaization must come from those Palestinians in the occupied territories.

The nonviolent approach is based on certain assumptions. First, nonviolent struggle is a serious struggle, nothing short of war. There is no assurance that the enemy will be nonviolent. On the contrary, we should expect to make great sacrifices. There will be many martyrs, and Palestinians will suffer losses in terms of their jobs and possessions.

Second, nonviolent struggle is not negative

or passive. It is active and affirmative. It is a form of mobile warfare that requires special training and a high degree of organization and discipline.

The Israeli soldier is a human being, not a beast devoid of conscience and feeling. While he has the potential for evil and oppression, like any other person, he has an understanding of right and wrong to which it is possible to appeal. Similarly, he can be demoralized. He needs reasonable justifications for his actions. The Israeli government is also sensitive to public opinion, both at home and abroad. It needs international support and aid, and has an image it wishes to project.

Of course, there is no more assurance that a nonviolent struggle will be victorious than there is that an armed struggle will achieve its end. Victory and success in a nonviolent struggle cannot be measured by easily observable, objective criteria. Even so, there are tactics that have been employed successfully.

[Chart]

A CHANGE OF RACE

From *The Apartheid Handbook: A Guide to South Africa's Everyday Racial Policies*, by Roger Omond, published by Penguin Books. Under the Population Registration Act of 1950, the South African government officially classifies the race of every citizen. These classifications can be challenged in the courts under certain circumstances. In 1984, the government reported that 795 South Africans were reclassified as follows:

"Colored" to white	518
White to Chinese	2
White to Indian	1
African to "colored"	89
"Colored" to African	5
White to "colored"	14
"Colored" to Chinese	4
Chinese to white	7
Malay to white	3
Indian to "colored"	15
"Colored" to Indian	54
Indian to Malay	17
African to other Asian	1
African to Indian	3
Malay to Chinese	1
Other	61
Total	795

Obstruction

The goals of the occupation authorities are generally different from those of the occupied population. This is most clear when the Israelis build settlements, open roads, and confiscate land. But these operations can be obstructed and even prevented. Palestinians have thrown themselves in front of bulldozers in order to prevent them from carrying out their functions. The reader may consider this tactic foolhardy, but it has, in fact, often been extremely successful. If an obstruction is violent (if protesters throw stones, for example), the reaction of the authorities will also be violent. Soldiers will shoot, claiming self-defense. New forces will be called in to "protect" innocent civilian projects from troublemakers.

If the obstruction is nonviolent—if the protesters declare that they are merely obstructing a plan that is detrimental to their interests and that they do not wish to injure anyone—repression will still follow and soldiers will still shoot. But the situation will be entirely different. Palestinians will be accepting sacrifice, and even

martyrdom, as the price of holding on to their land, and as a sign of their love for the land.

This message will be clear to the Israelis. In such a case, they will not be able to accuse anyone of anti-Semitism. Neither will they be able to use the excuse of "terrorism," or to claim that the disturbances are the work of a small, hateful minority of troublemakers, cowards, and provocateurs. All these myths will be revealed for the lies that they are.

Refusal to Cooperate

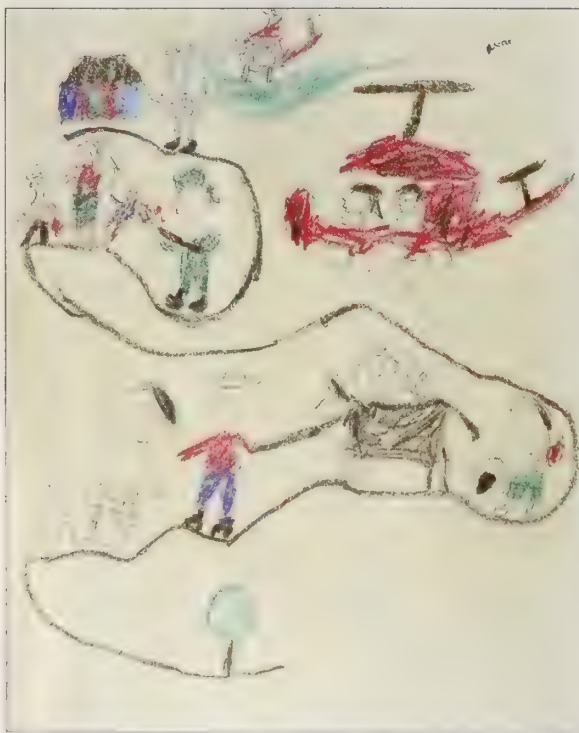
Israel cannot govern the West Bank and the Gaza Strip without the cooperation of the subject people. Noncooperation can take several forms. The following examples are not a comprehensive list:

1. Refusal to build Israeli settlements or roads or work on any other "Judaization" projects.
2. Refusal to work in Israeli factories.
3. Refusal to carry identification cards.
4. Refusal to appear, when summoned, at the offices of the police, the civilian administration, or the military government.
5. Refusal to sign or fill out any forms or documents printed or written in Hebrew.
6. Refusal to abide by house-arrest orders, restrictions on travel, or curfews.
7. Social boycotts of collaborators.

The people's greatest enemy and the authorities' most powerful weapon is fear. Palestinians who liberate themselves from fear, who boldly accept suffering without bitterness or striking back, have achieved the greatest victory. They have conquered themselves, and all the rest is then much easier to accomplish.

[Drawing]

REFUGEE LANDSCAPE



From a recent exhibit of drawings by Guatemalan refugee children at Seattle's Burke Museum. Janet Spritzler Levin, an art therapist, collected the drawings from children living in refugee camps in southern Mexico.

[News Item]

BEYOND THE CALL

"Environmental Hero of the Year Award," from the October issue of *Not Man Apart*, a newsletter published by Friends of the Earth, the environmental group.

All the news out of South Africa isn't grim. According to a report in the *Natal Mercury*, a game ranger being charged by a black rhinoceros refused to use his gun and allowed himself to be gored because he recognized the rhino belonged to an endangered species. "I watched her rush forward. She dropped her head, and I knew she was going to hit my legs," said Dave Reynolds. The rhino slammed Reynolds to the ground, smashing his legs and tearing open his right thigh. Reynolds is still recuperating from his wounds.

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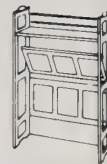
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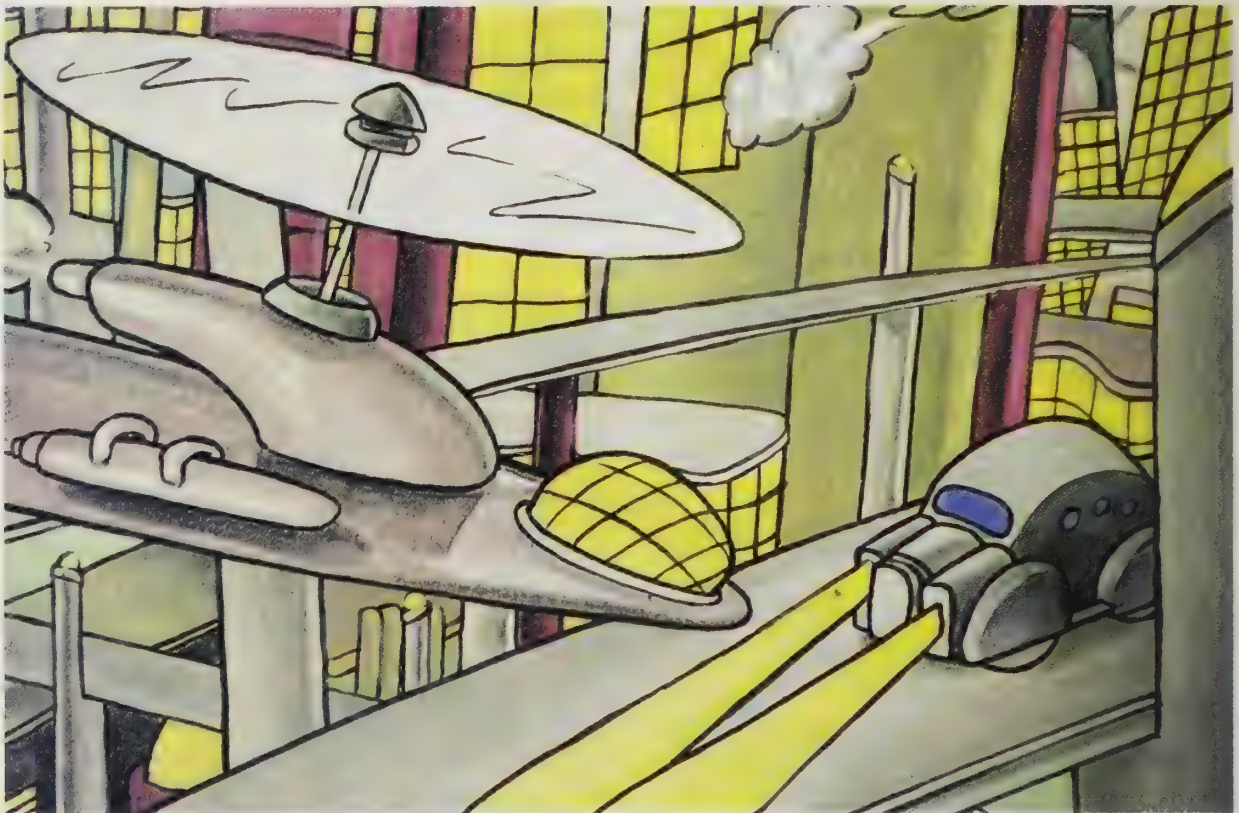
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[Cartoon]

ITALY'S POST-MODERN COMICS



From "Terre Soffici" (Soft Earth), a comic strip by Daniele Brolli, in *Frigidaire*, an Italian art magazine. Brolli is a member of Valvoline, a group of six Bolognese artists whose work is strongly influenced by the imagery of American pop culture. "Terre Soffici" is the story of a man who wakes up in the year 3000.

[Annotated Script]

ANATOMY OF A PITCH

From "The Ontology of the Pitch," by Lynda Obst, in the October issue of *California*. Obst developed *Flashdance* and *Clue* while an executive at Polygram Pictures. She is currently a producer at Paramount.

Young female EXECUTIVE in Armani suit, fish-net stockings, and cowboy boots is glancing at the trades and talking on the phone to shrink, lover, or boss. Her office is lined with sports paraphernalia, reflecting the general gender confusion in Hollywood.

EXEC (to secretary GIDGET): Who's next?

GIDGET: You can't cancel these guys. They're downstairs.

EXEC: Bring in the troops.

Enter troops. Fleshing out the creative assemblage are two EXECs, one JR., one JR. JR. The JR. JR. has read half of the script sent by the agent

as a writing sample for this pitch. The JR. JR. has read all of it. He says nothing.

EXEC: Who read these guys' script? Can they write?

JR. EXEC: They did *Hollywood High* for Lorimar, *Cheap Thrills* for Kings Road, and *Trust Me* for Guber/Peters.

EXEC: I've never heard of any of those movies.

JR. EXEC: That's because none of them has been made. But they just did a rewrite for Grazer and they're fast.

EXEC: Good. That means they'll pitch fast. Bring 'em up.

Cut to your classic comedy team: two writers and a PRODUCER.¹ The writers, PHIL and BILL,

1. A writer should bring a producer to a pitch meeting if it is necessary for social savvy and political leverage. Some producers are irresistible to some studio executives. The writer should know this, and not bring the wrong producer to the wrong studio. Classically, producers "wind up," that is, prep the group for the right mood. The writers do the "pitch"—the actual telling of the story. Producers should try to navigate the meeting for the writers, but they cannot control it completely. The real control is always with the buyer—on the other side of the table.

dress in 501s, college or Lakers T-shirts, well-worn sneakers. BILL sports a baseball cap. (This is good at some studios for small talk.) The PRODUCER is easy to pick out: he's dressed like a cross between Miami Beach and Miami Vice, and the resemblance doesn't end there.

GIDGET: Can I get you something to drink?

PHIL: Perrier?

BILL: Ramlosa?

PROD: Pellegrino?

GIDGET distributes Evian water all around. Everyone looks pleased. PRODUCER whips out Emergen-C pack, tears it open, and fizzles it into his glass.

PROD: Ever since I've been going to AA I've been hooked on this stuff.

The writers shift awkwardly in their seats hoping the PRODUCER will get them through this crucial small-talk section of the pitch.

PROD (to EXEC): So... How's your divorce?

EXEC: It's fabulous. I got the Nautilus equipment, so I'm in good shape. And yours?

Now that they've touched on the intimate aspects of both their lives, the PRODUCER must execute the critical segue into the pitch.

PROD: I still have my wheels—and that's all I need in this town. In fact, that's how I got this idea.² I am driving down PCH in my new Ferrari at 2:00 A.M.... And I'm riding high... All of a sudden, I realize the car is my date... I'm bummed because I can't bring her upstairs. It's then I realize my fantasy. A Ferrari that turns into a woman. Car by day, woman by night. I call it *Hard Drivin' Woman*. (He looks at EXEC.) That's why I brought it to you—it's right up your alley. It's a cross between *10* and *Splash*, with a touch of *My Mother the Car*. I see two videos already.³

Everyone is stunned. EXEC reaches for Evian and lights up a Camel.

EXEC: Have you got the story worked out?

2. The windup. There are two general kinds. One is the first-person-fake, a media-related quasi-intimate anecdote, a version of which is used here. The second is the so-called true story, the true-to-life incident that inspired the story. This is vital in television, and useless in movies, but few buyers know it.

3. The peak of the windup, and the test of a truly gifted pitcher, is the presentation of the high-concept "miniaturization" of the idea. This must be done succinctly—as in its seminal influence, the TV Guide log line. The tag line of the windup occurs when the producer (usually) combines the names of past hits to form genetically engineered new movie ideas. This is a neat trick. It is preferable that only two movies be hybridized—the three here are too much.

Writers respond to this moment of pressure by speaking simultaneously.

BILL: Phil, why don't you start?

PHIL: Bill, why don't you start?

BILL: I don't really have this down yet. I mean, it's not engraved in stone...⁴

PHIL (interjects): We're not married to it, but... we open with a Dream Sequence...

PROD (interjects): This is the first video.

BILL: In it we see NORMAN,⁵ a nerdy, twenty-five-year-old, unfulfilled dreamer, fantasizing a parade in which every woman he has ever desired becomes an exquisite car. We see that NORMAN has a long way to go to make his fantasies real. He's not popular with girls and he's a terrible driver, too.

He's planning to buy a Ferrari tomorrow to change his life.

JR. EXEC: How can he afford the Ferrari?

BILL: Inheritance.

PHIL: Life savings.

PROD: Tax refunds?⁶

EXEC: You can work out the backstory later.

PHIL: Then one day...

PROD: Here's where we suspend disbelief...

PHIL: So, one day NORMAN figures out that no matter how wonderful his car is, it's no substitute for the love of a woman. That night NORMAN pulls into his garage, goes up to his bedroom, and there, parked on his bed, is a fully equipped, sleek, dynamic woman dressed in a custom-colored, candy-apple, metal-flake, Ferrari-red negligee.⁷

JR. EXEC: How did it turn into a girl?

BILL: Fairy godmother.

PHIL: Remote-control garage door opener.

PROD: Special effects?⁸

EXEC: You can work out the device later.

PHIL: Now, NORMAN runs to the garage and the

4. These are some of the clichés habitually given as excuses for half-baked, shoddy thinking.

5. Introduce your character to humanize (read: cast) the pitch. The age of your protagonist is critical. The part should be right for Anthony Michael Hall (or is it Michael Anthony Hall?) or any member of the Brat Pack. Here, "nerdy" is used because it is an easy route to "character change." Whatever condition you choose for your central character, it should contain within it the seeds of his evolution. This is the crucial "character arc." All characters improve their lot, unless they are the antagonists, in which case they get theirs in a big scene called the payoff.

6. Wrong. Terrible error not to have anticipated this question and worked out a mutual answer on the ride over. The Jrs. are clever; they are listening carefully and scoring points on mechanical details.

7. Hyperbole is an excellent device for suggesting potential ad copy. Used sparingly, it can help executives imagine the poster.

8. Avoid at all costs internal disagreement on central points.

car is gone! He runs upstairs and realizes it's true: his fantasy car has become his fantasy woman.

PROD: This is our second-act crisis.⁹

EXEC: What is the issue?

PROD: Does he go for the car, or does he go for the girl?

JR. EXEC: Sounds like *Let's Make a Deal*.

EXEC: So, what does he do?

PHIL: He picks the car.

BILL: He picks the car.

JR. EXEC: What's his motivation?¹⁰

BILL: He has to get to work.

PHIL: Lack of emotional maturity.

PROD: It's a coming-of-age story.

EXEC: Coming-of-age stories are over.

PROD (sweating): It's not a coming-of-age story exactly. What I mean is, it's a Bigger-than-Life, Fish-out-of-Water, Action-Adventure . . . You know, like *Beverly Hills Cop*.¹¹

EXEC: Perfect.

PHIL: So, NORMAN picks the car, but he isn't happy. It's not working well. He tries diligently to fix it and fails. He takes it to the best Italian mechanic in L.A., who keeps it for months. NORMAN goes to the mechanic to retrieve her, but no go. The mechanic bawls him out: "What's a matta with you? A high-performance machine like this, you ever tune her? You gotta take a baby like this to the limit, you know, torque her three, maybe four times a week minimum, to keep her happy. She's happy now."¹²

9. This notion of the second-act crisis is relatively new in pitch meetings, dating from the time the three-act story structure, borrowed from the theater, became the rave in Hollywood. In it, the hero is in desperate shape—the farthest possible distance from his goals—at the second-act break.

10. The all-important motivation. You can count on arguing about motivation, because unbeknownst to you, every person at the pitch meeting is a closet psychoanalyst. Each of these experts will dazzle you with his ability to debate the fine points of any motivation, venal or otherwise. You must allow the geniuses to flex their intellectual muscle, because it's through this process that they begin to possess the idea as their own, and thus want to buy it. You must therefore have opinions about motivation, but be willing to give them up.

11. Genre/tone section of the pitch. Here, a potentially devastating error is made in evaluating the studio's current position vis-à-vis genres. Read your studio carefully before going in, and be aware of possible gluts with respect to ideas already in development. This producer brilliantly ripostes with his creation of a compound genre.

12. Don't go into excruciating detail in telling the plot. These people have short attention spans, and they hear stories all day. The people they turn around and sell your story to have even shorter attention spans. Tell them the salient points, the narrative "beats." Do tell about subplots if they involve hot or cute casting like Madonna, David Lee Roth, or Tina Turner.

JR. EXEC: Is this a triangle?

BILL: Yes.

PHIL: No.

PROD: It's a beat, a subplot.¹³

EXEC: I get the general picture here. What kind of casting do you see?

PROD: Daryl Hannah and I have been looking for something to do together.¹⁴

JR. EXEC: I bet you have.

EXEC: Daryl is unavailable.

PROD: Anyway, this is a director's picture. Ivan Reitman and I have been trading phone calls all week.¹⁵

BILL: And now we come to the emotional payoff.

Phone rings. GIDGET bops into office with enthusiasm.

GIDGET: I hate to interrupt, but Spielberg is on line two.

EXEC bolts. The meeting comes to an abrupt standstill. Awkward silence as GIDGET distributes a second round of Evian to everyone. EXEC returns.

EXEC: Well, I guess we've wrapped it up. That was terrific, thank you. I know how busy you are. I'll call you first thing in the morning. I think this is very fresh. Let me speak to my people and get back to you.¹⁶

13. Beats. Epistemologically, this is a curious notion. It has something to do with the rhythm of the plot—those consecutive moments that create the structural underbelly of the story. Beats are related to one another by both narrative and emotional causality. A subplot: a bunch of beats carried by an actor other than the star.

14. Notes on casting. Imagine all of the roles in your story played by big box-office stars. People over forty-five do not count unless the story is a "drama," and then only about four stars count. Know which stars are unattainable and/or unavailable to save yourself from looking dopey. Under no circumstances allow a pitch to hinge on the casting of one particular person. This is the easiest route to a pass. Also, know what actors your studio has standing deals with and what ideas these stars are looking to develop. The studios need to justify the astronomical fees paid to keep these stars off the market, and tend to gobble material for them like candy.

15. Most meetings have a wish-fulfillment segment devoted to discussions about directors. These conversations are generally moot, because the directors the studio wants to hire don't need or want to make studio-developed films. They want to make their own films.

16. How to read the meaning of "Let me speak to my people": it's not a good sign, but not necessarily a bad one. Maybe she's being political, or maybe she's passing the buck. On the other hand, maybe she's not paying attention. What's clear is that she can't say yes by herself, and you may have to go through all of this again with her boss. This is dull news.

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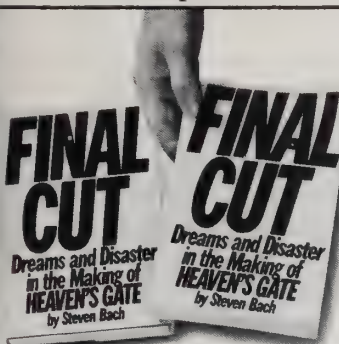
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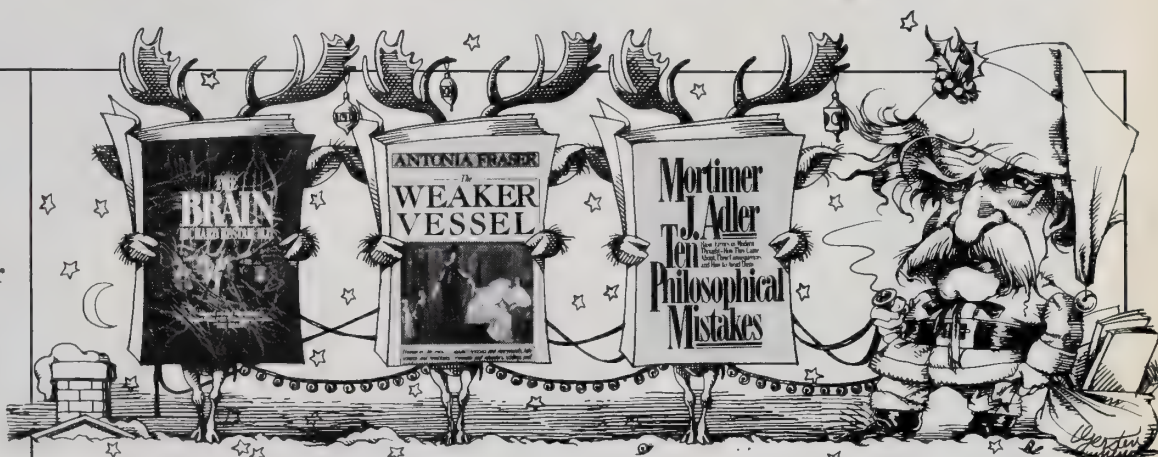
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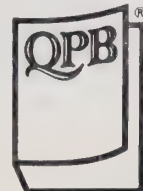
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Four Black Men (1985), by Leon Golub, from a show of his work this month at the Barbara Gladstone Gallery in New York. Four Black Men is one of two paintings of South Africans in the show.

[Essay]

THE WHITE BIRD

From The Sense of Sight, a new collection of essays by John Berger, to be published this month by Pantheon. Berger, who lives in France, is the author of several novels and volumes of art criticism. The collection is edited by Lloyd Spencer.

From time to time I have been invited by institutions to speak about aesthetics. On one occasion I considered accepting and I thought of taking with me a bird made of white wood. But I didn't go. The problem is that you can't talk about aesthetics without talking about the principle of hope and the existence of evil. During the long winters the peasants in certain parts of the Haute-Savoie used to make wooden birds to hang in their kitchens and perhaps also in their chapel. Friends have told me that they have seen similar birds, made according to the same principle, in certain regions of Czechoslovakia, Russia, and the Baltic countries. The tradition may be more widespread.

The principle of the construction of these

birds is simple enough, although to make a fine bird demands considerable skill. You take two bars of pine wood, about six inches in length, a little less than one inch in height, and the same in width. You soak them in water so that the wood has the maximum pliability, then you carve them. One piece will be the head and body with a fan tail, the second piece will represent the wings. The art principally concerns the making of the wings and tail feathers. The whole block of each wing is carved according to the silhouette of a single feather. Then the block is sliced into thirteen thin layers and these are gently opened out, one by one, to make a fan shape. The two pieces of wood are joined together to form a cross and the bird is complete. No glue is used and there is only one nail where the two pieces of wood cross. Very light, weighing only two or three ounces, the birds are usually hung on a thread from a mantelpiece or overhanging beam so that they move with the air currents.

It would be absurd to compare one of these birds to a Van Gogh self-portrait or a Rembrandt crucifixion. They are simple, homemade objects, worked according to a traditional pattern.

Yet, by their very simplicity, they allow one to categorize the qualities that make them pleasing and mysterious to everyone who sees them.

First, there is a figurative representation—one is looking at a bird, more precisely a dove, apparently hanging in midair. Thus, there is a reference to the surrounding world of nature. Second, the choice of subject (a flying bird) and the context in which it is placed (indoors, where live birds are unlikely) render the object symbolic. This primary symbolism then joins a more general, cultural one. Birds, and doves in particular, have been credited with symbolic meanings in a wide variety of cultures.

Third, there is a respect for the material used. The wood has been fashioned according to its qualities of lightness, pliability, and texture. Looking at it, one is surprised by how well wood becomes bird. Fourth, there is a formal unity and economy. Despite the object's apparent complexity, the grammar of its making is simple, even austere. Its richness is a result of repetitions which are also variations. Fifth, this man-made object provokes a kind of astonishment: how on earth was it made? I have given rough indications above, but anyone unfamiliar with the technique wants to take the dove in his hands and examine it closely to discover the secret that lies behind its making.

These qualities, when perceived as a whole, provoke at least a momentary sense of being before a mystery. One is looking at a piece of wood that has become a bird. One is looking at a bird that is somehow more than a bird. One is looking at something that has been worked with a mysterious skill and a kind of love.

Thus far I have tried to isolate the qualities of the white bird that provoke an aesthetic emotion. (The word "emotion," although designating a motion of the heart and of the imagination, is somewhat confusing, for we are considering an emotion that has little to do with the others we experience, notably because the self here is in a far greater degree of abeyance.) Yet my definitions beg the essential question. They reduce aesthetics to art. They say nothing about the relation between art and nature, art and the world.

Before a mountain, a desert just after the sun has gone down, or a fruit tree, one can also experience aesthetic emotion. Consequently, we are forced to begin again—not this time with a man-made object but with the nature into which we are born.

Urban living has always tended to produce a sentimental view of nature. Nature is thought of as a garden, or a view framed by a window, or an arena of freedom. Peasants, sailors, nomads have known better. Nature is energy and struggle. It is what exists without any promise. If it

can be thought of by man as an arena, a setting, it has to be thought of as one which lends itself as much to evil as to good. Its energy is fearsomely indifferent. The first necessity of life is shelter. Shelter against nature. The first prayer is for protection. The first sign of life is pain. If the Creation was purposeful, its purpose is a hidden one which can only be discovered intangibly within signs, never by the evidence of what happens.

It is within this bleak natural context that beauty is encountered, and the encounter is by its nature sudden and unpredictable. The gale blows itself out, the sea changes from the color of gray shit to aquamarine. Under the fallen boulder of an avalanche a flower grows. Over the shantytown the moon rises. I offer dramatic examples so as to insist upon the bleakness of the context. Reflect upon more everyday exam-

[Poem]

PREPARATION

By Czeslaw Milosz. From Unattainable Earth, a collection of his poems that will be published this spring by Ecco Press. This poem first appeared in the New York Review of Books.

Still one more year of preparation
Tomorrow at the latest I'll start working on a great
book

In which my century will appear as it really was.
The sun will rise over the righteous and the wicked.
Springs and autumns will unerringly return,
In a wet thicket a thrush will build his nest lined with
clay

And foxes will learn their foxy natures.

And that will be the subject, with addenda. Also:
armies

Running across frozen plains, shouting a curse
In a many-voiced chorus; the cannon of a tank
Growing immense at the corner of a street; the ride at
dusk

Into a camp with watchtowers and barbed wire.

No, it won't happen tomorrow. In five or ten years.

I still think too much about the mothers

And ask what is man born of woman.

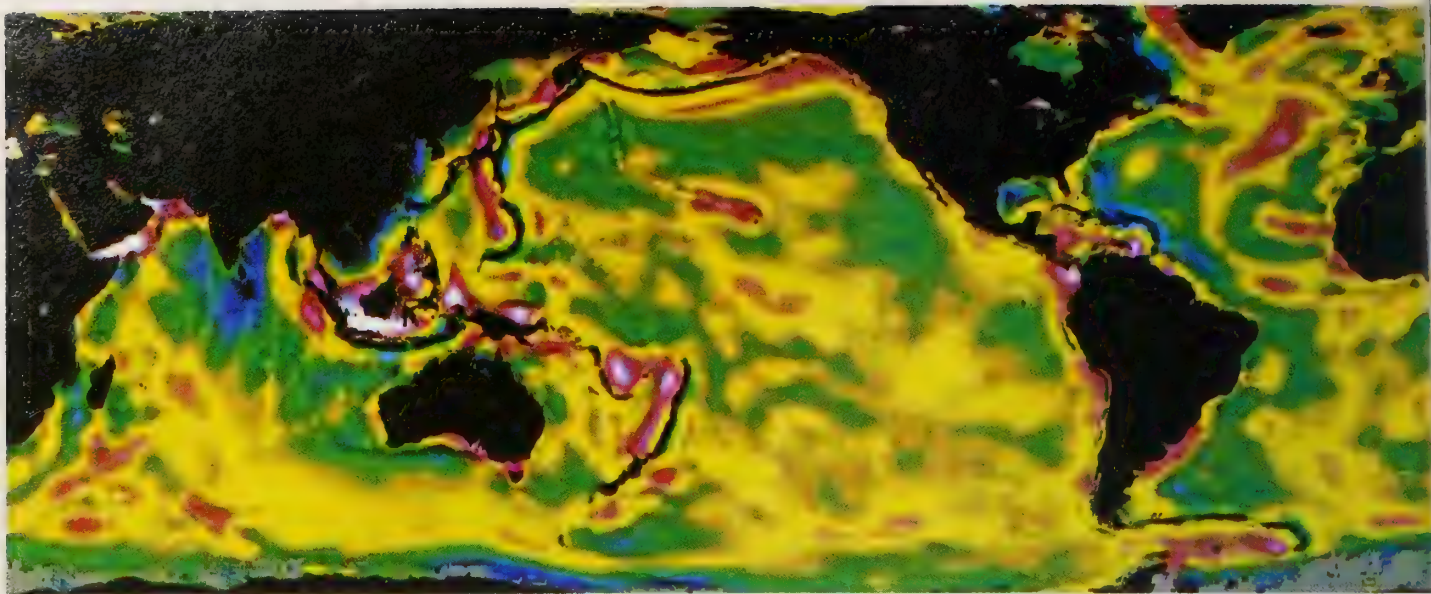
He curls himself up and protects his head

While he is kicked by heavy boots; on fire and
running,

He burns with bright flame; a bulldozer sweeps him
into a clay pit.

Her child. Embracing a teddy bear. Conceived in
ecstasy.

I haven't learned yet to speak as I should, calmly.



From 25 Years of Space Photography, an exhibit at New York's IBM Gallery of Science and Art. This Seosat radar image depicts the topography of the oceans' surface, which, Seosat revealed, mirrors that of the sea floor.

ples. However it is encountered, beauty is always an exception, always *in despite of*. This is why it moves us.

It can be argued that the origin of the way we are moved by natural beauty was functional. Flowers are a promise of fertility, a sunset is a reminder of fire and warmth, moonlight makes the night less dark, the bright colors of a bird's plumage are (atavistically even for us) a sexual stimulus. Yet such an argument is too reductionist, I believe. Snow is useless. A butterfly offers us very little.

Of course the range of what a given community finds beautiful in nature will depend upon its means of survival, its economy, its geography. What Eskimos find beautiful is unlikely to be the same as what the Ashanti found beautiful. Within modern class societies there are complex ideological determinations: we know, for instance, that the British ruling class in the eighteenth century disliked the sight of the sea. Equally, the social use to which an aesthetic emotion may be put changes according to the historical moment: the silhouette of a mountain can represent the home of the dead or a challenge to the initiative of the living.

Yet there seem to be certain constants which all cultures have found "beautiful": among them, certain flowers, trees, forms of rock, birds, animals, the moon, running water...

One is obliged to acknowledge a coincidence. The evolution of natural forms and the evolution of human perception have coincided to produce the phenomenon of a potential recognition: what is and what we can see (and by seeing also feel) sometimes meet at a point of

affirmation. This point, this coincidence, is two-faced: what has been seen is recognized and affirmed and, at the same time, the seer is affirmed by what he sees. For a brief moment one finds oneself—without the pretensions of a creator—in the position of God in the first chapter of Genesis . . . And he saw that it was good. The aesthetic emotion before nature derives, I believe, from this double affirmation.

Yet we do not live in the first chapter of Genesis. We live—if one follows the biblical sequence of events—after the Fall. In any case, we live in a world of suffering in which evil is rampant, a world whose events do not confirm our Being, a world that has to be resisted. It is in this situation that the aesthetic moment offers hope. That we find a crystal or a poppy beautiful means that we are less alone, that we are more deeply inserted into existence than the course of a single life would lead us to believe. I try to describe as accurately as possible the experience in question; my starting point is phenomenological, not deductive; its form, perceived as such, becomes a message that one receives but cannot translate because, in it, all is instantaneous. For an instant, the energy of one's perception becomes inseparable from the energy of the Creation.

The aesthetic emotion we feel before a man-made object—such as the white bird with which I started—is a derivative of the emotion we feel before nature. The white bird is an attempt to translate a message received from a real bird. All the languages of art have been developed as attempts to transform the instantaneous into the permanent. Art supposes that

beauty is not an exception—is not *in despite of*—but is the basis for an order.

Several years ago, when considering the historical face of art, I wrote that I judged a work according to whether or not it helped men in the modern world claim their social rights. I hold to that. Art's other, transcendental face raises the question of man's ontological right.

The notion that art is the mirror of nature is one that appeals only in periods of skepticism. Art does not imitate nature, it imitates a creation, sometimes to propose an alternative world, sometimes simply to amplify, to confirm, to make social the brief hope offered by nature. Art is an organized response to what nature allows us to glimpse occasionally. Art sets out to transform the potential recognition into an unceasing one. It proclaims man in the hope of receiving a surer reply . . . the transcendental face of art is always a form of prayer.

The white wooden bird is wafted by the warm air rising from the stove in the kitchen where the neighbors are drinking. Outside, in minus 25°C, the real birds are freezing to death!

[Essay]

ODE TO AN ORANGE

"Wanting an Orange," by Larry Woiwode, from the Winter 1984 issue of the Paris Review. Woiwode's most recent novel is Poppa John, published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.

Oh, those oranges arriving in the midst of the North Dakota winters of the forties—the mere color of them, carried through the door in a net bag or a crate from out of the white winter landscape. Their appearance was enough to set my brother and me to thinking that it might be about time to develop an illness, which was the surest way of receiving a steady supply of them.

"Mom, we think we're getting a cold."

"We? You mean, you two want an orange?"

This was difficult for us to answer or dispute; the matter seemed moved beyond our mere wanting.

"If you want an orange," she would say, "why don't you ask for one?"

"We want an orange."

"We' again. 'We want an orange.'"

"May we have an orange, please."

"That's the way you know I like you to ask for one. Now, why don't each of you ask for one in that same way, but separately?"

"Mom . . ." And so on. There was no depth of degradation that we wouldn't descend to in

order to get one. If the oranges hadn't wended their way northward by Thanksgiving, they were sure to arrive before the Christmas season, stacked first in crates at the depot, filling that musty place, where pews sat back to back, with a springtime acidity, as if the building had been rinsed with a renewing elixir that set it right for yet another year. Then the crates would appear at the local grocery store, often with the top slats pried back on a few of them, so that we were aware of a resinous smell of fresh wood in addition to the already orangy atmosphere that foretold the season more explicitly than any calendar.

And in the broken-open crates (as if burst by the power of the oranges themselves), one or two of the lovely spheres would lie free of the tissue they came wrapped in—always purple tissue, as if that were the only color that could contain the populations of them in their nestled positions. The crates bore paper labels at one end—of an orange against a blue background, or of a blue goose against an orange background—signifying the colorful otherworld (unlike our wintry one) that these phenomena had arisen from. Each orange, stripped of its protective wrapping, as vivid in your vision as a pebbled sun, encouraged you to picture a whole pyramid of them in a bowl on your dining room table, glowing in the light, as if giving off the warmth that came through the windows from the real winter sun. And all of them came stamped with a blue-purple name as foreign as the otherworld that you might imagine as their place of origin, so that on Christmas day you would find yourself digging past everything else in your Christmas stocking, as if tunneling down to the country of China, in order to reach the rounded bulge at the tip of the toe which meant that you had received a personal reminder of another state of existence, wholly separate from your own.

The packed heft and texture, finally, of an orange in your hand—this is it!—and the eruption of smell and the watery fireworks as a knife, in the hand of someone skilled, like our mother, goes slicing through the skin so perfect for slicing. This gaseous spray can form a mist like smoke, which can then be lit with a match to create actual fireworks if there is a chance to hide alone with a match (matches being forbidden) and the peel from one. Sputtery ignitions can also be produced by squeezing a peel near a candle (at least one candle is generally always going at Christmastime), and the leftover peels are set on the stove top to scent the house.

And the ingenious way in which oranges come packed into their globes! The green nib at the top, like a detonator, can be bitten off, as if disarming the orange, in order to clear a place

for you to sink a tooth under the peel. This is the best way to start. If you bite at the peel too much, your front teeth will feel scraped, like dry bone, and your lips will begin to burn from the bitter oil. Better to sink a tooth into this greenish or creamy depression, and then pick at that point with the nail of your thumb, removing a little piece of the peel at a time. Later, you might want to practice to see how large a piece you can remove intact. The peel can also be undone in one continuous ribbon, a feat which maybe your father is able to perform, so that after the orange is freed, looking yellowish, the peel, rewound, will stand in its original shape, although empty.

The yellowish whole of the orange can now be divided into sections, usually about a dozen, by beginning with a division down the middle; after this, each section, enclosed in its papery skin, will be able to be lifted and torn loose more easily. There is a stem up the center of the sections like a mushroom stalk, but tougher; this can be eaten. A special variety of orange, without any pits, has an extra growth, or nubbin, like half of a tiny orange, tucked into its bottom. This nubbin is nearly as bitter as the peel, but it can be eaten, too; don't worry. Some of the sections will have miniature sections embedded in them and clinging as if for life, giving the impression that babies are being hatched, and should you happen to find some of these you've found the sweetest morsels of any.

If you prefer to have your orange sliced in half, as some people do, the edges of the peel will abrade the corners of your mouth, making them feel raw, as you eat down into the white of the rind (which is the only way to do it) until you can see daylight through the orangy bubbles composing its outside. Your eyes might burn; there is no proper way to eat an orange. If there are pits, they can get in the way, and the slower you eat an orange, the more you'll find your fingers sticking together. And no matter how carefully you eat one, or bite into a quarter, juice can always fly or slip from a corner of your mouth; this happens to everyone. Close your eyes to be on the safe side, and for the eruption in your mouth of the slivers of watery meat, which should be broken and rolled fine over your tongue for the essence of orange. And if indeed you have sensed yourself coming down with a cold, there is a chance that you will feel it driven from your head—your nose and sinuses suddenly opening—in the midst of the scent of a peel and eating an orange.

And oranges can also be eaten whole—rolled into a spongy mass and punctured with a pencil (if you don't find this offensive) or a knife, and then sucked upon. Then, once the juice is gone, you can disembowel the orange as you

wish and eat away its pulpy remains, and eat once more into the whitish interior of the peel, which scours the coating from your teeth and makes your numbing lips and the tip of your tongue start to tingle and swell up from behind, until, in the light from the windows (shining through an empty glass bowl), you see orange again from the inside. Oh, oranges, solid o's, light from afar in the midst of the freeze, and not unlike that unspherical fruit which first went from Eve to Adam and from there (to abbreviate matters) to my brother and me.

"Mom, we think we're getting a cold."

"You mean, you want an orange?"

This is difficult to answer or dispute or even to acknowledge, finally, with the fullness that the subject deserves, and that each orange bears, within its own makeup, into this hard-edged yet insubstantial, incomplete, cold, wintry world.

[Short Story]

THE SYMBOL

From The Complete Shorter Fiction of Virginia Woolf, edited by Susan Dick, published this month by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. Written shortly before Woolf's death in 1941, "The Symbol" is one of eighteen previously unpublished stories that appear in the collection.

There was a little dent on the top of the mountain like a crater on the moon. It was filled with snow, iridescent like a pigeon's breast, or dead white. There was a scurry of dry particles now and again, covering nothing. It was too high for breathing flesh or fur-covered life. All the same the snow was iridescent one moment; and blood red; and pure white, according to the day.

The graves in the valley—for there was a vast descent on either side; first pure rock; snow silted; lower a pine tree gripped a crag; then a solitary hut; then a saucer of pure green; then a cluster of eggshell roofs; at last, at the bottom, a village, a hotel, a cinema, and a graveyard—the graves in the churchyard near the hotel recorded the names of several men who had fallen climbing.

"The mountain," the lady wrote, sitting on the balcony of the hotel, "is a symbol . . ." She paused. She could see the topmost height through her glasses. She focused the lens, as if to see what the symbol was. She was writing to her elder sister at Birmingham.

The balcony overlooked the main street of the Alpine summer resort, like a box at a the-

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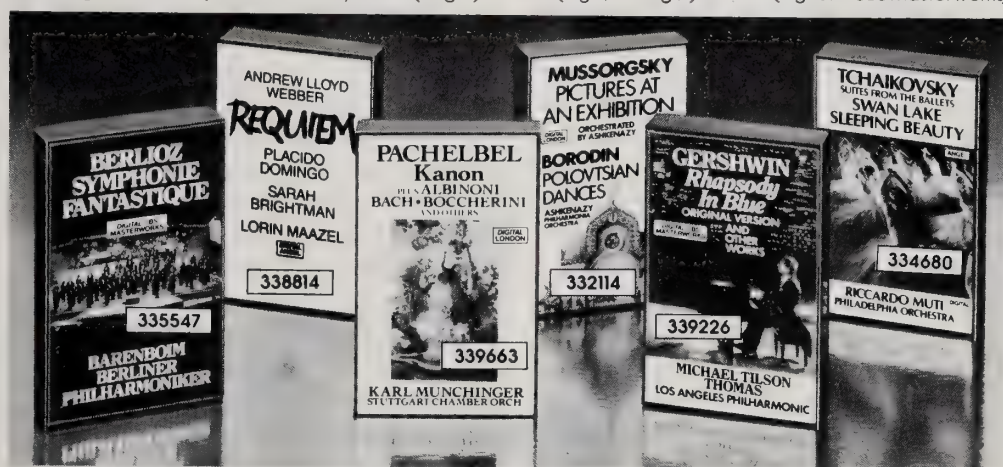
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329094-399097. Mahler: Symphony No. 2 (Resurrection)—Lorin Maazel, Vienna Phil. (Counts as 2—Digital—CBS Masterworks)

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ater. There were very few private sitting rooms, and so the plays—such as they were—the curtain raisers—were acted in public. They were always a little provisional; preludes, curtain raisers. Entertainments to pass the time; seldom leading to any conclusion, such as marriage; or even lasting friendship. There was something fantastic about them, airy, inconclusive. So little that was solid could be dragged to this height. Even the houses looked gimcrack. By the time the voice of the English announcer reached the village it too became unreal.

Lowering her glasses, she nodded at the young men who in the street below were making ready to start. With one of them she had a certain connection—that is, an aunt of his had been mistress of her daughter's school.

Still holding the pen, still tipped with a drop of ink, she waved down at the climbers. She had written that the mountain was a symbol. But of what? In the forties of the last century two men, in the sixties four men, had perished; the first party when a rope broke, the second when night fell and froze them to death. We are always climbing to some height; that was the cliché. But it did not represent what was in her mind's eye, after seeing through her glasses the virgin height.

She continued, inconsequently. "I wonder why it makes me think of the Isle of Wight? You remember when Mama was dying, we took her there. And I would stand on the balcony when the boat came in and describe the passengers. I would say, I think that must be Mr. Edwardes... He has just come off the gangway. Then, now all the passengers have landed. Now they have turned the boat... I never told you, naturally not—you were in India; you were going to have Lucy—how I longed when the doctor came that he should say, quite definitely, She cannot live another week. It was very prolonged; she lived eighteen months. The mountain just now reminded me how when I was alone, I would fix my eyes upon her death, as a symbol. I would think if I could reach that point—when I should be free—we could not marry as you remember until she died—a cloud then would do instead of the mountain. I thought, when I reach that point—I have never told anyone, for it seemed so heartless; I shall be at the top. And I could imagine so many sides. We come of course of an Anglo-Indian family. I can still imagine, from hearing stories told, how people live in other parts of the world. I can see mud huts, and savages; I can see elephants drinking at pools. So many of our uncles and cousins were explorers. I have always had a great desire to explore for myself. But of course, when the time came it seemed more sensible, considering our long engagement, to marry."

She looked across the street at a woman shaking a mat on another balcony. Every morning at the same time she came out. You could have thrown a pebble into her balcony. They had indeed come to the point of smiling at each other across the street.

"The little villas," she added, taking up her pen, "are much the same here as in Birmingham. Every house takes in lodgers. The hotel is quite full. Though monotonous, the food is not what you would call bad. And of course the hotel has a splendid view. One can see the mountain from every window. But then that's true of the whole place. I can assure you, I could shriek sometimes coming out of the one shop where they sell papers—we get them a week late—always to see that mountain. Sometimes it looks just across the way. At others, like a cloud; only it never moves. Somehow the talk, even among the invalids, who are everywhere, is always about the mountain. Either, how clear it is today, it might be across the street; or, how far away it looks, it might be a cloud. That is the usual cliché. In the storm last night, I hoped for once it was hidden. But just as they brought in the anchovies, the Rev. W. Bishop said, 'Look there's the mountain!'"

"Am I being selfish? Ought I not to be ashamed of myself, when there is so much suffering? It is not confined to the visitors. The natives suffer dreadfully from goiter. Of course it could be stopped, if anyone had enterprise, and money. Ought one not to be ashamed of dwelling upon what after all can't be cured? It would need an earthquake to destroy that mountain, just as, I suppose, it was made by an earthquake. I asked the proprietor, Herr Melchior, the other day, if there were ever earthquakes now. No, he said, only landslides and avalanches. They have been known he said to blot out a whole village. But he added quickly, there's no danger here.

"As I write these words, I can see the young men quite plainly on the slopes of the mountain. They are roped together. One I think I told you was at the same school with Margaret. They are now crossing a crevasse..."

The pen fell from her hand, and the drop of ink straggled in a zigzag line down the page. The young men had disappeared.

It was only late that night when the search party had recovered the bodies that she found the unfinished letter on the table on the balcony. She dipped her pen once more and added, "The old clichés will come in very handy. They died trying to climb the mountain... And the peasants brought spring flowers to lay upon their graves. They died in an attempt to discover..."

There seemed no fitting conclusion. And she added, "Love to the children," and then her pen name. ■

GOSSIPING ABOUT GOSSIP

The immortal power of gossip was already well understood in ancient Greece—"It too," said Hesiod, "is a kind of divinity"—but it required the particular talents of the present age to make money off it. From the great cauldrons of public gossip—*People*, *Us*, *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*, *Entertainment Tonight*, etc.—are ladled out weekly portions of anecdote, rumor, and celebrity scandal to the voracious millions. Gossip, once thought to be personal by definition, has been miraculously transformed into a profitable industry.

A great repertory company of the titled, the rich, the famous—in short, people who are gossiped about—perform endless variations on a theme: the delights and dangers of the charmed life. But mass-produced gossip inevitably undermines its own power to titillate: what shocked yesterday no longer shocks today; the crowd becomes restive, bored, ever more jaded.

Why is modern gossip so popular and so pervasive? What vacuum does it fill in the nation's public life? Should the material in *People* and its rivals be considered gossip at all? *Harper's* invited a group of literary critics, social historians, and gossip columnists to consider these matters—to gossip on the peculiar nature of today's gossip.

*The following Forum is based on a discussion held at Maxim's Restaurant in New York City.
Lewis H. Lapham served as moderator.*

LEWIS H. LAPHAM
is the editor of Harper's.

LIZ SMITH
writes a syndicated gossip column that appears in the New York Daily News and over sixty other newspapers across the country. She is author of The Mother Book and appears regularly on the New York television program Live at Five.

BARBARA HOWAR
is New York correspondent for the syndicated television program Entertainment Tonight and author of Laughing All the Way and Making Ends Meet.

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.
is the editor of National Review and the host of Firing Line. His most recent books are Right Reason, See You Later, Alligator, and a children's book called The Temptation of Wilfred Malachy. High Jinx, his latest Blackford Oakes spy novel, will be published in March by Doubleday.

JOHN GROSS
is a daily book reviewer for the New York Times and former editor of the London Times Literary Supplement. His books include The Rise and Fall of the Man of Letters and The Oxford Book of Aphorisms.

MARK CRISPIN MILLER
teaches in the Writing Seminars at the Johns Hopkins University. He has written on mass culture for the New Republic, the Atlantic, and the Nation, and is currently working on a book about American advertising, which will be published by Poseidon/Simon & Schuster.

ROBERT DARNTON
is a professor of history at Princeton University. His books include The Business of Enlightenment, The Literary Underground of the Old Regime, and The Great Cat Massacre.

LEWIS H. LAPHAM: **I** grant that there is a delight in gossip, which is older than Greek philosophy and more entertaining than most jokes, but why have we come to the point where there seems to be nothing else? The media revel in the wonder of celebrity, and the audience for magazines like *People* or *Interview* or *Us*, as well as for television shows like *Eye on Hollywood*, *Entertainment Tonight*, or *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*, appears to be insatiable.

Perhaps gossip has somehow come to substitute for the more demanding forms of literary, cultural, and political discussion in a society that has an ear only for names. The books that lead the best-seller lists are those written by and about celebrities; authors once thought of as "real writers" now make their reputations for what they do—stabbing a wife, hosting a game show, befriending hoodlums, going to parties—instead of what they write. The news from Washington relies on a high quotient of rumor, blind quote, and inside dope, suggesting that politics is mostly a matter of who said what to

whom on the way out of a peace conference, a television studio, or a men's room.

What void does gossip fill, and why do we care so much about the images of people few of us know? How do the engines of fame actually work? How long is it before a name loses its luster or a personality fades into the lost company of last year's people?

Most gossip these days seems to me to lack wit and edge. I no longer can tell the difference between genuine gossip and an amplified press release, so I tend to discredit even the gossip columns as reflexively as I discredit the official versions of events. When gossip has an honest ring to it, it suggests the presence of the truth, but in its plastic, commercial forms it turns into propaganda. At what point does gossip become indistinguishable from hype and therefore boring? Is gossip in the true sense possible in a mass market? What sort of behavior can still be said to shock?

Liz, do you agree that gossip has become the measure of all things?

LIZ SMITH: I agree that gossip has become prevalent in a way we've never seen before, partly because it helped fill a vacuum in our national life that arose during the mid-seventies. Americans had been through a lot: the pain of the Kennedy and King assassinations, the great upheavals over the Vietnam War, the wrenching public drama of Watergate. Then suddenly Nixon resigned and Watergate was over. As Sally Quinn of the *Washington Post* said, "We were hooked on the heroin of the Watergate scandal, and now we need the methadone of gossip." We were no longer involved in a great national crisis, which drives gossip underground by making it seem trivial, and gossip rushed in to fill the vacuum.

BARBARA HOWAR: But that partly depends on what we mean by gossip. Lewis offered *Entertainment Tonight*, *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*, and *Eye on Hollywood* as examples of television programs that deal in gossip, but I think distinctions must be made between them, just as distinctions are made between *Harper's*, *Cosmopolitan*, and *Playboy*. I don't think *Entertainment Tonight* deals in gossip; it simply reports on the entertainment world.

SMITH: Lewis did neglect to make the now-customary distinction between gossip and what has come to be called, disgustingly enough, "personality journalism." But the two tend to run together. I don't agree that *Entertainment Tonight* does not do gossip. You use gossip in the same way I do: you report a lot of hearsay and rumor.

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.: But isn't tone the crucial determinant? Suppose I were to say I had lunch with Lewis Lapham today and he had four eggs. This would simply be passing along information that really had no tendential status. But if I said I had lunch with Lewis Lapham today and he had four dry martinis, that would have the slight element of spite that Barbara is alluding to.

Suppose, Barbara, you were reporting that a well-known star, Mrs. Jones, just had a baby. Wouldn't it be necessary for you to add, "Mrs. Jones was married four months ago"? Of course, that would be gratuitous in a normal news story.

HOWAR: Well, I myself would not want to be in a position to have to say that, because it touches on the kind of gossip I feel is beneath me. There's a certain level of gossip I wouldn't touch with tongs. What I consider the legitimate level is "so-and-so just had a baby," "so-and-so just signed a contract," "so-and-so has just been arrested on drug charges."

BUCKLEY: What if so-and-so in Congress was boozing when he voted?

HOWAR: My dear, we'd have to have a computer to keep track of all the congressmen who did *that*. That wouldn't even *be* a good piece of dirt anymore, Bill. But, frankly, when someone is betraying the public trust, that should be public knowledge.

BUCKLEY: Is chastity a public trust?

HOWAR: No, not unless a congressman's fooling around "with a dead woman or a live boy," as the charming Washington phrase puts it.

BUCKLEY: Yet surely many people derive a certain salacious satisfaction from knowing a child was born four months after the marriage.

HOWAR: I'm sure they do. But if I were doing the story, I wouldn't go out of my way to point to it, unless I felt it was germane for some special reason. Liz and I are the only people here who deal in day-to-day celebrity reporting, and there are certain things I won't stoop to do and I know she won't stoop to do.

JOHN GROSS: We're talking about the difference between public and private gossip. There are things that one simply wouldn't *want* to say publicly, things that hurt people. When we repeat these things to ourselves privately, we don't substantiate and double-check them before passing them on, which is one reason gossip is a great private pleasure. But as soon as it's public, one has a responsibility to check and verify. I agree with everything you say about your public role, Barbara, but if you were claiming that was your attitude in private life, I'd be a bit skeptical. Private gossip is different.

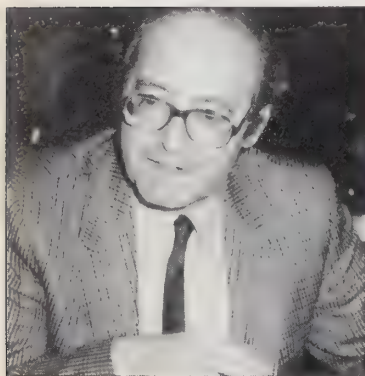
HOWAR: Sure, I could sit and dish the dirt with you all day, and I'd love to do it.

In Washington, when I was working in politics, I dealt in gossip all the time. What was gossip at the lunch table at Sans Souci on Thursday was often the law of the land on Monday. Everybody, whether he's a political columnist or a reporter, deals in gossip. In every so-called news-magazine I pick up, half the articles are based on unidentified sources. After all, the more information a columnist for the *New York Times* can bring his readers from sources at a "high level," the more people read his column, the more prominent he becomes, and the more money he makes.



MARK CRISPIN MILLER: As soon as TV and other mass media are brought into it, traditional categories of gossip tend to change. Gossip as it has been practiced, and condemned, over the centuries—a kind of mean-minded detraction of others, “dishing the dirt”—is a communitarian activity that draws people together, albeit at the expense of the “gossipee.” It has very little to do with public gossip as it’s shoveled out by television and magazines.

GROSS: Until quite recently, gossip was by definition what *wasn't* printed and what *wasn't* televised. Balzac observed that every day in Paris a paper with 100,000 subscribers was produced yet never printed; he meant the news that was distributed by word of mouth.



The so-called permissiveness and pseudo-openness of the last twenty years or so may well have helped breed more gossip. But much of today's gossip is the product of a concerted effort to construct

a commercial public institution out of something that is traditionally very private and unstructured. It's terribly difficult to do. One of the problems, as Lewis mentioned, is that gossip tends to become bland when people try to institutionalize it. Of course the institution is built on what people have for thousands of years assumed gossip to be: someone vaguely whispering behind someone else's back.

LAPHAM: Forgive my innocence, Liz and Barbara, but what are some examples of the low, disgusting gossip you wouldn't touch?

SMITH: Gossip about who's on drugs, about who's gay, about who's cheating on whom. An old example is the Kennedy brothers' involvement with Marilyn Monroe. Many people talked about it at the time, but nobody really wrote about it. Back then, the American press had an innate respect for the President. Reporters just didn't write all of the bad things they heard about the Kennedys while they were in office. But after Chappaquiddick, the dam really broke, and all bets were off. You couldn't find a reporter in Washington who didn't want to go for the jugular. They had all been observing Teddy Kennedy for a long time; both *Time* and *Newsweek* had reporters on that trip to Alaska in 1969 where he got drunk on the plane and misbehaved quite badly; and nobody reported it because they didn't want to hurt him. But Chappaquiddick was the end.

LAPHAM: Am I to infer then that Teddy has lived a blameless life since Chappaquiddick?

MILLER: I'm sure Teddy still gets away with a few things today; I wonder about this notion that “all bets are off.” I don't think that applies to the very powerful, who generally don't get smeared, while those who are powerless and appear dissident are fair game. Sure, the journalists were very discreet about the Kennedys and Marilyn Monroe, but they weren't quite so tactful about the private life of Jean Seberg. Because of her views, the FBI was out to get her, and the newspapers were only too happy to comply.

Could we have some more examples of the sleazy stories that supposedly have shaken our faith in the powerful?

HOWAR: How about Wilbur Mills making tax policy while he's running around with a stripper called the Argentine Firecracker who leaped fully clothed into the Potomac tidal basin? I'd like to know about that. I don't want him drunk while he's closing my loopholes.

LAPHAM: You might not mind if he were reviewing your return.

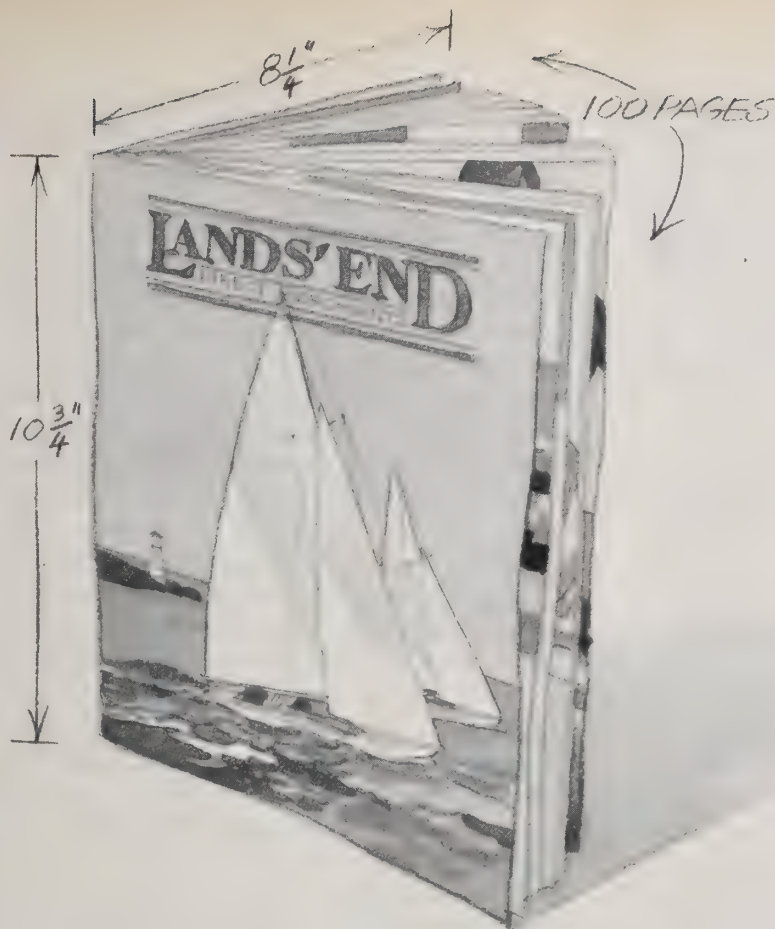
Many members of Congress apparently have alcohol problems, and we can safely assume a great many public officials lead unconventional sex lives. Yet that's not in the papers.

HOWAR: Sure it is. What about that scandal when congressmen were caught having affairs with male pages?

ROBERT DARNTON: And what about *The Private Life of Louis XV*? I mean, such behavior is a constant in history; you can find gossip of this sort in any period. What is new is that it's commercialized now. That's really the operative distinction: gossip today has a market value it didn't have before.

BUCKLEY: It all depends on whether you abide by the operative protocols. French kings were expected to have mistresses, and therefore it was not resented by anybody when it transpired that indeed they did. In contrast, Catholic mayors of New York—such as Jimmy Walker—were not supposed to have mistresses. Even when it became clear that Mayor Walker did have one, it was all right as long as it was kept discreet. But when he started riding here and there with her in his car, the cardinal let the guillotine drop, and we had an ex-Mayor Walker.

So it depends on what is generally accepted. Ken Galbraith objects to the protocol that seems to protect drunken congressmen; he thinks it ought to be repealed, that journalists



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should report who is drunk. Still, the perception of what is a public scandal has changed greatly. The phrase "outrageous behavior" describes stuff that's almost hard to imagine now. So little, really, is still outrageous. I mean, Gerry Studds, the congressman who did it to the page boy, later got reelected, didn't he?

SMITH: He just said mea culpa and they put him back in office.

BUCKLEY: He didn't even say mea culpa. He said he shouldn't have done it to a page boy but that it was otherwise O.K., presumably if the child had reached eighteen.

Of course, the extent to which the protocols are widely shared affects gossip's exclusivity as well. When Alexander Pope wrote his long polemics, identifying each character by some mythologically appropriate name, the cognoscenti were supposed to know who he was talking about; thus he was necessarily restricting his clientele. That doesn't mean, however, that the early eighteenth century could boast less gossip than we can today. Rather, gossip moved on different levels: Pope spoke to a certain group, other groups spoke to others. Until the television age, a sort of class system was inherent in gossip.

DARNTON: Speaking as someone who lives mainly in the eighteenth century, I would say there was more gossip then than now. During a time of mass illiteracy, without television or radio, the networks of communication arising naturally in neighborhoods became elevated to a serious political phenomenon. Eighteenth-century police, for example, posted in various cafés and neighborhood meeting places spies who



reported to them on what was being said. Gossip had tremendous political importance because it often erupted into what were then known as "public emotions."

LAPHAM: I'm prepared to say that the very best gossip is usually the most malicious and the most exclusive, though of course its very exclusivity means it can't sell in large enough volume to be profitable.

SMITH: That fits into "Liz's theory," which says that bad gossip drives out good. Today, there are so many vehicles conveying gossip, so many media carrying discussion and chatter about people's lives, that we have become surfeited with

it; it isn't fun and entertaining, as it once must have been. In the time of Dr. Johnson it must have been just heaven.

DARNTON: It depends on the organization of communications. Court scandal at the time of Louis XV first spread by word of mouth. As the gossips entered certain salons, they wrote the latest tidbits down on an open register, reading and correcting the entries made before their arrival. Domestic servants then copied the registers onto manuscript news sheets, *nouvelles à la main*, which circulated "under the cloak" in cafés and public gardens. *Nouvellistes* in the garden of the Palais Royal gathered under a certain tree—the Tree of Cracow, as it was called—to swap stories. Their choicest morsels were sometimes put into rhyme and adapted to popular tunes like the French version of "The Bear Went Over the Mountain." And much of this material eventually appeared in print, in illegal *chroniques scandaleuses*.

So gossip passed through many media. It was talked, sung, written, and printed. Yet newspapers in the modern sense did not exist, because censorship did not permit open discussion of events and public figures. So news and gossip became inextricably entangled in a vast underground system of communication; and I think you could find similar systems in other times and places, including Eastern Europe and Latin America today. But these systems of "para-news" did not operate in the marketplace, and so gossip did not have the cash value it has in the media today.

GROSS: One problem is that today there must be more and more gossip produced about fewer and fewer people. When purveyed in large amounts by the mass media, gossip generally has to be about very identifiable people. They always include kings and princes, of course, as well as what we might call "people who are gossiped about." Unfortunately, these are often the least interesting people. I don't especially want to hear anything about Margaret Trudeau, for example. Yet everyone knows people no one has ever heard of but who are magnets for gossip in his or her particular circle. That's what real gossip is.

HOWAR: I would love to tell what the bag ladies in my neighborhood are doing, but no one out there wants to know.

LAPHAM: There does exist a sort of repertory company of celebrities, whether we call them the "beautiful people" or something else, whom public gossip is mostly about. They are the titled, the rich, the famous; and they constitute

an easily recognizable cast of characters for the media gossips to chatter about. For the writer, they also provide convenient symbols. I often write about celebrities because they're the only names I can be sure more than twelve readers will recognize. Henry Kissinger or Michael Jackson can become handy metaphors.

BUCKLEY: You become a beautiful person if it turns out you're the richest man in America. A beautiful person was created last week. I never heard of him before. His name is Mr. Walton and *Forbes* said he is the richest man in America.

GROSS: There's nothing like the *Forbes* 400 list anywhere in the world. The actual document, and the interest it assumes people have in the wealthy, is just extraordinary.

HOWAR: And a shopgirl from Bloomingdale's reads the *Forbes* 400 as avidly as a corporate vice-president. The captains of industry and commerce are the new celebrities.

SMITH: Money is the new sex in America. Even Helen Gurley Brown admits that her *Cosmo* girls are much more interested in reading about women who make it in business, like Diane Von Furstenberg, than about multiple orgasms.

HOWAR: Still, our lives are dictated to a great degree by what we see on the big screen, the little screen, in the newspapers. Today, we are bombarded by various media, from newspapers and magazines to television and movies and music videos. Our mores—how we think, what our fashions are, what we eat, how our children are raised—are swayed by these media to a great extent.

It would be ridiculous to pretend that we are not interested in those people who are responsible for the great fashion waves that come out at us from TV and movies and so on. That's why so many columnists write about people in the media—rock singers, television personalities, political people. It's not so much gossip as it is that people want to know more about those people who have such influence over their lives. They become a sort of royalty for us.

We have to strip away the hypocrisy here. Just because *Entertainment Tonight* reports on movie stars and sports figures doesn't make it any dirtier than a Bill Safire column on what some presidential aide leaked to him. A hypocritical double standard prevails within the media and is shared by a lot of readers. It says, "If you're writing about Madonna, it's trash." Well, in my opinion, if you're writing about Imelda Marcos, it's still trash.

Rhapsodies on the Rich and Famous

There has crept, I notice, into our literature and journalism a new way of flattering the wealthy and the great. In more straightforward times flattery itself was more straightforward; falsehood itself was more true. A poor man wishing to please a rich man simply said that he was the wisest, bravest, tallest, strongest, most benevolent and most beautiful of mankind; and as even the rich man probably knew that he wasn't that, the thing did the less harm. When courtiers sang the praises of a King they attributed to him things that were entirely improbable, as that he resembled the sun at noonday, that they had to shade their eyes when he entered the room, that his people could not breathe without him, or that he had with his single sword conquered Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. The safety of this method was its artificiality; between the King and his public image there was really no relation. But the moderns have invented a much subtler and more poisonous kind of eulogy. The modern method is to take the prince or rich man, to give a credible picture of his type of personality, as that he is

business-like, or a sportsman, or fond of art, or convivial, or reserved; and then enormously exaggerate the value and importance of these natural qualities. Those who praise Mr. Carnegie do not say that he is as wise as Solomon and as brave as Mars; I wish they did. It would be the next most honest thing to giving their real reason for praising him, which is simply that he has money. . . . What they do is to take the rich man's superficial life and manner, clothes, hobbies, love of cats, dislike of doctors, or what not; and then with the assistance of this realism make the man out to be a prophet and a saviour of his kind, whereas he is merely a private and stupid man who happens to like cats or to dislike doctors. The old flatterer took for granted that the King was an ordinary man, and set to work to make him out extraordinary. The newer and cleverer flatterer takes for granted that he is extraordinary, and that therefore even ordinary things about him will be of interest.

—from *All Things Considered* (1908),
by G. K. Chesterton

DARNTON: There's also a principle of selection at work beyond the beautiful person principle. Call it the "taboo principle." Gossip operates at the borderline of the permissible, and as soon as someone, preferably beautiful, steps over it, it's a subject for gossip.

SMITH: People are harder to shock now, so it's harder to write shocking gossip. But we're still a bit shocked when people play around, get pregnant, get divorced. It must just be our human incredulousness.



That brings us to another, less obvious principle of selection. I could write a wonderfully juicy and entertaining column if I had no compunctions about it. I don't want my paper to be sued, so I can't print many of the things I can't prove. But

as soon as something gets into the public record, it's fair game. Take the Pulitzer divorce case: no one would have written those stories about adultery and lesbianism and taking trumpets to bed if the Pulitzers hadn't gone to court and accused each other of those things.

HOWAR: I think the judge should have sentenced those two to a reconciliation, they so richly deserved each other.

MILLER: A lot of gossip that relates to the beautiful people doesn't have anything to do with misfortunes or peccadilloes or crossing the boundary of the permissible. *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous* shows very little suffering. It's mostly just a tour of the beautiful people's commodities. We look at their five houses, hear praise of their shrewd business sense, learn how much this or that painting cost. In effect, it's almost indistinguishable from advertising. What it's advertising is consumption itself.

GROSS: That's the "they're like us" kind of gossip, which is different from gossip based on morbid curiosity about people's misfortunes. The purpose of it is to satisfy people's curiosity about the lofty.

During the nineteenth century, there were fierce taboos on what could be published; most of the gossip that worked its way into the mass press was of the "they're like us" sort. You know, what the queen had for breakfast and all that. Such gossip was regarded as low but not as scandalous. Some people, of course, particularly the people who got written about, regarded it as almost blasphemous.

SMITH: That attitude persists in some quarters. Recently, somebody told me a story about Jacqueline Onassis going to a New York restaurant and congratulating the chef on his granita, whereupon he gave her the recipe for it. I thought this was very charming, so I wrote it up. After it ran, she called the restaurant and complained bitterly: she was there as a private person, they shouldn't have given this information out, she didn't think it was right. I think that's amazing, that she feels her private life is so private she doesn't want anybody to know she asked for the granita recipe in some restaurant.

Lauren Bacall is another example. She has always taken horrible exception to anything written about her, even if it's absolutely true—and even if it's *flattering*. Yet in her own book she revealed things about herself I would never have written. This astonished me.

HOWAR: Lauren Bacall is funny. I suppose she thought, If it's going to be written, I'll be the one to write it. She got paid for her own story rather than let somebody else make money off it.

MILLER: She's evidently a follower of Elizabeth Taylor, who once proclaimed, "I am my own commodity."

LAPHAM: Can any of these people have any claim to be private persons anymore? It seems to me that the Faustian bargain implicit in modern celebrity is that the chosen one must offer himself freely to the public feast. And the consumer, in return for his curiosity and esteem, is allowed to devour the flesh.

BUCKLEY: But you can draw a line. I think one can be a public figure, as Mrs. Onassis is, and yet say, "What I ask a chef to do in a particular restaurant I consider a private transaction." Some matters can still be considered *hors de combat*.

I was once asked to do an hour and a half with Dick Cavett. I said, "Let me see a transcript of the show you did last week with John Lindsay." It began—I kid you not—"When you were at prep school, John, were you popular?" Surely anybody who consents to go on a program on which such a question is asked has it coming. Of course, the interviewer also has an obligation to make his rules clear. On my television program, someone once asked Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, "How does it feel to be rich?" "No," I said, "that question can't be asked here. Anything having to do with Watergate or their book or whatever, fine; but no personal questions."

HOWAR: You have to know your format and your interviewer. If you do Bill Buckley's show, you

know he won't ask you about sex and drugs. If you do Phil Donahue's show, you know that's what he *will* ask you.

MILLER: Then *Firing Line* is a very unusual interview program. In general, such shows thrive on the fact that television as a medium cuts through certain kinds of defenses. For example, you can always tell when somebody's lying on TV, which is what makes programs like *60 Minutes* and *The People's Court* so much fun. And more and more TV interviewers and journalists are, as it were, continuous with the medium in this sense. They have no sense of shame; they will ask anything in order to expose or undress their subject before the lens. In a society pervaded by a medium whose "undressing" capacity is its greatest strength, it becomes harder and harder to imagine anyone who ultimately refuses to undress—and impossible to imagine any regular viewer being shocked by much. TV conduces to a world in which all will reveal all to all.

BUCKLEY: Perhaps it's more difficult for a celebrity to guard his little sanctuary of privacy once he is otherwise exposed. Yet J.D. Salinger enjoys a degree of privacy Norman Mailer does not. After all, there must be certain things that Norman Mailer would just as soon not talk about.

LAPHAM: I can't imagine such a subject.

MILLER: It's not just a matter of what certain celebrities will or will not say. Consider a TV show like the one in which a sex therapist talks to couples about their marital problems.

BUCKLEY: But they're not public figures.

MILLER: No, they're so-called real people. But that such a show exists—and there are many of them—suggests the degree to which people have become acclimated to the incisiveness of TV. People really have no such thing as a public reputation anymore. There has been a profound change in our notions of the self and of privacy.

BUCKLEY: What does such exhibitionism have to do with our notions of privacy? I mean, you can't say that the Playmate of the Month is in any sense private, can you? She's an exhibitionist.

MILLER: She's a commodity, really.

HOWAR: I, for one, am not interested in anybody's sex life, unless he's been arrested for it and it's part of the story. Many people give me interviews they won't give anyone else because they know I'm going to be straight with them, that

I'll make them interesting without making them cry or discuss something beyond the bounds of good taste.

How long I'll survive with that attitude I don't know. I am undercut every time by the reporter who goes for the groin. I loathe groin journalism—the "running-mascara interview" and the rest—but plenty of people don't mind doing it. After all, that's what the public is looking for; and if you don't give it to them, they'll switch you off and somebody else on. You know how that works, Lewis. You say to your writers, "Hey, *Newsweek* got the dirt on this guy. Why don't we have it?" You have to flog your writers to keep your magazine competitive.

LAPHAM: *Harper's* is a somewhat different sort of magazine, Barbara. It's not like I have all these deadbeat writers standing around in flophouses, waiting to go out and bury the competition...

SMITH: Barbara and I are just sensitive because we don't go for the jugular. We're always being scooped, killed, blown out of the water.

HOWAR: I don't know how long I'll last being Miss Niceperson, because that's not the way this business is moving. The public wants groin journalism, and the people in charge want to give the public what it wants. So your editors say, "Get out there and get a three-handkerchief interview, or don't come back." You can't win.

I just like celebrities. I like meeting them, talking to them, finding out what gets them through the night. They're just people with dreams; they're not betraying the public trust. And I don't ask them about anything I wouldn't want to have discussed over my dinner table; I can get an interesting interview without making them cry and squirm.

LAPHAM: Does everyone agree with Barbara and Liz that the public's appetites are becoming increasingly decadent?

BUCKLEY: I see no evidence of it. Thirty years ago, *Confidential* was a truly nasty magazine. Every single issue was devoted to muck. It was certainly as bad as anything available now.

MILLER: Barbara says she won't do groin journalism but that everybody else almost has to, because the system forces the people working for it to be as disrespectful and salacious as possible. The implications are extremely depressing.

BUCKLEY: At our level, groin journalism becomes iconoclasm. *Harper's*, *National Review*, the *Nation*—all take the cherished icons and give them a good going over. When Lewis pretends

that Alger Hiss is innocent, for example, he's engaging in a form of iconoclasm that indeed succeeds in catching the attention of all sober people, who thereupon say, "Well, what's the matter with Lewis Lapham?"

LAPHAM: And Bill does the same thing when he runs a cover story by Richard Nixon in *National Review*.

BUCKLEY: It is a form of groin journalism at another level.

GROSS: Cerebral. Our groins seem to be rather higher.

HOWAR: But particularly in your world, Bill, can't high-level political gossip be used to put pressure on lobbyists, on congressmen, on members of the cabinet? Can't gossip move public opinion and force issues to come to a head politically?

BUCKLEY: No doubt about it. Rumors are often used to weaken a particular candidate.

SMITH: People also use gossip to make themselves more powerful. If I meet Bill for lunch and I tell him something about, say, Abe Rosenthal, the editor of the *New York Times*, that's not only more interesting than if I talk about the weather or the stock market, but it also makes me more powerful and more interesting to Bill, whether the gossip was negative or positive.

HOWAR: You'd be more likely to be invited out to lunch again.

BUCKLEY: As Churchill said, "I thrive on indiscretion." So does Henry Kissinger, by the way. Kissinger often tells people interesting things—and they are usually true, which makes them all the more interesting. In that way, he has notoriously kept his hand in an awful lot of places.

DARNTON: That gossipy remark illustrates the phenomenon—a sort of "meta-gossip." We're gossiping about gossip, with Kissinger and company as the subject.

HOWAR: The self-aggrandizement that goes with it is very important. When you say, "I was at Le Cirque yesterday, sitting next to Bill Buckley and Liz Smith, and I heard them talking about Abe Rosenthal, and then Buckley said something about Kissinger," you are also saying, "I've been out to swell lunches, I know swell people, I've heard swell things, I'm wonderful."

GROSS: Which is why so many people find it impossible to keep secrets.

HOWAR: By the way, what is this dirt about Abe Rosenthal?

SMITH: Would you believe it: Bill Buckley and I have *never* had lunch!

DARNTON: I can give you a counter-example that contradicts all the principles of selection we've posited. It's called the Seattle Windshield Pitting epidemic. A few years ago all the people in Seattle thought their windshields would become pitted by mysterious forces. They believed these forces were moving down the Pacific Coast, inexorably approaching Seattle like a tropical storm. Reports of pits appearing on car windshields came nearer and nearer until, sure enough, they hit Seattle. Thousands of people reported that pits had appeared, and then the epidemic passed on to the south.

Social scientists were on hand to trace this phenomenon, which turned out, of course, to be a mass delusion. As a result of the spreading rumors of the epidemic, people began looking at their windshields instead of through them, and discovered pits that had been there all the time. It was an extraordinary demonstration of how gossip can work: the word just naturally spread from Canada down into the American Northwest that this epidemic was going to hit. And thus it did.

LAPHAM: But how is the essentially private—in this case, almost natural—form of gossip transformed into a public institution or commodity? Liz goes to lunch with Bill and they talk about Abe Rosenthal, somebody both of them know. How is that made into public gossip?

SMITH: Simple. If Bill told me something really amazing at lunch, I might go back to the office and—without citing Bill as the source, of course—call Abe. "Abe," I'd say, "I hear you're going to retire this year." This would never happen, of course; he won't even retire when he's supposed to, let alone before. But I would call him, and he might give me an interesting statement, and I might get an item out of it that would be of interest to New Yorkers.

I don't see this as negative or hurtful; it's just part of the news process, like many of the things Barbara and I do. We operate within a standard that's not too different from other kinds of journalism.

MILLER: Your hypothetical story about exchanging inside news at a restaurant emphasizes the traditional communal nature of gossip. Once gossip is supplied to people waiting in line at the supermarket, however, or sitting in front of their television sets, it tends to atomize them. The

experience of gossip as it is dolloped out by TV or by the newsmagazines is a passive, isolating one—like putting your mouth over a running spigot—as opposed to the communal experience of chatting mischievously over the back fence.

LAPHAM: It's true I can read your column some days, Liz, and not know any of the people. I don't feel any kinship with them, so I don't care about the items.

HOWAR: Well, Lewis, we're just going to have to bring you into the world. I'm very worried about this isolation of yours.

MILLER: And as TV makes gossip more of a visual experience, it has even less to do with personal sharing, less to do with hearing about somebody else's misfortunes or transgressions, and more to do with looking on hungrily at their five houses and their twenty-seven cars.

HOWAR: But that's not even gossip. As you said, *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous* is more like advertising, and they're laughing all the way to the bank. It's voyeurism, everyone taking a look-see at what somebody else has. *Entertainment Tonight*, on the other hand, talks about "the industry," a big money-making industry that has a huge impact on our everyday lives. We don't really tell who's sleeping with whom. Television is a visual medium, and since you can't *show* celebrities fooling around, those stories don't have much impact.

MILLER: Surely *Entertainment Tonight*, while not as tawdry and embarrassing as *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*, does have voyeuristic dimensions. *Vanity Fair* and *People* do too. In both cases, the consumer is given a glimpse into a golden realm where privileged people have a lot of fun and own a lot of things. That's part of *Entertainment Tonight's* appeal.

HOWAR: Look, when Bruce Springsteen is packing them in or Live Aid is raising millions, that's *news*—news that may have more impact on how the world works day by day than what comes out of Washington. MTV probably has as great an impact on America's kids as what goes on in the schools.

LAPHAM: Bill, how would you define your book *Overdrive*? It seems to me Mark could cite it as an example of giving readers a glimpse into a "golden realm."

BUCKLEY: Well, if Mark meant that *Overdrive* was partly a confession that I don't suffer a lot of creature discomforts, I would say sure. But I

don't think a book could be all that revealing if that's all it had to say. I don't think *Overdrive* deals with gossip. It tells things about myself and my life that are true, things you would not otherwise have found out.

Liz, don't you think the gossiping in England is worse than here? That's certainly been my experience. No American reporter would ask an author how much money he made off his book, which was asked me in England. The very first question I was asked at a press conference over there when my first novel was published was: "Mr. Buckley, would you like to sleep with the queen?" While it did pertain to the book in a rather loose way; that is still an audacious, off-putting question. It required an awful lot of tact to answer.

SMITH: I think American gossip practices are gentler, or more sporting, than those in England, not to mention Italy, France, and Germany. Princess Grace was so furious about what the German gossip columnists wrote about her that she once said, "I'm not really surprised. After all, they allowed the rise of Hitler."

Talk about decadence in reporting! The European press, with its longer bloodlines, certainly tends to be more decadent. Remember the story about the Englishman and the Italian count arguing about who had the longest bloodlines? The Italian finally became exasperated and blurted out, "My dear fellow, when your ancestors were still painting themselves blue, *mine* were already homosexual." I also think the American people tend to defend the underdog or a star who's being attacked too much.

LAPHAM: In other words, though our gossip is often about celebrities, it remains more in the Horatio Alger tradition. We tend to enjoy praising success more than pulling people down.

GROSS: Displaying splendidly successful people arrayed before their worldly treasures is a crucial part of that tradition. The more effort that is devoted to building them up, the more relish is derived when they go tumbling down.

SMITH: Elizabeth Taylor calls that the "yo-yo theory" of American success.

MILLER: Many Hollywood actresses write their autobiographies according to that formula: "I was given this and this; I was privileged enough



to have this and that. But I *suffered* so." Which is to say: "It's all right; I *deserve* all of it."

LAPHAM: Have the mechanics of gossip changed during the last fifteen years? Has the business of trying to get one's name in the columns become more calculated?

SMITH: Actually, I don't think many people consciously try to get their names in the columns, except in New York. Among New York social people, there's a good deal of jockeying to get mentioned in the columns. "Be sure to say we were at Mrs. Reagan's lunch on Wednesday"—I hear that a lot. I suppose that has real meaning to, say, a certain 25,000 New Yorkers, the *crème de la crème*.

Of course, performers have press agents; but many have them in a sort of grand way to do various jobs, not just to "get their names in the columns." Robert Redford is an example of a big star who won't say anything to the press. He won't even say anything to me, and I'm a friend of his. But when he has a movie to sell, I hear from him immediately. Of course, he's not really a very interesting man; a very nice man, yes, but not all that interesting.

LAPHAM: It seems to me that gossip about a celebrity—information about his life—has assumed



greater importance than discussion of his work. I mean, no one has quoted a line that Norman Mailer has *written* in twenty years. His books are hardly discussed; only his wives, his pronouncements, his social life. People can tell me a great deal about Henry Kissinger's attitudes toward women, the East Side,

limousines, whatever, but not very much about his present policies and opinions. Gossip seems to have become a ready substitute for more relevant forms of knowledge.

MILLER: This is partly because, in the public eye, the *work* American celebrities do—the books writers write, the parts actors and politicians play—soon becomes indistinguishable from their lives; and the name of that fusion is "image." For example, after Henry Fonda died, all the fond reminiscences and evocations of the man spoke about the roles he played as if he *were* those roles.

BUCKLEY: That often serves as a certain protective cover for the subject's life, a cover that can be

volunteered or not, depending on the affection people feel for him.

DARNTON: Another principle at work is the urge to simplify. The American press tends to reduce very complex issues to personalities. Issues don't exist anymore, but personalities do. Knowing about those personalities makes the reader feel he's somehow on top of things.

SMITH: And creating a personality has become an art, especially in politics. During the 1976 presidential campaign, for instance, an unknown named Jimmy Carter was suddenly thrust into the national limelight. Nobody had ever heard of him; he had to be defined. Pretty soon he became identified with peanuts; Plains, Georgia; Miss Lillian; and all the rest.

GROSS: Obviously, none of this is new in regard to politics, but there's more of it now. Show biz seems to have taken over the whole thing; the business of America has become show business.

BUCKLEY: When I ran for mayor of New York twenty years ago, I was in a televised debate with Abe Beame and John Lindsay. Somebody pointed out that when the announcer said, "We will now have a debate between John Lindsay and Abe Beame and William Buckley," Lindsay smiled and Beame smiled and Buckley didn't smile. Somebody said, "For heaven's sake, Bill, smile!" So I tried and—I couldn't do it. No matter what I did, I couldn't smile on command. It was awfully depressing.

A couple of years ago I was terribly relieved when some brain specialist told me that the static smile is controlled by a different hemisphere of the brain than the extemporaneous smile. So to create a synthetic smile you are asking certain muscles to work for you. And they didn't work for me. I smile a lot, but not synthetically.

MILLER: I think the phenomena we're discussing reflect a national distrust of the mimetic, of the performer, of anyone who can take on different roles and thus manipulate his personae. Actors in England aren't as tenaciously identified with their roles as, say, Clint Eastwood or Bill Cosby is.

SMITH: Media people are now often bigger stars than the people they interview. Barbara Walters is a bigger star than anybody she's interviewed during the last three years. Polls name her one of the ten most beautiful women in the world. I think even *she* thinks that's funny.

LAPHAM: There used to be something called journalism and something called literature and

something called politics. Then, during the late sixties, everything changed. Today, there is only something called media, a national theater in which Mailer plays the brilliant writer, Kissinger plays the wise statesman, Reagan plays the strong leader. We all wear masks and play parts in a national theater in which all the other formerly distinct genres have been fused.

BUCKLEY: That blur imposes on the viewer an extra burden of finding out which role a character is playing in any given circumstance.

MILLER: It also puts pressure on the performers and the media machine itself to make every image as powerful, sensational, intense—and *fast*—as possible. A moment's boredom can never be permitted, or viewers turn off and the ratings dip.

BUCKLEY: That's not true of the print media. It's certainly not true of *Harper's* or *National Review* or the *New Yorker*.

MILLER: Those affect a relatively small number of people. Look at *USA Today*: the vivid color pictures on the front page are meant to help the reader reproduce for himself the experience of watching TV. In general, I think the media are not only increasingly coming to resemble one another, but are also tending to resemble advertising: fast-paced, explosive, made up of short, vivid takes. All this spectacle is becoming more and more like MTV; today, the media generally aspire to the condition of the rock video, which represents the fulfillment of advertising—high-speed, incessant change, constant titillation.

GROSS: That tendency is especially evident on the early-morning television shows. During a two-hour program, the viewer is given only a tiny bit of hard news. Most of the show is taken up by interviews, general chitchat, and commercials, all in rapid order.

HOWAR: I think the interesting question is: How long can a person stay a celebrity with this bombardment of media? I mean, look at Michael Jackson. He didn't even give interviews, and now it's "Michael who?"

SMITH: Michael Jackson could come back anytime. All he has to do is make a wonderful movie. Let him make *Peter Pan*, he'll come back.

MILLER: Andy Rooney did a piece on *60 Minutes* about how famous people aren't as famous as they used to be, that the fame of the movie stars of the twenties and thirties was more awesome and sustained.

GROSS: Immortals lived longer in those days.

SMITH: The people we think of as the great stars of the thirties and forties, and even some of the fifties, were manufactured by the studio system. These people went to studios as apprentices, making two hundred dollars a week, and they were taught how to dress, how to make themselves up, how to hold themselves. In many cases, they were even given names. These stars were named, groomed, and showcased in wildly popular movies that shot out of the studio like bullets. A manufactured star like Paulette Goddard might make four films a year. And if they got drunk in public or beat their wives or something, the studio covered it up. And there were few public scandals, at least compared to the number of those covered up.

GROSS: On the other hand, you usually hear that the gossip columnists of the studio era—especially Hedda Hopper and Louella Parsons—were pretty malicious.

SMITH: They were very good reporters and quite ruthless. Originally, they were creatures of the studios; then they turned on their masters like Frankenstein's monster. Finally, they grew so powerful that they frightened everyone. In those days their revelations had impact; they could shock the public. Hedda Hopper, for example, took a high moral tone; she was a typical red-baiter. Back then it was a very frightening thing for her to say that John Garfield was a pinko. That kind of allegation could ruin someone's career. No one can be so powerful today, simply because the moral tone is much more relaxed.

Anyway, there is no longer a studio system to protect the stars. Once the government made the studios sell their chains of theaters, they began to decline; they couldn't make product for their own theaters anymore, so they no longer employed contract players. A working actress today is lucky to complete one movie a year. She has nowhere to train, no one to tell her anything. No wonder today these kids act so crazy. They don't know how to dress or how to behave. So even if a lot of celebrities are bigger now than anybody was in the past, they tend not to last.

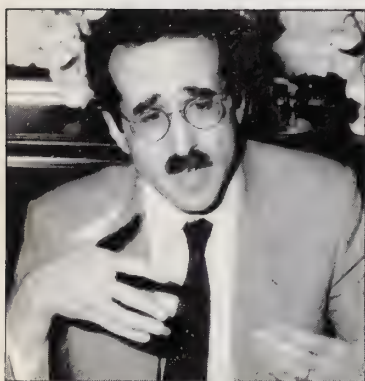
MILLER: Today, the public's expectations and desires are shaped by television, and the experience of TV is entirely different from that of cinema. People watch TV half-attentively; its format is small, the look cool and neutral. Celebrities can no longer have the titanic dimensions they used to have.

SMITH: TV can create celebrities so quickly and of such enormity that it's unbelievable. TV stars

are also more "touchable" than the old movie idols. People love Bill Cosby, and they think they know him. They didn't think that about Clark Gable. The old stars were much more glamorized and more removed; they had a certain privacy about them.

Of course, they also lasted. Consider a present-day "titanic" celebrity—Erik Estrada. For several years he was a huge star on *CHiPs*; he was about as big as television can make you. Where is he now?

MILLER: On the other hand, it no longer seems possible to ruin a public figure by divulging sleazy things about him. Gossip may have been univer-



salized by the mass media, but at the same time it has lost a lot of its old intensity, its ability to shock. Think of Wallace Reid and those other stars of the twenties: when it became clear they were drug addicts, they were finished. Compare that to the Stacy Keach story today. Of course, it's true outside show biz as well:

Richard Nixon seems firmly established in his role as avuncular elder statesman; Bernadine Dohrn, the former Weather Underground militant, is going to be a Yuppie lawyer. There truly are second acts in American lives.

BUCKLEY: But there are still offenses that are beyond the pale. Suppose another Rock Hudson existed today—someone who was a matinee idol—and it was disclosed that he was a practicing homosexual. Wouldn't that harm his career?

SMITH: As Larry Kramer, author of *The Normal Heart*, says, there *are* no gay actors, no gay leading men. I don't think there will ever be an openly gay leading man. Women are not going to go see someone kiss Elizabeth Taylor on the screen if they know he lives with Harry and his dog someplace. Some people may suspect, but the general public can't know.

HOWAR: The Stacy Keach comeback certainly couldn't have happened twenty years ago. I remember when I got a divorce, people would approach my mother in the supermarket and say, "We're so sorry about Barbara." It was as though I had died.

SMITH: Yet people always want to know if you've been married, divorced, if you have kids. That's a big part of the reason people gossip: to categorize other people, to put them in some kind of

slot, to get a handle on them. If I were a younger woman, for instance, I would be very interested in finding out whether you five gentlemen are married or have permanent girlfriends.

HOWAR: And there are all sorts of clever stratagems to find out those things. You say, "This is a great tie, Lewis. Did your wife give you that?"

LAPHAM: And how would I ascertain your marital status? You aren't wearing a tie.

SMITH: Read my column. Barbara is one of the few people who was a star before she did anything. Back when she was telling Lady Bird Johnson how to do her hair, I could see that girl had something. I've kept track of her life ever since.

HOWAR: That's how I keep track of it: I read Liz's column.

I did try to help the Johnsons—with a notable lack of success—but that was a long time ago. I've written two best-selling books and done a lot of things with my life in the years since, and I am still referred to as the "Washington hostess."

SMITH: You can't write a gossip column without writing clichés. You don't have enough room to describe people, so you keep referring to them as "actress," "model," and corny things like that.

LAPHAM: In a society as heterogeneous and fluid as ours, where people are up today and down tomorrow, where a fortune's here and then gone, and where a class system defined by money can change radically overnight, gossip is a kind of navigational aid that gives everyone a fix on everyone else.

HOWAR: We should remember the good things that come out of gossip, too. Look at Betty Ford. Because of the gossip about her drinking, she confessed to it and got treatment. Joan Kennedy confessed to alcoholism. Margaret Trudeau confessed to almost everything under the sun. This sort of gossip told people around the country that their heroes had faults just like they did. As a result, plenty of people sought help for dependence on drugs or on alcohol. And today, politicians and their wives are no longer bound by manacles because of some hypocritical public idea that they're somehow different from the rest of us and thus can never get a divorce.

So gossip has spillover benefits this society sorely needs. Apart from that, it's fun to fantasize that we all might be one-night celebrities. As Cher, that wonderful philosopher, once asked, If we're all going to be famous for fifteen minutes, will there be room for everyone at the Betty Ford Clinic?

EVEN THE BAD GUYS WEAR WHITE HATS

Cowboys, ranchers, and the ruin of the West

By Edward Abbey

When I first came West in 1948, a student at the University of New Mexico, I was only twenty years old and just out of the Army. I thought, like most simple-minded Easterners, that a cowboy was a kind of mythic hero. I idolized those scrawny little red-nosed hired hands in their tight jeans, funny boots, and comical hats.

Like other new arrivals in the West, I could imagine nothing more romantic than becoming a cowboy. Nothing more glorious than owning my own little genuine working cattle outfit. About the only thing better, I thought, was to be a big league baseball player. I never dreamed that I'd eventually sink to writing books for a living. Unluckily for me—coming from an Appalachian hillbilly background and with a poor choice of parents—I didn't have much money. My father was a small-time logger. He ran a one-man sawmill and a submarginal side-hill farm. There wasn't any money in our family, no inheritance you could run 10,000 cattle on. I had no trust fund to back me up. No Hollywood movie deals to finance a land acquisition program. I lived on what in those days was called the G.I. Bill, which paid about \$150 a month while I went to school. I made that last as long as I could—five or six years. I couldn't afford a horse. The best I could do in 1947 and '48 was buy a thirdhand Chevy sedan and roam the West, mostly the Southwest, on holidays and weekends.

I had a roommate at the University of New Mexico. I'll just call him Mac. I don't want him to come looking for me. Mac came from a little town in southwest New Mexico where his father ran a feed store. Mackie was a fair bronc rider, eager to get into the cattle-growing business. And he had some money, enough to buy a little cinder-block house and about forty acres in the Sandia Mountains east of Albuquerque, near a town we called Landfill. Mackie fenced those forty acres, built a corral, and kept a few horses there, including an occasional genuine bronco for fun and practice.

I don't remember exactly how Mackie and I became friends in the first place. I was majoring in classical philosophy. He was majoring in screw-worm management. But we got to know each other through the mutual pursuit of a pair of nearly inseparable Kappa Kappa Gamma girls. I lived with him in his little cinder-block house. Helped him meet the mortgage payments. Helped him meet the girls. We were both crude, shy, ugly, obnoxious—like most college boys.

My friend Mac also owned a 1947 black Lincoln convertible, the kind with the big grille in front, like a cowcatcher on a locomotive, chrome plated. We used to race to classes in the morning, driving the twenty miles from his house to the campus in never more than fifteen minutes. Usually

*Edward Abbey lives near Oracle, Arizona. His most recent books are the essay collections *Beyond the Wall* and *Slumgullion Stew*. A longer version of this essay was delivered as a speech at the University of Montana in April 1985.*

*There's something
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cowboy and his cow*

Mac was too hung over to drive, so I'd operate the car, clutching the wheel while Mac sat beside me waving his big .44, taking potshots at jackrabbit and road signs and billboards and beer bottles. Trying to wake up in time for his ten o'clock class in brand inspection.

I'm sorry to say that my friend Mac was a little bit gun-happy. Most of his forty acres was in tumbleweed. He fenced in about half an acre with chicken wire and stocked that little pasture with white rabbits. He used it as a target range. Not what you'd call sporting, I suppose, but we did eat the rabbits. Sometimes we even went deer hunting with handguns. Mackie with his revolver, and me with a chrome-plated Colt .45 automatic I had liberated from the U.S. Army over in Italy. Surplus government property.

On one of our deer hunting expeditions, I was sitting on a log in a big clearing in the woods, thinking about Plato and Aristotle and the Kappa Kappa Gamma girls. I didn't really care whether we got a deer that day or not. It was a couple of days before opening, anyway. The whole procedure was probably illegal as hell. Mac was out in the woods somewhere looking for deer around the clearing. I was sitting on the log, thinking, when I saw a chip of bark fly away from the log all by itself, about a foot from my left hand. Then I heard the blast of Mac's revolver—that big old .44 he'd probably liberated from his father. Then I heard him laugh.

"That's not very funny, Mackie," I said.

"Now, don't whine and complain, Ed," he said. "You want to be a real hunter like me, you gotta learn to stay awake."

We never did get a deer with handguns. But that's when I had my first little doubts about Mackie, and about the cowboy type in general. But I still loved him. Worshiped him, in fact. I was caught in the grip of the Western myth. Anybody said a word to me against cowboys, I'd jump down his throat with my spurs on. Especially if Mac was standing nearby.

Sometimes I'd try to ride those broncs that he brought in, trying to prove that I could be a cowboy too. Trying to prove it more to myself than to him. I'd be on this crazy, crackpot horse, going up, down, left, right, and inside out. Hanging on to the saddle horn with both hands. And Mac would sit on the corral fence, throwing beer bottles at us and laughing. Every time I got thrown off, Mac would say, "Now get right back on there, Ed. Quick, quick. Don't spoil 'im."

It took me a long time to realize I didn't have to do that kind of work.

And it took me another thirty years to realize that there's something wrong at the heart of our most popular American myth—the cowboy and his cow.

You may have guessed by now that I'm thinking of criticizing the livestock industry. And you are correct. I've been thinking about cows and sheep for many years. Getting more and more disgusted with the whole business. There are some Western cattlemen who are nothing more than welfare parasites. They've been getting a free ride on the public lands for over a century, and I think it's time we phased it out. I'm in favor of putting the public lands livestock grazers out of business.

First of all, we don't need the public lands beef industry. Even beef lovers don't need it. According to most government reports (Bureau of Land Management, Forest Service), only about 2 percent of our beef, our red meat, comes from the eleven Western states. By those eleven I mean Montana, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho, Wyoming, Oregon, Washington, and California. Most of our beef, aside from imports, comes from the Midwest and the East, especially the Southeast—Georgia, Alabama, Florida—and from other private lands across the nation. More than twice as many beef cattle are raised in the state of Georgia than in the sagebrush empire of Nevada. And for a very good reason: back East, you can support a cow on maybe half an acre. Out here, it takes anywhere from twenty-five to fifty acres. In the red rock country of Utah, the rule of thumb is one section—a square mile—per cow.

Since such a small percentage of the cows are produced on public lands in the West, eliminating that industry should not raise supermarket beef prices very much. Furthermore, we'd save money in the taxes we now pay for various subsidies to these public lands cattlemen. Subsidies for things like "range improvement"—tree chaining, sagebrush clearing, mesquite poisoning, disease control, predator trapping, fencing, wells, stock ponds, roads. Then there are the salaries of those who work for government agencies like the BLM and the Forest Service. You could probably also count in a big part of the salaries of the overpaid professors engaged in range-management research at the Western land-grant colleges.

Moreover, the cattle have done, and are doing, intolerable damage to our public lands—our national forests, state lands, BLM-administered lands, wildlife preserves, even some of our national parks and monuments. In Utah's Capital Reef National Park, for example, grazing is still allowed. In fact, it's recently been extended for another ten years, and Utah politicians are trying to make the arrangement permanent. They probably won't get away with it. But there we have at least one case where cattle are still tramping about in a national park, transforming soil and grass into dust and weeds.

Overgrazing is much too weak a term. Most of the public lands in the West, and especially in the Southwest, are what you might call "cow-burnt." Almost anywhere and everywhere you go in the American West you find hordes of these ugly, clumsy, stupid, bawling, stinking, fly-covered, shit-smearing, disease-spreading brutes. They are a pest and a plague. They pollute our springs and streams and rivers. They infest our canyons, valleys, meadows, and forests. They graze off the native bluestem and grama and bunch grasses, leaving behind jungles of prickly pear. They trample down the native forbs and shrubs and cactus. They spread the exotic cheat grass, the Russian thistle, and the crested wheat grass. *Weeds.*

Even when the cattle are not physically present, you'll see the dung and the flies and the mud and the dust and the general destruction. If you don't see it, you'll smell it. The whole American West stinks of cattle. Along every flowing stream, around every seep and spring and water hole and well, you'll find acres and acres of what range-management specialists call "sacrifice areas"—another understatement. These are places denuded of forage, except for some cactus or a little tumbleweed or maybe a few mutilated trees like mesquite, juniper, or hackberry.

I'm not going to bombard you with graphs and statistics, which don't make much of an impression on intelligent people anyway. Anyone who goes beyond the city limits of almost any Western town can see for himself that the land is overgrazed. There are too many cows and horses and sheep out there. Of course, cattlemen would never publicly confess to overgrazing, any more than Dracula would publicly confess to a fondness for blood. Cattlemen are interested parties. Many of them will not give reliable testimony. Some have too much at stake: their Cadillacs and their airplanes, their ranch resale profits and their capital gains. (I'm talking about the corporation ranchers, the land-and-cattle companies, the investment syndicates.) Others, those ranchers who have only a small base property, flood the public lands with their cows. About 8 percent of the federal land permittees have cattle that consume approximately 45 percent of the forage on the government rangelands.

Beef ranchers like to claim that their cows do not compete with deer. Deer are browsers, cows are grazers. That's true. But when a range is overgrazed, when the grass is gone (as it often is for seasons at a time), then cattle become browsers too, out of necessity. In the Southwest, cattle commonly feed on mesquite, cliff rose, cactus, acacia, or any other shrub or tree they find biodegradable. To that extent, they compete with deer. And they tend to drive out other and better wildlife. Like elk, or bighorn sheep, or pronghorn antelope.

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How much damage have cattle done to the Western rangelands? Large scale beef ranching has been going on since the 1870s. There's plenty of documentation of the effects of this massive cattle grazing on the erosion of the land, the character of the land, the character of the vegetation. Streams and rivers that used to flow on the surface all year round are now intermittent, or underground, because of overgrazing and rapid runoff.

Our public lands have been overgrazed for a century. The BLM knows it. The Forest Service knows it. The Government Accounting Office knows it. And overgrazing means eventual ruin, just like strip mining or clear-cutting or the damming of rivers. Much of the Southwest already looks like Mexico or southern Italy or North Africa: a cow-burnt wasteland. As we destroy our land, we destroy our agricultural economy and the basis of modern society. If we keep it up, we'll gradually degrade American life to the status of life in places like Mexico or southern Italy or Libya or Egypt.

In 1984 the Bureau of Land Management, which was required by Congress to report on its stewardship of our rangelands—the property of all Americans, remember—confessed that 31 percent of the land it administered was in “good condition,” 42 percent in “fair condition,” and 18 percent in “poor condition.” And it reported that only 18 percent of the rangeland

Were improving, while 68 percent were “stable” and 14 percent were getting worse. If the BLM said that, we can safely assume that range conditions are actually much worse.

What can we do about this situation? This is the fun part—this is the part I like. It's not too easy to argue that we should do away with cattle ranching. The cowboy myth gets in the way. But I do have some solutions to overgrazing.

I'd begin by reducing the number of cattle on public lands. Not that range managers would go along with it, of course. In their eyes, and in the eyes of the livestock associations they work for, cutting down on the number of cattle is the worst possible solution—an impossible solution. So they propose all kinds of gimmicks. More cross-fencing. More wells and ponds so that more land can be exploited. These proposals are basically a maneuver by the Forest Service and the BLM to appease their critics without offending their real bosses in the beef industry.

I also suggest that we open a hunting season on range cattle. I realize that beef cattle will not make very sporting prey at first. Like all domesticated animals (including most humans), beef cattle are slow, stupid, and awkward. But the breed will improve if hunted regularly. And as the number of cattle is reduced, other and far more useful, beautiful, and interesting animals will return to the rangelands and will increase.

Suppose, by some miracle of Hollywood or inheritance or good luck, I should acquire a respectable-sized working cattle outfit. What would I do with it? First, I'd get rid of the stinking, filthy cattle. Every single animal. Shoot them all, and stock the place with real animals, real game, real protein: elk, buffalo, pronghorn antelope, bighorn sheep, moose. And some purely decorative animals, like eagles. We need more eagles. And wolves. We need more wolves. Mountain lions and bears. Especially, of course, grizzly bears. Down in the desert, I would stock every water tank, every water hole, every stock pond, with alligators.

You may note that I have said little about coyotes or deer. Coyotes seem to be doing all right on their own. They're smarter than their enemies. I've never heard of a coyote as dumb as a sheepman. As for deer, especially mule deer, they, too, are surviving—maybe even thriving, as some game and fish departments claim, though nobody claims there are as many deer now as there were before the cattle industry was introduced in the West. In any case, compared to elk the deer is a second-rate game animal, nothing but a giant rodent—a rat with antlers.

I've suggested that the beef industry's abuse of our Western lands is based on the old mythology of the cowboy as natural nobleman. I'd like to con-



clude this diatribe with a few remarks about this most cherished and fanciful of American fairy tales. In truth, the cowboy is only a hired hand. A farm boy in leather britches and a comical hat. A herdsman who gets on a horse to do part of his work. Some ranchers are also cowboys, but many are not. There is a difference. There are many ranchers out there who are big-time farmers of the public lands—our property. As such, they do not merit any special consideration or special privileges. There are only about 31,000 ranchers in the whole American West who use the public lands. That's less than the population of Missoula, Montana.

The rancher (with a few honorable exceptions) is a man who strings barbed wire all over the range; drills wells and bulldozes stock ponds; drives off elk and antelope and bighorn sheep; poisons coyotes and prairie dogs; shoots eagles, bears, and cougars on sight; supplants the native grasses with tumbleweed, snakeweed, povertyweed, cowshit, anthills, mud, dust, and flies. And then leans back and grins at the TV cameras and talks about how much he loves the American West. Cowboys are also greatly overrated. Consider the nature of their work. Suppose you had to spend most of your working hours sitting on a horse, contemplating the hind end of a cow. How would that affect your imagination? Think what it does to the relatively simple mind of the average peasant boy, raised amid the bawling of calves and cows in the splatter of mud and the stink of shit.

Do cowboys work hard? Sometimes. But most ranchers don't work very hard. They have a lot of leisure time for politics and bellyaching. Anytime you go into a small Western town you'll find them at the nearest drugstore, sitting around all morning drinking coffee, talking about their tax breaks.

Is a cowboy's work socially useful? No. As I've already pointed out, subsidized Western range beef is a trivial item in the national beef economy. If all of our 31,000 Western public land ranchers quit tomorrow, we'd never miss them. Any public school teacher does harder work, more difficult work, more dangerous work, and far more valuable work than any cowboy or rancher. The same thing applies to registered nurses and nurses' aides, garbage collectors, and traffic cops. Harder work, tougher work, more necessary work. We need those people in our complicated society. We do not need cowboys or ranchers. We've carried them on our backs long enough.

This Abbey," the cowboys and their lovers will say, "this Abbey is a wimp. A chicken-hearted sentimentalist with no feel for the hard realities of practical life." Especially critical of my attitude will be the Easterners and Midwesterners newly arrived here from their Upper West Side apartments, their rustic lodges in upper Michigan. Our nouveau Westerners with their toy ranches, their pickup trucks with the gun racks, their pointy-toed boots with the undershot heels, their gigantic hats. And, of course, their pet horses. The *instant rednecks*.

To those who might accuse me of wimpiness and sentimentality, I'd like to say this in reply. I respect real men. I admire true manliness. But I despise arrogance and brutality and bullies. So let me close with some nice remarks about cowboys and cattle ranchers. They are a mixed lot, like the rest of us. As individuals, they range from the bad to the ordinary to the good. A rancher, after all, is only a farmer, cropping the public rangelands with his four-legged lawnmowers, stashing our grass into his bank account. A cowboy is a hired hand trying to make an honest living. Nothing special.

I have no quarrel with these people as fellow humans. All I want to do is get their cows off our property. Let those cowboys and ranchers find some harder way to make a living, like the rest of us have to do. There's no good reason why we should subsidize them forever. They've had their free ride. It's time they learned to support themselves.

In the meantime, I'm going to say goodbye to all you cowboys and cowgirls. I love the legend, too—but keep your sacred cows and your dead horses off of my elk pastures. ■

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GUATEMALAN DEATH MASQUE

Pomp and terror in a dark country

By Francisco Goldman

In August 1984, near the beginning of what I didn't yet realize would be almost an entire year spent in Guatemala, I accepted an invitation to drive up from Guatemala City to Cobán for the annual Folkloric Festival, a weekend-long event capped by a contest to choose an Indian beauty queen. Tickets for the contest were selling out; hotel reservations had to be made in advance. For weeks in the capital, the festival had been hyped as a celebration of the country's Mayan heritage, a celebration of national identity.

Cobán, the commercial center of a major coffee-growing region, is almost a seven-hour drive from Guatemala City. The scenery on the way up is spectacular, as it is throughout the Highlands, with cloud-lidded mountain valleys, cornfield-terraced slopes, raw green hillsides, damp evergreen forests that look black through the perpetual mist, and volcanoes—there are thirty-three volcanoes in Guatemala, and they give the landscape its bewitchingly primitive mystique. The Highlands, of course, are where the Indians traditionally reside, often in tiny villages called *aldeas*, many accessible not even by dirt road. Nearly 60 percent of the population of Guatemala is Mayan Indian, twenty-two tribes speaking twenty-two indigenous dialects. They draw their living from the land in various ways that even in more endurable times barely provide subsistence, in a country with one of Latin America's cruelest ratios of farmable land distribution (2 percent owns 72 percent), in a country sinking deeper by the day into its worst

economic depression in fifty years.

The Indians make the Highlands unique; it is a landscape that is synonymous with a single people. In El Salvador and Nicaragua, for example, the peasants who live in the mountains are not so very different, culturally or ethnically, from the people in the cities. It is often said that while the Spanish conquest subjugated Guatemala's Indians to *ladino* (non-Indian) rule, the spiritual conquest was never won: the Indians, especially when left to themselves, do not live much differently now than they did centuries ago. They still worship many of the same Mayan gods and have preserved many of the old traditions (or have adapted them to the new Christian ones); and, of course, so many of the old religious beliefs and traditions are of a piece with their relationship to the land, to this holy place, the Highlands. Plantation owners, priests, missionaries of various persuasions, Marxist (and usually *ladino*) guerrilla leaders, of course the army, and other well- or diabolically intentioned people have all tried, in many different ways, to change or reinterpret, even to end, the Indians' relationship to their land. That remains at the heart of the country's political trauma.

Ladinos surround the Indians, and Indians surround the *ladinos*. Guatemala City, where I lived, is like a separate country surrounded by another. It is a *ladino* city, a modern city; in the wealthiest zones—zones so vast that you can wander their high-walled, tree-bowered streets all day and forget that Guatemala is made of anything else—nearly every roof is topped with a satellite dish aimed skyward to snatch U.S. television signals out of the sky. It is a flat, sprawling, plateau city; the encircling horizon of

Francisco Goldman is a contributing editor of Harper's. He is currently at work on a novel.



mountains and volcanoes dramatizes its isolation. To drive from the city into the Highlands, as on that day when we drove up to Cobán for the Folkloric Festival, is, inevitably, to be reminded of how much of what passes for national reality in Guatemala City is based on nearly hallucinated myths about the Highlands. Guatemala City is where people tell you that no one starves in the Highlands because the land is so fertile that a hungry peasant can just shake an avocado down from a tree. Guatemala has been experiencing a much publicized democratic opening (with a civilian president scheduled to be sworn in this month), and last year the city elites bought expensive tickets to hear the *ladino* presidential candidates debate each other in hotel ballrooms. But who else was listening? The Indian majority is not even primarily Spanish-speaking and is largely illiterate. So during elections, the ballots are marked with symbols of the candidates' parties: a bull's-eye, a green tree, a dagger. For which symbol will the Indians vote, and why? That is always the most important electoral question in Guatemala. A friend of mine, during the 1984 Constituent Assembly elections, watched an Indian woman ponder the

array of pictures on her ballot. She didn't seem to know what to do. But voting is mandatory, so she had to do something. Finally, in the margin of the ballot she meticulously drew a spider, a bird, a cow, answering the pretty pictures with pictures of her own.

The Folkloric Festival in Cobán didn't offer much in the way of amusement at first. There was a second-rate market for tourists. And Indians dressed as jaguars, deer, and conquistadors, in colorful costumes and carved wooden masks, performed traditional dances in the plaza. Guatemala City *ladinos* idled by, snapping pictures. But the dancing was listless and remote from meaning—"folklore" detached from Indian life. It wasn't at all like seeing such dances performed in the context of an Indian religious fiesta, which tends to be a fervent, prayerful, drunken, not necessarily happy affair that goes on for days—too often played out now against the embittering backdrop of army-occupied villages and towns. At the last of these fiestas that I went to—a five-day marathon in an especially beautiful, remote, and very army-occupied town—it rained every day, and an army lieutenant-

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ant, notorious for having directed the massacre of peasants in a nearby *aldea*, came and knelt in the mud to pray before one of the litter-borne, gaudily decorated, pagan-Christian saints that the Indians carried in solemn procession through the streets. And a marimba ensemble, accompanied by a chorus of battered tin saxophones, played while Indian men danced with men, women with women—drunken, stomping waltzers in the mud. Some of the young men, smiling shyly, did dance with girls, while others brawled viciously; and homemade firecracker rockets exploded in the air as regularly as *agua-diente* bottles were uncapped. Meanwhile, the town's small *ladino* population was holding its own festival. They paraded their beauty queen through the streets: she was dressed in what seemed a white communion dress, and she sat in the cockpit of a cardboard airplane mounted on the back of a truck.

I'd come to Cobán with a young Guatemalan businessman and his wife. We spent most of the day as we might have on a typical Sunday in Guatemala City, idling over a big lunch in our hotel, drinking, making small talk. His wife and I entertained each other for what seemed hours by listing categories of food—meats, desserts, and so on—and naming every dish we liked in each category, describing each one in detail. She kept widening her large green eyes, sighing with happy longing over the fantastical, fantasized foods. It was an oddly entrancing conversation. No one on earth, I often think, has mastered the game of meaningless small talk like young Guatemalan middle- and upper-class *ladino* women. The smaller the talk the better. *Es una locita*—she's a little nutty. That's the ideal way to be: perky, fun, and never, ever serious; frivolity as protocol. A *locita* conversation, like the one we had about food (and they are common in Guatemala), is really about everything it excludes, everything that goes unmentioned. And everything *always* goes unmentioned. In the context of all that goes on in Guatemala, these conversations often seem unreal, yet they're not; they fill in and pass the time, the way you so often find yourself just passing the time in Guatemala.

Living in Guatemala City is a perpetual slide from the lurid and enraging into the *locita*-ness of daily life. You sit in one of the several German coffee shops downtown, having coffee and mango strudel and reading the newspaper, and the headline, on the specific afternoon I have in mind, is just a bit more grisly than usual: "*Cinco Hombres Decapitados*." It was a new thing that had been happening lately, especially to university students: not murder, but heads in plastic bags—a new twist to murder meant, perhaps, to jolt a by now unshakable and numbed populace

out of its complacency, scare them a little more. Which is why the newspapers can get away with printing such things, and they do nearly every day. "Unknown armed men were seen leading the victim into a paneled van" is typical of how such things are reported. "*Otro cadáver apareció*"—another body found, bearing signs of torture. . . . Photographs, too, of mutilated bodies and often a gaping crowd standing around; once a close-up of a dead student's shoes in a weed lot. "Unknown" armed men and found bodies all over the place—it's right in the papers. Yet ordinary Guatemalans rarely, almost never speak of such things.

You fold up your grisly newspaper and head home. Suddenly, and quite illogically, you remember that Valentine's Day is coming up and that you have to mail a card to the States, and you decide to make it yourself. So you stop at a stationery store. The idle, young *locita* shopgirls in their smocks gather around. Shopgirls, secretaries, teen-age girls in school uniforms—they give Guatemala City its nearly lighthearted daytime air of solid Latin American bourgeois normalcy: that girl's world of devotion to soap operas and *telenovelas*, girlish superstitions, bouncy pop tunes and the countless Julio Iglesias imitators who sing them, designer jeans and high heels and too much makeup and endless *es una locita*. The shopgirls in the stationery store feel men shouldn't make their own valentines. Next thing you know, they are huddled over the counter with scissors and red paper, cheerfully cutting out hearts. They even compete a little over the shape of a perfect heart; they giggle and ask you about the faraway person who is the object of such devotion. And you exit the store with your bag of paper hearts, "*Cinco Hombres Decapitados*" folded under your arm, charmed, smiling, and shaking your head.

By evening in Cobán I was restless and anxious for the Indian beauty queen contest to be over and done with. I walked from the hotel to the big, hangarlike gymnasium where the event would be taking place and got there at least an hour too early. But the *kaibiles* were already there, dressed in camouflage uniforms and maroon berets. The *kaibiles* are the Guatemalan Army's elite special forces; their name derives from an Indian word for the Mayan god of war, symbolized by a tiger. Armed for combat, they were mobilizing for a march up into the pineforested hills overlooking the gymnasium, securing the area because the Guatemalan chief of state, army generals, and government officials would be in attendance that night.

I watched the soldiers for a while, and then I wandered across the lot to the windowed room

where the girls were preparing for the contest. It was like walking backstage and finding the cast of some fabulous Oriental opera: they were beautiful girls, certainly, though far more diminutive and brown than what ordinarily might come to mind in the context of a "beauty contest." They were dressed in the precious and distinct ceremonial *trajes* of their villages and towns; their *huipiles* and *cortes* (blouses and long, wraparound skirts) were vibrantly and variously colored and patterned. Necklaces of bright plastic beads, chains holding old coins and crucifixes, adorned their necks. Some of the contestants stood expressionlessly while Indian girls on either side of them braided their long, shiny-black pigtails with colored ribbons. The room was smoky from burning incense in clay-pot censers. The women chatted softly in clucking, guttural Indian dialects; they might have been just trading village gossip on market day. Indian musicians napped in a corner alongside their big, hide-bound drums. Masked dancers, one dressed as a fierce-looking scarlet hawk, roamed the room, teasing children.

These girls came mostly from towns and "municipalities," the villages surrounding central towns—that is, they weren't from the remotest *aldeas* or from the huge Indian population of internal refugees. They weren't the poorest girls; their healthy looks attested to that. They had been chosen by the *ladino* authorities in their areas and had no choice but to attend this government-sponsored event. "This is 'folklore' that I imagine has been imposed recently. It doesn't come from long ago," Rigoberta Menchú, a recent—and rare—Mayan chronicler of life in the Highlands, has written about this very contest. The Indians don't number beauty contests among their traditions. But obedience had not robbed these waiting contestants of dignity and repose, nor had it ruffled the outward placidity, the often noticed impression of docility, that the Guatemalan Indians typically present to the outside world.

There was a young Indian woman standing outside, looking in through the window. From her shoulder was slung a shawl in which she cradled a little boy in her arms. He was holding an empty beer can, shaking it like a toy. Standing next to her was a slight girl of about twelve, her hair tied back, a few loose wisps hanging down over her eyes.

I tried to strike up a conversation.

"Aren't the costumes nice?" That kind of thing.

"Did your little boy drink that beer?"

"No. It's just an empty can."

"Are you from Cobán?"

"No."

But she was living in Cobán now, working as a laundry woman. The little boy was her brother, and the young girl her sister. She was sixteen, she said, and had saved to buy tickets to the contest—cheap seats in the rear bleachers—so that the two children could "have a happy time and forget sad things."

"Yes, forget sad things," I echoed, supposing it was just a general lament.

I even took a picture of them, and looking at it now, at the expression on the younger girl's face, I realize I might have anticipated the turn our conversation was about to take. The older one is smiling; she looks shy and unsure. The boy's face is blank and new as a doll's. But the young girl—you feel as if you could ponder that face for hours. She has a deeply afflicted, yet uncannily serene depth to her eyes and a sad little girl mouth. A soft, young face, magnetic and grave with experience.

But it was only the older girl who spoke. Suddenly, in a breathless rush, she said that a few months before she'd been living in Rabinal, just to the south, and the army had come and killed

The contestants had been chosen by the authorities and had no choice but to attend. The Indians don't number beauty contests among their traditions



For too many
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her parents and the other three children in her family. April 26, she said. They killed twenty-one people in that sweep, she said, and had killed many more in previous ones . . .

"April 26," I repeated. I wanted to let her know I'd memorized the date. But there was little I could do but listen, for I wasn't in Guatemala as a newspaper reporter or human-rights activist—perhaps she'd mistaken me for one of those. And so helplessness took its usual form, silence between us, punctuated by the usual helpless exhortations. So many times, over the next year, I would find myself suddenly confronted like this. For a year I collected and memorized such silences.

The beauty contest began with the singing of the interminable national anthem, and at the end of it people shouted, "Guatemala!" "Viva Guatemala!" And, of course, up on stage, dressed in a tuxedo, there was a master of ceremonies. Even at minor events there are emcees. I think it is a profession of unique significance in Guatemala. These emcees always have booming voices; they can roll their r's across a plain and back. They are poets of the very purple and patriotic, with their "Guatemala, *mi patria*, my beautiful land of freedom and liberty . . ." Their voices boom and roll constantly from the radio; the emcees also do the voice-overs on patriotic television commercials, of which there are many. They are, in a real and haunting way, the public voice—the only public voice—of Guatemala.

"Guatemala!" the crowd shouted. It seemed the most perplexing word in any language. And I found myself wondering if what goes on in the Highlands was really unknown to the thousands of well-heeled Guatemala City *ladinos* packed into the gymnasium.

Of course, none of what goes on is any secret to those in the Highlands: the army's "scorched earth" counterinsurgency campaigns of recent years have claimed tens of thousands of Indian lives; and over 100,000 displaced Indian refugees have either fled over the border into Mexico or have been herded into the so-called model villages that have names like "New Life." All able-bodied Indian males in the countryside are pressed into the local defense militias known as the Civil Patrols.

The army often claims the patrols are voluntary, as if any such organization boasting 900,000 members in a country of 8 million could possibly be. What the patrols amount to is a vast and imprisoning apparatus for civilian surveillance and control. The patrollers are rarely armed—they make a pathetic sight, guarding villages and towns with machetes and toy rifles carved from wood—except when they are sent

out on missions, with the army right on their heels, to face the guerrillas in the remaining areas where they operate. Sometimes it is their mission to hunt down displaced persons hiding in the mountains and bring them back to begin "new lives" in the model villages, and sometimes it is less benign than that. In the church of one remote Indian town, I witnessed a peasant just back from a week-long patrol kneeling before a priest and moaning in a voice of unforgettable anguish, "Hay, Padre, they make us kill whoever we find, such beautiful, healthy girls they made us kill."

In Guatemala City people often tell you that those faraway Civil Patrols are a good thing, an unprecedented bridge, at last, between the Guatemalan Army and the too long marginalized Indians. The city is where some people actually tell you that few of the guerrillas are Guatemalan, but that they're Cuban, Nicaraguan, even Palestinian and Libyan. Guatemala City is where presidential candidates accept that, should they win, should they ever get to be the man in a suit and tie occupying the National Palace, they will have little jurisdiction over the Civil Patrols, never mind the power to end them.

For people in Guatemala City the Highlands are too often the bluish volcanoes, the green and gold mountains on the horizon, the opulent setting for lucrative plantations, the source of abstract patriotic pride in the natural splendor of their country, and not much more. Guilelessly, with raucous enthusiasm, they crowd into a gymnasium in Cobán once a year to elect an Indian beauty queen and to shout, "Viva Guatemala!"

Every evening in downtown Guatemala City, when the bells of the cathedral next to the National Palace began their oddly unresonant clatter, the little Indian girls from a nearby church orphanage would head down Sixth Avenue, the main commercial strip, on their way to Mass. They would pass in double file, arranged according to height, dressed in traditional *trajes*, shawls over their heads, and led by a tiny, fierce-looking nun wearing Coke-bottle glasses and a winged wimple. Amid downtown's sooty, rainy-season grays and wafting clouds of black bus exhaust, they looked like a happy rainbow going by. But, of course, they were orphans from the Highlands.

And there was a gang of ragged street kids who gathered in the afternoons to sit on the floor of an arcaded entrance to a television store where, at a certain hour, many of the televisions in the display window were tuned to *The Three Stooges*. They'd screech with laughter at the silent antics of Curly, Larry, and Moe. There was a sociology student I heard about who came

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The noisiest
uproar greeted
the girl from the
tiny village
where the
ceremonial
traje bares the
breasts

down from the States to do a study of the orphan boys in the streets. He spent months accompanying them: glue sniffers, master petty larcenists, even apprentice killers, they sleep in doorways at night under sheets of cardboard in the ravines that ring the city. Many of them, the sociology student told a friend of mine, used to boast that they were just waiting to be old enough to avenge their parents' deaths.

On Friday afternoons members of the Mutual Support Group for the Appearance, Alive, of Our Children, Spouses, Parents, and Brothers and Sisters staged demonstrations in front of a government ministry only a few blocks from where I lived. The Mutual Support Group had been founded earlier in the year by mostly young, middle-class women who kept running into each other as they searched the Guatemala City morgues for their "disappeared" loved ones, a daily vigil. It was mostly women, including a surprisingly large contingent of Indians who made weekly, day-long bus trips from the Highlands, who gathered in front of that ministry on Fridays to demand an accounting of what had happened to the "disappeared." They chanted slogans, banged pots and pans; they tried to stop traffic and hand leaflets to passing motorists and pedestrians. Machos in pickups blared their horns and plowed through. The women would stand in the middle of traffic trying to toss their leaflets like paper airplanes into the open windows of the cars driving by.

The gymnasium was packed for the contest. Sitting not far from me was a group of young Guatemalans, home from the U.S. on college vacations. One had AUBURN on his sweat shirt, another L.S.U. "Guatemala!" they shouted. They had expensive photographic gear. They took pictures. And everybody in the crowd watched, fascinated, even respectful, as the beautiful Indian girls made their entrances, one by one, down the long, pine-needle-layered runway to the stage. The barefoot girls did their lightly hopping dance steps, and though some looked frozen with stage fright, others smiled sweetly or blew kisses to the crowd. They carried baskets of fruit or strings of perfect garlic bulbs or samples of the traditional economic staple of their tribe or area. Some girls walked the ramp alone; others were accompanied by the "handsomest Indian boy" from their town (there was a parallel contest for boys, too, though not many were entered). Dancers and musicians trailed along. The crowd applauded and whistled; the more elaborate the presentation or the prettier the girl, the louder the crowd's reception. The noisiest uproar greeted the girl from the tiny tropical village where the ceremonial *traje* bares the breasts.

Reaching the stage, they each gave a little rote speech, greeting General Oscar Humberto Mejía Víctores, the Guatemalan chief of state. He had come to Cobán from the capital to preside over the contest. And he climbed onto the stage to receive as a gift whatever each girl was carrying—the fruit and strings of garlic bulbs I'd never before seen the general in person. He seemed a shy man, burly and chubby at the same time, with a blond-fringed, balding head that looked pink under the television lights and very small eyes. He looked every bit the reclusive home-hobbyist a Guatemala City newspaper had profiled him to be in a Sunday supplement exclusive, the man whose happiest hours are spent building furniture in his workroom. His face was always flushed, but as he kissed each girl and hugged her to him, his blush deepened, and the crowd whooped in happy mock titillation. Stone-faced *kaibiles* stood guard.

In a clandestine newspaper I'd seen, printed by university students and satirically modeled on a typical Guatemala City daily, the movie page advertised a film called *PANICO*. "Other governments are repressive," read the movie poster's caption, "but only one causes *PANICO*." It was illustrated by a black-windowed jeep with DIT, the acronym of the government's secret police, printed on the license plate.

Panico is right, but the fake movie ad was an apt joke for another reason: the violence in the city often does seem to take on the quality of a show, of a big, senseless, bloody spectacle happening all around you. And the vendors who hawk the sensationalist picture-magazine weekly come onto the city buses and walk down the aisles, turning pages of the magazines to show the passengers the photographs of the dead congressional deputy's bullet-smashed face, of the dead economics professor stretched out in the road.

The soldiers and police in the streets project an air of hostility and threat that is extreme even in Central America. Illiterate, built like little boxers, they are barracks-toughened and brutalized young Indian conscripts. Trained to regard all civilians as potential enemies, their demeanor is almost theatrical: the hot-eyed way they stare at you as you pass in the street can seem the essence of the city's ambience.

One night during a violent time, a friend and I were walking home later than we probably should have been. We'd gone out to buy some beers and had picked up a bag of warm breadsticks from a bakery that was open because the bakers were laying in their morning goods. Soldiers stopped us, questioned us in the usual contentious, barking way—and then one of them brought out a flashlight and very solemnly began to pull breadsticks from the bag one by one, run-

ing the light over them. This was not a rude attempt to bum a free snack. In fact, we offered them some to break the tension, and they didn't even smile. It was a chilling and revealing little moment.

There was a rash of mysterious sex crimes: a jogger emasculated and sodomized; heavily armed thugs getting into cars stopped at red lights and directing the occupants to empty lots, there to rape them and commit other gruesome perversions. Only partially reported in the press, the sex crimes spread *panico* in a new way, because they could happen to anybody and there was nothing overtly "political" about them. News of the crimes, real and rumored, passed from person to person in the form of grisly, cautionary fables: "... so if you're stopped at a red light, lock your doors!" (The young Guatemalan with whom I traveled to Cobán began carrying a pistol under his seat because "I'd rather die than have to stand there watching them rape my wife, or let her watch them do things to me," and his young wife solemnly nodded. Friends of theirs, a couple, had been recent victims: the young man shot in the shoulder and made to flee, and the mutilated young woman, left for dead, hospitalized in a coma.) Journalists and diplomats, in private, spun plots and theorized. Was it merely a gang of extremely perverted and fearless thugs on the loose? Or was it someone trying to engender the climate of random terror and lawlessness that could provoke a coup? And if so, who? Rumors spread. And then, suddenly, like a season of poison rain, the sex crimes stopped.

It was during that time that the largest crowd to assemble in the streets of Guatemala City since the arrival of the Pope turned out to watch a Disney parade: Mickey Mouse, Goofy, *Pato Donald*, marching bands. The Disney folk had flown down from the States and for days had been turning up in the papers, posed with presidential candidates and beauty queens. Walking toward a bus-stop that evening, I ran smack into the crowd awaiting the parade, and I decided to walk home instead. I walked the length of the parade, and it was like seeing all of Guatemala City posed before me, beginning in that neighborhood where children stood on the shiny hoods of European imports or sat on the shoulders of affluently dressed dads. The further I walked toward downtown, the shabbier the automobiles became, the shorter and browner the people. Guatemala City, a place of little amusement, is a city of spectators. They can't stop the violence. They have no say in anything that matters. They are spectators riveted to the spectacle of living in that place. So they buy the magazine that sensationalizes the crimes being committed. At a time of horrific violence they

turn out en masse for the Disney parade.

But it was still surprising to encounter Big Bird from *Sesame Street*, a tiger, a bear, and an assortment of clowns standing in the highway. It was Holy Week, April, and some friends and I had decided to drive out to the Pacific Lowlands to go to Auto Safari, a game park set up by a wealthy rancher who collects wild animals. We were nearly there when we ran into these costumed characters. On their arms they wore bands identifying them as military police. And atop a makeshift wooden platform by the highway, a soldier in fatigues and sunglasses was making speeches through a loudspeaker about traffic safety. The heat was coastal, the humid air shimmered hazily. The makeup on the face of the clown bending to our car's window was running and peeling, and his crooked, gapped, nicotine-stained peasant teeth and unsmiling lips looked especially unsavory through his big, painted clown's grin.

The clown handed us a leaflet containing safe-driving tips and wished us "*bien viaje*." We had our fun day at Auto Safari looking at the giraffes, the hippo family, the lioness and her rollicking cubs. And when we got back to the city we learned that María del Rosario Godoy de Cuevas, who had been on the steering committee of the Mutual Support Group, her twenty-one-year-old brother, and her two-year-old son had all been killed—suffocated first (actually, the baby had been tortured, his fingernails pulled out), then put in a car at the bottom of a shallow ravine to make it look like a lonely crash, an accident.

A winner was chosen. The new Miss Indian beauty queen made a speech. So did the previous year's winner; her speech seemed surprisingly bitter—something about how people shouldn't only respect the Indians once a year. But she didn't have a master of ceremonies' voice, and most of her words were lost to the poor acoustics and general hubbub. We filed out of the gymnasium. People were smiling; they'd had a lovely time. The female minister of education went by dressed in an elaborate, fashionably cut *huipile* and Indian hair bow. A week later an edited version of the contest was shown on national television. And for days I heard people in Guatemala City proudly praising the telecast, the beauty and folklore of the Indians, "from whom we are all descended, who make us proud to be Guatemalan." Though they spoke a bit like their masters of ceremonies, these were people who wanted dearly to believe that Guatemala is a good place. And whenever asked, I politely said that I'd enjoyed it very much, and that the long trip to Cobán had been worth every minute. ■

The previous year's winner made a speech about how people shouldn't only respect the Indians once a year. But most of her words were lost to the hubbub

HARPER'S INDEX

Interest payments on the federal debt that were made to foreigners in 1984 : \$19,800,000,000
 U.S. foreign aid in 1984 : \$15,583,000,000
 Hours spent on strike by Italians in 1979 : 192,700,000
 In 1984 : 51,000,000
 Rank of Italy, Argentina, and Libya in annual per capita pasta consumption : 1, 2, 3
 Pounds of pasta the average American ate in 1975 : 6.8
 In 1984 : 11
 Number of Americans who drink Coca-Cola for breakfast : 965,000
 Quarts of ice cream the average Southerner eats each year : 12
 The average New Englander : 23
 Potholes in the United States : 55,961,000
 Cost of having a car blessed at the Daishi Buddhist temple in Kawasaki, Japan : \$10.77
 Cost of a car wash at Steve's Detailing in New York City : \$145
 Percentage of American women who said they liked sports cars in 1976 : 39
 Who say that today : 56
 Percentage of American men who say they sleep in the nude : 19
 Percentage of American women : 6
 Copies of *Bride's* bought by the magazine's average reader : 7
 Percentage of black high-school graduates under 25 who are unemployed : 26.8
 Percentage of white high-school dropouts under 25 who are unemployed : 26.2
 Amount South Africa spends to educate the average white student each year (in rand) : 1,385
 The average "colored" student : 872
 The average black student : 192
 Number of Jews permitted to emigrate from the Soviet Union in 1979 : 51,320
 In 1984 : 896
 Number of Americans who emigrate each year : 100,000
 Percentage of New York City children who live below the poverty line : 40
 Average age at which American girls began to menstruate in 1900 : 14.3
 In 1984 : 12.9
 Percentage of American obstetricians/gynecologists who have been sued for malpractice : 67
 Number of Americans who have been killed on the job by robots : 1
 Number of Americans currently frozen in the hope of one day coming back to life : 11
 Number of Americans holding reservations with Pan Am for a trip to the moon : 90,002

Figures cited are the latest available as of April 1985. Sources are listed on page 74

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HARPER'S
MAGAZINE

ONE HUNDRED YEARS ON A RAFT

A dirty word with the Huck Finn critics

By Charles Nicol

Collections of essays on and versions of *Huckleberry Finn* discussed in this article include the following:

Huck Finn Among the Critics: A Centennial Selection, edited by M. Thomas Inge. University Publications of America. 465 pages. \$25. (Includes essays by Brander Matthews, David L. Smith, Andrew Lang, and Leslie Fiedler.)

One Hundred Years of Huckleberry Finn, edited by Robert Sattelmeyer and J. Donald Crowley. University of Missouri Press. 428 pages. \$29.

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn Adapted, edited by John H. Wallace. John H. Wallace & Sons Co. 325 pages. \$3.95.

Mark Twain Journal, 22. Fall 1984. \$4.

The True Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, by John Seelye. Northwestern University Press. 339 pages. (Out of print.)

Saturday, April 20, 1985, 7 P.M. The touring buses halt alongside the hot two-lane blacktop somewhere in eastern Missouri. A farmer's feedlot faces the road, and the steers express their slow curiosity. One by one the Mark Twain Memorial Cows (walking cows but a running joke) heft themselves up to the fence and stare. We stare back. "We're today's big excitement," someone says, and it makes us feel important. We're teachers attending the Huckleberry Finn centennial conference in Columbia, Missouri, and any attention seems a gift; these cows seem more interested than some of our students, and smarter. One bus has failing air conditioning, the other a broken toilet. We have halted because a professor from the other bus needs to make a pit stop; while he runs to the back of our bus, the local critic with whom I have purchased and split two six-packs runs the other way to liberate more beer.

This is a big year for Mark Twain: the one hundred fiftieth anniversary of the birth of

Samuel Langhorne Clemens, the hundredth anniversary of the American publication of *Huckleberry Finn*, the seventy-fifth anniversary of Sam's death. There's a musical version on Broadway, and PBS is about to broadcast a mini-series. Still, the Huckleberry Finn centennial conference has not proved to be a particularly noisy celebration; at the end of the conference, coming back from a tour of Samuel Clemens's birthplace in Florida, Missouri, and his boyhood home in Hannibal, no arguments either drunken or literary drift through the bus. After huddling four to a bathroom for two nights in Mark Twain Hall, after seeing Hal Holbrook's very reasonable facsimile of the man himself, after three days of lectures and warm soda—well, perhaps everyone is back to remembering a private Mark Twain.

I'm a professor of American literature, occasional journalist, and old Missouri boy, here to find out the current wisdom on *Huckleberry Finn*. Nothing here has changed my opinion that *Huckleberry Finn* never did need critics; it has always kept a wide and loving readership without (or in spite of) them. Nevertheless, this

Charles Nicol is a professor of English at Indiana State University and an occasional contributor to Harper's.

Not everyone
sees Mark
Twain as a
literary artist
resplendently
clothed in sober
self-restraint

conference has turned into something I never thought necessary: a testimonial against a notorious black educator named Dr. John H. Wallace, who shrewdly picked Mark Twain Intermediate School (in Fairfax, Virginia) as the place to try to ban *Huckleberry Finn* and has become a television celebrity by calling the book "the most grotesque example of racist trash ever written." The scholars, who know that Twain is one of the nineteenth century's most forceful writers against racism, read with fine-tooth combs and really aren't capable of dealing with the Big Lie, so I'm finding out how hard it is to keep people from sticking their thumbs into Mark Twain's amazing eye.

When *Huckleberry Finn* was first published a century ago, its very first reviewer (Brander Matthews, an American writing in a British magazine) wrote:

One of the most artistic things in *Huckleberry Finn* is the sober self-restraint with which Mr. Clemens lets Huck Finn set down, without any comment at all, scenes which would have afforded the ordinary writer matter for endless moral and political and sociological disquisition.

But Twain ran a heavy risk in leaving the morals, the politics, and the sociology for others. "The same techniques of irony that give the book its power," Shelley Fisher Fishkin noted recently, "make it vulnerable to being misread." And misread it is. Not everyone, it seems, sees Mark Twain as a literary artist resplendently clothed in sober self-restraint, a white-haired man in a white, white suit.

Thursday, April 18. The conference at the University of Missouri, a mouthful entitled "Centennial Perspectives on *Huckleberry Finn*: The Boy, His Book, and American Culture." When the first scheduled talk begins, I can't decide whether to fall off my chair or snore loudly. By no accident, the University of Missouri is publishing a centennial collection of essays, *One Hundred Years of Huckleberry Finn*, to coincide with this conference. I know that most of the talks at the conference have the same titles and authors as the essays in the book, but I hadn't realized that many of the speakers would simply read word for word from their printed articles. I have obtained an advance copy, and now I am hearing an essay I have just read.

The presence of some high-school teachers attending the conference has been requested by the MacNeil/Lehrer people for an interview; when not enough show up, they put in a second call. The teachers are expected to debate with or react to Dr. Wallace, who has been flown in by the TV journalists and is so sublimely uninterested in any opinion but his own about a book

on which he claims to be an expert that (as far as I can tell) he doesn't attend a single meeting.

Later, I talk with some of those teachers at a nice but pure reception (pineapple punch, toothpicky strawberries and cheese). Dr. Wallace had apparently growled around in front of the TV camera with the same belligerence I had seen some weeks earlier on the CBS *Morning News*. At that time he had temporarily gotten my sympathy, describing his boyhood discomfort at the word *nigger* being used with apparent approbation in his English class. If his case had simply been that caution should be used in teaching the book to younger students, he could have kept that sympathy, but obviously he was after bigger and smellier fish.

Now a grown man and an "educator," he still insisted like a spoiled child on what is patently not so: that the book is "racist trash." Meanwhile, he did his best to prevent the other person being interviewed (Shelley Fisher Fishkin, who had verified that Sam Clemens paid the board of one of Yale's first black students) from saying a word. Finally, she managed to respond, "You obviously don't understand the book." End of interview. Apparently the high-school teachers had fared about the same (although the segments MacNeil/Lehrer eventually broadcast on May 28 seemed tame enough). Staggered by Wallace's apparent ignorance, the teachers think it constitutes sufficient evidence for assuming that his doctorate is phony. None of the college professors at our table concurs: we know how easily one can get an honest doctorate and still be able to stock Grand Central Station with the stuffed furniture of a God-given stupidity.

But does Dr. Wallace really not understand the book? He has printed his own version of *Huckleberry Finn* and wants to substitute it for the real thing in the schools. Selling a few hundred thousand copies per year probably won't hurt the income of a poor educator and fearless crusader. Samuel Clemens created quite a gallery of scoundrels and scalawags, but Dr. Wallace's editing doesn't seem to have reduced their number at all.

Still, the scholars have been running scared in two directions at once, both drumming up black support for Huck and admitting that there might be problems in teaching this particular chunk of Mark Twain at the junior-high level. The most notable example of the first at this conference is Thursday evening's talk by David L. Smith. He defends the use of *nigger* in *Huckleberry Finn*; the delicacies of such questions almost demand that the speaker himself be black, and Professor Smith obliges. "A reader who objects to the word *nigger*," he tells us, "might still insist that Twain could have avoided using it. But it is difficult to imagine how Twain could

have debunked a discourse without using the specific terms of that discourse." Smith is one of several recent critics to discuss the implications of this famous dialogue between Huck and Aunt Sally:

"We blew out a cylinder-head."

"Good gracious! anybody hurt?"

"No'm. Killed a nigger."

"Well, it's lucky; because sometimes people do get hurt."

This pointed—and therefore necessarily barbed—humor tells a lot about sweet Aunt Sally and her society. But in Dr. Wallace's version, "killed a nigger" is simply left out, destroying the whole meaning and making the passage look like empty filler.

Smith's talk is made unusual by not being an article in *One Hundred Years of Huckleberry Finn*; however, in keeping with this conference's general theme of listening to what we've already read, this talk has already appeared in the fall 1984 special issue of the *Mark Twain Journal*, "Black Writers on *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* One Hundred Years Later." As I had hoped, this "black" number of the *Mark Twain Journal* doesn't seem much different from any other—except for one essay by Julius Lester, who announces he had never read the book before, doesn't like it now, and doesn't want his children to read it either.

Lester's reasoning is very sophisticated, as befits a college professor and prominent author on blacks in America. First of all, "Twain makes an odious parallel between Huck's being 'enslaved'

by a drunken father who keeps him locked in a cabin and Jim's legal enslavement"; consequently, "Twain does not take slavery, and, therefore, black people seriously." One might argue that what Twain *does* take seriously is the possibility of escape, but then one comes up against Lester's second point, the one he enjoys indulging in; that the very celebration of escape from "civilization" is a moral failure on Twain's part: "The novel presents, with admiration, a model who we (men) would and could be if not for the pernicious influence of civilization and women." Lester finds this model "most seductive" and consequently dangerous.

Too many . . . white American males . . . persist in clinging to the teat of adolescence long after only blood oozes from the nipples. They persist in believing that freedom from restraint and responsibility represents paradise. The eternal paradox is that this is a mockery of freedom, a void. We express the deepest caring for this world and ourselves only by taking responsibility for ourselves and whatever portion of this world we make ours.

Therefore, by encouraging a common white American male feeling, *Huckleberry Finn* is immoral.

Lester's argument is familiar. Leslie Fiedler presented it at book length in *Love and Death in the American Novel*, where it was more an observation about American literature than a criticism. Fiedler noted that while the core of most European novels is the male-female relationship, the heroes of classic American novels—including Cooper's Leatherstocking, Melville's

What Twain does take seriously is the possibility of escape



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Ishmael, and Twain's Huck—are males escaping from civilization with their dark-skinned male companions. Julius Lester's measuring rod for middle-class responsibility is going to find much of the greatest American writing coming up short; perhaps his next essay will tell Ralph Ellison's Invisible Man to get out of that cellar and face reality.

The dream of escape is important for whites and blacks, at least as important to Americans as the Horatio Alger counter-myth of success, and the great genius of Twain was to capture it so well. To counter the pretensions of civilization, one needs a viewpoint outside it, and in his autobiography Twain said he had found that viewpoint in a childhood friend, Tom Blankenship, and modeled Huck after him:

He was ignorant, unwashed, insufficiently fed; but he had as good a heart as ever any boy had. His liberties were totally unrestricted. He was the only really independent person—boy or man—in the community, and by consequence he was tranquilly and continuously happy, and was envied by all the rest of us.

Independence is a radical American concept (perhaps the pursuit of happiness is, too), and *Huckleberry Finn* is a radical book. The typical American has read it at some time and remembers about it not its savage portrait of a decadent Southern society, not the amazing number of people killed (most of them by gunshot), but the brief idyllic moments of Huck and Jim lazing on a raft down the brown and mighty Mississippi.

Twain, who detested the mob on the one hand; equally detested the empty facade of civilization on the other. The best response ever to *Huckleberry Finn* was "The Art of Mark Twain," an essay by Andrew Lang, collector of fairy tales, translator from Greek, and as cultivated a British writer as even Henry James might have imagined, whose rereading of it in 1891 led to this determined observation:

The world appreciates it, no doubt, but "cultural critics" are probably unaware of its singular value. A two-shilling novel by Mark Twain, with an ugly picture on the cover, "has no show," as Huck might say, and the great American novel has escaped the eyes of those who watch to see this new planet swim into their ken.

In short, *Huckleberry Finn* does not benefit from being a part of Culture. By all means, take it out of the junior-high curriculum for now and substitute *Tom Sawyer*; just leave the book in the library for those children who can read. We should be delighted that *nigger* has become an especially dirty word. One lecturer at the conference suggests that maybe *Huckleberry Finn* should be banned altogether so that we could read it

furtively and appreciate it.

Only one revision of *Huckleberry Finn* has my seal of approval: *The True Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, by John Seelye. In 1970 Seelye created a version that met all the critical objections to the original as a completely realized work of art: he added a bit of sexual interest, deleted the ending (objected to by many critics, not least Ernest Hemingway), and killed Jim off instead. He also tossed in a few scholarly jokes, such as having Jim twice say "Come back to the raft ag'in, Huck honey," this being the title of Leslie Fiedler's notorious *Huckleberry Finn* essay. (Incidentally, Jim does call Huck "honey" in Twain's original. Wallace takes this out of his edition for unknown but probably risible reasons.)

Seelye created a tongue-in-cheek "perfect" version; the joke, of course, is that everyone prefers the ostensibly marred novel by Mark Twain. They should. Revisions are revisions, but *Huckleberry Finn* is an original. Thus I am astounded, the last morning of the conference, to hear the gregarious Hamlin ("call me Ham") Hill describe his part in developing a script for the PBS version of *Huckleberry Finn*; originally, it seems, the ending was left out. Seelye's version was becoming part of reality! But the National Endowment for the Humanities insisted that the ending be put back.

Aside from that bit of news, Ham Hill's departures from his printed essay are welcome surprises. According to Hill, all of our scholarship "does not alter the nature of the book one bit." His emphasis is on the notion that "criticism must stand in mute awe" before what Twain accomplished; otherwise, we miss the message which "99.44% of the world receives instinctively." Although "we read the book the same way the mass audience does, we disguise its emotional impact, its magic quality, its imperviousness to the kind of things we try to do to it." A good note to end on.

When the buses return to the University of Missouri from Hannibal that evening, fire revolves in the air in front of us. A young man is juggling torches on the sidewalk. He isn't very good, but he does a strange little dance as he weaves his hands. A youngster of maybe fourteen comes up and lights his own torches; he is better. Then a tall young man wearing a half-mask borrows some torches and tries it. Apparently he can see well enough but hasn't practiced this particular trick before and soon gives up. The campus bells ring eight o'clock, and the jugglers invite the scholars inside for the juggling convention's free show. These young men aren't any kind of obscure allegory I've made up for my ending, just youngsters having fun while delighting others. They deserve an audience. Sam Clemens would have liked them. ■

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BUYING AND SELLING

Prime time and the

These are facing pages from the Nielsen Pocketpiece, a booklet of stories told entirely in numbers and read avidly by television and advertising executives. The numbers represent people—and can be instantly translated into money. People are the real product of this industry: American television is the business of selling audiences to advertisers. How much an advertiser pays for a 30-second spot depends not so much on how many viewers tune in but on the *quality* of those viewers, affluent young adults being preferred. Women between eighteen and forty-nine, for example, watching during prime time on Fridays, sell for \$16.50 per thousand; older women and teenagers, who buy less, sell for less.

The Friday night contest is mainly between CBS's *Dallas*, the seven-year-old serial about the filthy rich in the Southwest, and NBC's *Miami Vice*, the upstart hit about stylish cops in the Southeast. Because both were in reruns the first week of the season (*Dallas* at 90 minutes), ABC had a clear shot at the audience with a special two-hour premiere of *Spenser: For Hire*, an upmarket private-eye series. The results were mixed. The numbers along the bottom of each line indicate the percentage of America's 86 million TV households that were tuned in to the program each quarter-hour: *Spenser* held its own against the rerun of *Dallas* the first hour but was clobbered by *Miami Vice* the second. But the number that counts the most, the one everyone calls "The Rating"—shown as the second number down in the stacks of four—is the average of these percentages. In the big contest, *Dallas* logged only a 12.6 rating against *Miami Vice*'s 17.0, but soap operas seldom run up big scores in reruns.

Les Brown is editor in chief of Channels of Communications, a magazine on electronic media, and author of *Television: The Business Behind the Box* and Les Brown's Encyclopedia of Television, among other books.

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THE TV VIEWER

re, by Les Brown

EVE.FRI. SEPT.20, 1985							
9:15	9:30	9:45	10:00	10:15	10:30	10:45	
SPENDER: FOR HIRE (9:00-10:07PM)(60)							
13.4*		14.1*		14.5*		13.9*	
23 *		23 *		25 *		25 *	
13.5	13.0	14.4	14.7	14.2	14.3	13.5	
12,370 14.4							
DALLAS (8:00-9:00)(60)				FALCON CREST (R)			
13.4*		14.2*		11.2*		11.8*	
23 *		23 *		20 19 *		21 *	
13.8	14.2	14.2	11.1	11.3	11.7	11.9	
18,730 21.8							
DER				MIAMI VICE (R)			
16.2*		17.1*		16.9*		17.0*	
27 *		28 *		29 *		30 *	
16.6	17.2	17.1	16.7	17.2	17.0	17.0	
7,390 8.6							
DIFF'RENT STROKES (60)				SPENDER: FOR HIRE			
8.9*		9.2*		6.2*		6.4*	
14 *		14 *		10 *		10 *	
8.9	9.5	8.9	6.5	5.9	6.3	6.5	
5,410 6.3							
DALLAS (60)				MIAMI VICE			
22.4*		23.7*		24.5*		24.0*	
34 *		36 *		39 *		39 *	
23.0	23.5	23.9	24.4	24.6	24.3	23.6	
24.4							
MIAMI VICE							
22.4*		22.9*		23.4*		24.2*	
34 *		35 *		38 *		39 *	
22.7	23.0	22.7	23.2	23.6	24.3	24.1	
60.0	60.3	60.6	58.8	58.1	56.8	55.0	
65.4	65.6	64.7	62.7	62.2	62.0	60.8	
For explanation of symbols, See page A.							
EVE.FRI. SEPT.27, 1985							

For explanation of symbols, See page A.

EVE. FRI. SEPT. 27, 1985

While normally *Dallas* starts at 9 P.M. and *Miami Vice* at 10, each opened Week 2 with a two-hour premiere that put them in head-to-head competition. Since both series are Friday night pacesetters for their networks, this face-off would likely decide whether CBS or NBC would win the evening for the nine months of the season. ABC's dark horse was totally outclassed. A 6.3 rating and a 10 share is what you might get in public television on a big night; in commercial television it's a train wreck. Shortly thereafter, *Spenser: For Hire* was mercifully yanked from this slot and moved to Tuesday.

The Pocketpiece—so-called because it's designed to fit in an ad salesman's breast pocket—brought the news: the big race ended in a photo finish. *Dallas* got a 37 percent share for the two-hour period, and so did *Miami Vice*. The ratings line, however, shows that *Dallas* marked 23.6 and *Miami Vice* 23.2. The decision: *Dallas* by a nose, by a mere 340,000 additional homes per minute. But not so fast. There are other numbers in the book to consider—and a surprise ending to this offstage drama.

Dallas was watched by 20,270,000 households and *Miami Vice* by 19,930,000, but were they the same kinds of households? In an earlier section of the Pocketpiece, we discover that *Dallas* is more popular with older adults and *Miami Vice* with younger—specifically the high-spend-ing Yuppie element, which is targeted by NBC. Households headed by viewers over fifty-five years of age tend to have fewer people in them (the kids are married or at college). Homes watching *Dallas* have 1.755 viewers per set, while those watching *Miami Vice* have 1.971, which means that *Dallas* pulled 35.6 million viewers and *Miami Vice* 39.3 million, a substantial difference. But because the two shows normally don't compete head-on, and because *Dallas* is a proven quantity with a superb track record, it can charge \$195,000 for a 30-second spot, while the sophomore *Miami Vice*, until it has proven it's not a flash in the pan, gets \$165,000. Yet *Miami Vice* already commands far more than the average rate of \$118,840 for 30 seconds of prime time, although it still does not approach *The Cosby Show*, which at \$270,000 per spot is the most expensive on television.

Miami Vice ranked seventh among women eighteen to nine and third among men in the same highly desirable age group. *Dallas* doesn't appear among the leaders in either of those categories, but it places seventh among women over fifty-five. This means that you would advertise a movie, a stereo system, or a sports car on *Miami Vice* but not on *Dallas*, where detergents and food prevail. Viewers are the true merchandise of television—the younger worth more than the older, and more, because they tend to watch less, worth more than sales. If *Miami Vice* maintains that Yuppie edge as the season progresses, the rates for its thirteen advertising spots will rise, and the price contest may gradually shift in NBC's favor. And that's the real bottom line.

DYING ARGOTS

Last call for screechie, shandy, and the sneeze mob

By Edward Hoagland

You know what *birling* is—the loggers' sport, begun on the old-time river drives, wherein two men in spiked boots run fast crosswise on a floating log and try to throw each other into cold water by stopping suddenly to reverse the spin. And you know that the outfit of supply wagons that accompanied these rivermen along the bank during a log drive was called the *wangan* (an Indian word); that each man's sack of personal belongings was his *turkey*; and that the previous winter, when he had worked in the woods *falling* trees and sledging them over the snow to streamside, the bunkhouse he had lived in was called the *ram-pasture*. The horses that *twitched* the downed trees out of the forest to the *landing*, where they were loaded onto sleds, and that hauled the sleds, lived in the *horse hovel*. A logger's basic tool for levering logs about—whether on the forest floor, in the sleds, in the river, or finally in the millpond—was of course his *peavey* (really only an improved *cant-dog* with a spike at the end), invented by Joseph Peavey in 1858.

You'll have read *Tall Trees, Tough Men*, Robert E. Pike's lilting account of logging in the Northeast; so in this brief piece about dying argots we can move on to the world of carnivals and circuses, whose glory days are vanishing almost as fast as that craftsmanlike logging done by hand instead of by huge tracked vehicles.

When you stand on a carnival lot, you as a *towner* become also a *mark* (a word that should need no explaining), if it is an old-fashioned

carnival, and part of the *tip*, the crowd that gathers in front of each *bally* (ballyhoo) box upon which the *talker* talks to try to tip you inside the tent or on the ride whose attractions he touts. The *glass house* is the Hall of Mirrors. The *ten-in-one* is the big sideshow tent with the *banner line* in front depicting the sword-swallowers, fire-eaters, snake charmers, knife throwers, and "human oddities" inside. *Crime shows* display police memorabilia; and *peek stores* offer such wonders as a frozen cave man dug out of a glacier, under glass. *Grab-stands* are where you buy fried dough or a hot dog to eat standing up. A *mug joint* takes your picture. *Hanky-panks* are mildly competitive games, like those in a shooting gallery, where somebody "wins" every time—*slum* is what the *carnies* call the prizes, worth usually five or ten cents. A *flat store* is a *joint* (business operation) where chance rather than skill makes a winner; it might have those wheels with numbers on them that spin like a sort of sandlot roulette. A *gaffed joint* is a game where the operator determines who wins and when; and his *stick* is the accomplice who may befriend a mark to help the carnie fleece him. *Grift* is the general term for crookedness on a midway. And the *patch* is the fixer who handles the police.

A & S (age and scale) men will guess your age and weight. *Bozo* is the joint where you can throw a baseball at a bull's-eye and dump a clown into a tank of water—a successor, says Arthur H. Lewis in his book *Carnival*, to a crueler turn-of-the-century concession called the African Dip. In the *girl show*, the performer, if she doesn't *serve lunch*, will have a *snotting pole*, which she pretends is a man. And a *geek* who ate

Edward Hoagland is the author of many books, including The Courage of Turtles and Walking the Dead Diamond River, which were recently reissued by North Point Press.

s well as simply bit off snakes' or chickens' heads was called a *glomming geek* as late as 1970, according to Lewis, though I can't say why. Brutality did go with the liberty of the midway in the old days.

For the quite different world of the circus, a good reference is *Wild Tigers & Tame Fleas*, Bill Ballantine's book of memories of working for Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey *under canvas* more than thirty years ago (as did I).

The performers were called *kinkers* because of

their frequent exercises to work the kinks out of their muscles. If they were foreigners—and the best generally were—they were called *hulligans* (for hooligans) if one wanted to be unflattering. The horses that some of them did acrobatics on were *rosinbacks*, having been sprinkled with rosin to help the feet stick, though the general term for performing horses was *ringstock* (versus *baggage stock*). The elephants, all of which were female, were rarely called elephants, but *bulls*. The electrician was the *shandy* (from "chandelier") and the sound man the *screechie*. *Risley* of course is the ancient art of foot-juggling, named for a practitioner of the last century. A *perch act* is performed on a high pole; *iron-jaw* means hanging by one's teeth.

To join the circus was to *join out*. The *sneeze mob* was the parking-lot crew, who supposedly warned each other by sneezing when they were going through a customer's car and either he or the fuzz approached. To *iggy* was to play dumb (ignorant) in such a pinch. Roustabouts were *workhands*, and carried their belongings in *crumb-boxes* ("crumb" for what a flea or a louse looks like). To wash up was to *crumb-up*, and washing one's clothes was *boiling-up*. The toilet or outhouse tent was the *donnicker*, from, Ballantine says, seventeenth-century underworld cant: *danna* (ordure) + *ken* (room).

If a circus or carnival ran so roughshod over the towners that it couldn't come back, it was said to have *burned the lot*. But it's important to

remember that—like the loggers on a river drive—these troupers and workhands were pariahs in the towns they passed through, and would be gobbled up by the cops if they got drunk and got left behind.

On a circus lot, you as a townner were not ordinarily a mark; nobody was trying to gaff you. But if you stood around and didn't end up buying a ticket, just tried to see whatever was free, you were a *lot louse*. A particular nuisance was called *Elmer*, because that was a likely name for

a country bumpkin. Firemen checking for violations were called *Oscar*, as in the alarm call across the *backyard* behind the big top or among the chain smokers of *clown alley*: "Have you seen Oscar!" A fight, on the other hand, was called a *clem*, because the kind of rube who started one might be named Clem (not Elmer or Oscar).

Circuses were never anti-country, however; the very word *clown* comes from *colonus*, Latin for "farmer." And it was in the little towns that circuses might have a *straw house* (extra paying

spectators sitting on straw in front of the bleachers). Nor were circus people so hardhearted as not to recognize genuine poverty, the unemployed father with his ragged brood of hungry-eyed kids. These were not lot lice; somebody would quietly *sidewall* them—sneak them into the big top under the canvas sidewall.

Teardown was what the circus did when it left town. The distance from the lot to the railroad yard was the *haul*, and the train crew was composed of *razorbacks*, from the lifting of the wagons they did ("raise your backs!"). A long run between towns was a *dukie run*, because the bosses handed out *dukies*, box lunches (from the slang for "hands"). *China!* was the cry when the train rattled into the next town—probably not from the rattle, Ballantine suggests, but from wagon-show days, when the nightlong drive would have seemed like a trip to China.

And nobody wanted to have been left behind. ■

Circuses were never anti-country; the very word clown comes from colonus, Latin for "farmer"

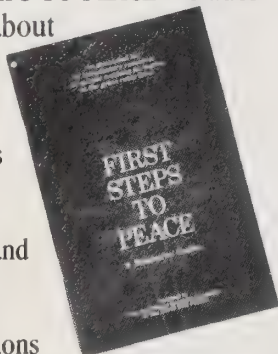


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Stanford University Press

LETTERS

Continued from page 7

ventions and literary and intellectual ambitions which sets science fiction apart from popular-fiction genres. Even at its worst, as Leslie Fiedler has pointed out, modern science fiction must interest the social scientist in us simply as a form of popular culture. At its best it is easily as rewarding to the scholar in us as the best contemporary literary fiction is, and certainly more rewarding than what other popular-fiction genres have to offer today.

Sante would do well to start with Robert Scholes, Eric Rabkin, and Leslie Fiedler on the scholarly side, and with that considerable body of brave, artful short science fiction written over the past thirty years—all of it available in reprint anthologies and single-author collections.

Bruce McAllister
English Department
University of Redlands
Redlands, Calif.

The editors at *Amazing*, *Analog*, and *Fantasy & Science Fiction* must be having a good laugh at Luc Sante's assertion that in the 1950s "pulp magazines flourished for the last time before being wiped out by television." Magazine science fiction is in good shape, thank you.

Patrick J. O'Connor
West Redding, Conn.

The most hilarious moment in Luc Sante's article was his insistence that John Varley's work displayed "all the hallmarks of word-processor style." Regardless of the literary merits of Varley's style, anyone who knows science fiction knows that Varley, unless he's been recently converted, does not like, much less use, computers. He won the 1985 Hugo and Nebula awards for best novella with *PRESS ENTER*, a distinctly computerphobic tale.

Nelsönn Norvak
Monmouth, Oregon

Nelsönn Norvak is the science fiction librarian at the Monmouth Public Library.

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In this eloquent and persuasive new book, Neil Postman, author of *The Disappearance of Childhood*, gives both historical and intellectual content to our vague conviction that "television culture" is transforming our world for the worse. He shows how TV's stress on "entertainment values" has corrupted politics, news, religion, education, commerce—and the very way we think.

AMUSING OURSELVES TO DEATH

Public Discourse in the Age of Show Business

Neil Postman



At bookstores now Elisabeth Sifton Books • VIKING

Ever since Bernard De Voto criticized science fiction more than forty years ago, commentators have repeatedly attempted to reassure readers that this way-out stuff isn't really literature, can be safely ignored, and will soon go away.

Luc Sante is not as ignorant as his earlier counterparts. He makes only two grievous errors. He implies that the early science fiction writers were hicks from farms and truck stops. Actually there were, for Depression times, an impressive number of college graduates among them. And Sante writes that John W. Campbell, editor of *Astounding Stories*, "encouraged tyrannical views" that bore fruit in the work of Robert Heinlein. Campbell had nothing to do with Heinlein's *Starship Troopers* or *Stranger in a Strange Land*, but in fact rejected the publication of one and was never involved in the other.

Beyond this, Sante merely repeats the same old things. He calls *Riddley Walker* a remarkably original work when it is no more than a linguistically naive rehash of Edgar Pangborn's *Davy*. And he of course concludes that science fiction is trivial because it does not deal with "real" concerns.

Well, times have changed. Science fiction has millions of readers who believe that it is the only literature that deals with the real concerns of our world. Science fiction did not go away. It is a living literature.

Sante is the one who is left out. He is not a threat to the field; he is irrelevant to it. The millions of readers of Heinlein and the hundreds of thousands of students now studying science fiction in literature courses across the country need never know that this latest version of a now standard article ever appeared.

George H. Scithers
Philadelphia, Pa.

George H. Scithers is editor of *Amazing Science Fiction Stories*.

Luc Sante's "The Temple of Boredom" is a brilliant illustration of Sturgeon's Law, which states that 90 percent of everything is crap.

David Cellars
San Francisco, Calif.

Luc Sante replies:

Reading these letters, I was amused and rather surprised by the number of misreadings my essay seems to have provoked. Mark Weiner, for example, thinks that, by allowing as how 2001 failed to start a trend, I was passing some kind of judgment on that film, an "unfair" one at that. More striking is the number of readers who presume that by measuring science fiction against "literature," admittedly a misty Platonic conception, I intended to slight it by comparison with the works of, say, Norman Mailer, Renata Adler, or this month's academic realist. It is understandable that certain practices of the publishing world should have made many people regard "literature" as a monolith, a special New York preserve of privilege and lauds, against which genres stand in rebellion. Actually, there hasn't been a central font of literature for quite some time; everything now belongs to some genre or other. There is a revisionist-macho genre, a breakup-of-the-family genre, an anomie-in-the-condominium genre, etc., etc. What chiefly distinguishes science fiction among these is the touchiness and insularity of its adherents. Clearly, raising questions about science fiction is, for some people, tantamount to spitting on the flag.

I am grateful that so many correspondents took the trouble to make up reading lists for me. I have had occasion to read maybe half of the items suggested, either in the course of preparing my essay or earlier, and would happily have included them in the rundown if considerations of space had not kept my use of illustrative examples to an unfortunate minimum. I do indeed regret not mentioning Ursula Le Guin, a fine writer. On the other hand, there is only one of her, and talent is not usually transmitted by association. The notion presented in many of these letters seems to be that three or four swallows invariably make a summer. Then again, the writers do not assist their case by promoting, for example, Gregory Benford's stylistic murk or Frederik Pohl's candy-land urbanology.

But the issue is not one of score-keeping. It is, of course, true that 90 percent of everything is crap, just as it

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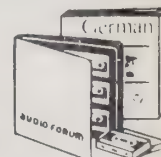
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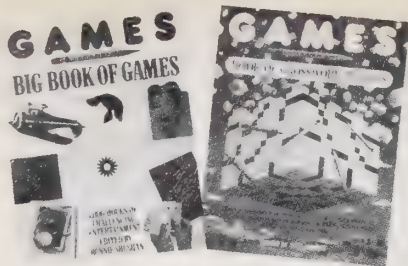
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is true that science fiction has its Ballard, its Dick, its Le Guin, and other. The best writers can stand on their own. But they cannot save science fiction from the historical junkyard. That is its destination, not because of generalized mediocrity—every genre has that—but because of its narrowness. Science fictioners must know that there is something wrong in the province; otherwise why would they feel it so necessary to guard the gates? And why should there be gates in the first place? The best thing science fiction could do is to dissolve itself, setting free its remaining aspects of interest. Maybe then it would be possible to conceive a literature of humor, skepticism, and nerve.

January Index Sources

1 *Cape Times* (Cape Town, South Africa); 2 NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund (New York City); 3, 4 U.S. Department of Justice; 5, 6 Professor Mary Koss (Kent State University); 7 U.S. Department of Defense; 8 Washington Analysis Corporation/*Harper's* research; 9, 10 U.S. Steel (Pittsburgh); 11 Center on Budget and Policy Priorities (Washington, D.C.); 12 British House of Lords; 13, 14 *Mergers and Acquisitions* magazine (Philadelphia); 15 Washington Office on Haiti; 16 Investor Responsibility Research Center (Washington, D.C.)/South African Mission (New York City); 17 *World Almanac and Book of Facts* (Newspaper Enterprises Association, New York City); 18 *Advertising Age* magazine (New York City); 19, 20, 21 Roper Organization (New York City); 22 *Elle* magazine (Paris); 23, 24 *Money* magazine (New York City); 25, 26 Cocaine Anonymous (Culver City, Calif.); 27 *Harper's* research; 28 National Highway Traffic Safety Administration; 29, 30 *Limousine and Chauffeur* magazine (Redondo Beach, Calif.); 31 American Motors Corporation (Detroit); 32 North Country Corporation (Cambridge, Mass.); 33 National Restaurant Association (Washington, D.C.); 34 Lender's Bagel Bakery (West Haven, Conn.); 35 Market Research Corporation of America (Chicago); 36 U.S. Census Bureau; 37 Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks (Bismarck, N.D.); 38 North American Deer Farmers Association (Rhinebeck, N.Y.); 39 Uncle Milton Industries (Culver City, Calif.).

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A	M	P	U	L	E	D	E	N	V	O	Y
T	E	A	R	T	W	I	X	T	Y	R	U
S	P	I	N	E	L	S	P	I	T	E	S
M	A	N	T	R	A	C	A	L	O	N	E
O	P	T	I	C	M	O	T	O	R	E	D
P	L	I	C	A	B	A	R	O	Q	U	E
P	A	L	A	T	E	S	I	M	U	B	A
E	N	L	P	I	N	T	A	P	E	A	R
R	E	E	F	O	T	A	T	A	C	I	T
S	T	R	A	N	G	L	E	H	A	T	H

NOTES FOR "AND ONE TO GROW ON"

ACROSS: 1. B(L)ATS; 5. CYN(reversal)-I-C; 10. PAL-A-TAL(mud); 13. AMPLE(a), anagram; 14. EN(. . V . .)Y, anagram & Lit; 15. (s)TAR; 16. (no)T-WIT, & Lit; 17. SPI(E)L, anagram; 19. SITES, "sights"; 21. MANTA, hidden; 23. AL(O)E; 24. (n)OTIC(e); 27. MOO-RED; 30. PICA(yune); 31. BARQUE, "bark"; 32. PLATES, anagram; 34. P(IT)A, A&P reversed; 35. PAR(is); 36. REF, hidden; 37. T-ACT; 38. S(ea)T-RANGE; 39. (s)HAH.
DOWN: 1. BRAS, two meanings; 2. LI(mead)E; 3. S(. . P . .)UN; 4. SEW, hidden; 5. CA(r)DS; 6. AIT, "eight"; 7. YAN(kee), reversed; 8. CAUSE(way); 9. SPAN, reversal; 11. ALTERATION, anagram & Lit; 12. L OR N; 14. EX-PAT-I-ATE; 18. (fi)LAMENT; 20. TOQUE, "toko"; 21. MO(P)ERS, anagram; 22. COSTA(anagram)-L; 25. PLAN T; 26. TI(L)ER; 28. OO-MPH; 29. DEATH, anagram; 33. (or)BIT.

SOLUTION TO DECEMBER DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 36). NORMAN LEAR: LETTER TO THE WORLD. The single most destructive societal disease of our time is American leadership's fixation with . . . the . . . "bottom line." Whether . . . in industry, government, or academe, leadership everywhere seems all too ready to sell the future short for a moment of success.

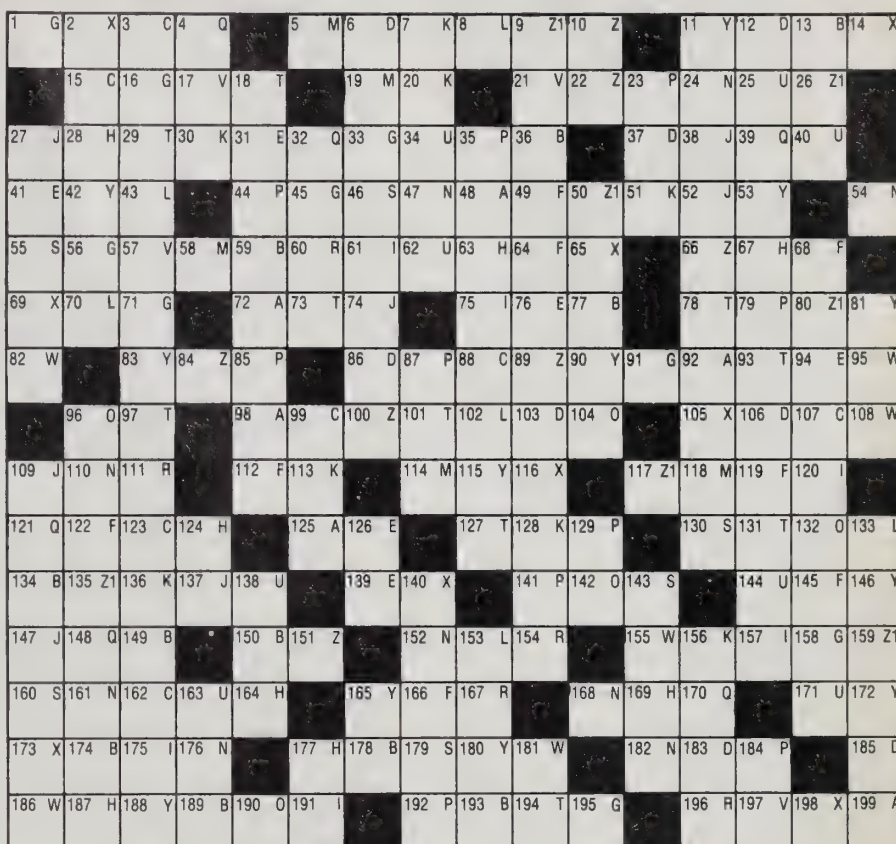
CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 37, *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. Entries must be received by January 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the February issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 35 (November) are Mr. and Mrs. William A. Kuehl, Bakersfield, California; Keonaona D. Peterson, Allston, Massachusetts; and Dr. Charity Waymouth, Bar Harbor, Maine.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 37

T by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 76.



CLUES

A. Ordinary

199 125 48 98 72 92

B. Evade, give the slip, get the best of

150 174 77 36 193 134 189 178
13 149 59

C. Plentiful, abounding

15 99 88 162 123 107 3

D. Avoidance

106 185 86 183 6 37 12 103

E. Strong; vigorous; thick-set

126 139 41 76 94 31

F. Dogs, occasionally hot

145 64 68 112 119 122 166 49

G. Fabled whirlpool off the coast of Norway

45 91 158 33 195 71 56 16
1

H. Firmly fixed

28 67 187 169 63 177 164 124

I. Difficult, intricate

120 175 75 61 157 191

J. Inclined to anger

38 109 52 27 147 137 74

K. Absence of willingness

156 7 128 30 113 136 20 51

L. Member of the papal and popular party in medieval Italy

43 70 133 102 8 153

M. Elect into a body by the members' votes

114 58 118 5 19

N. Enticed

110 152 168 161 24 54 182 47
176

O. Strong, energetic, sententious

132 96 190 142 104

P. Exemplify

44 192 129 23 35 85 79 87
141 184

Q. Goal; butt

39 32 148 121 170 4

R. Confuse; inebriate

60 196 167 111 154

S. Cut away

179 55 46 160 143 130

T. No way! Absolutely not! (4 wds.)

127 73 101 29 93 78 97 131
194 18

U. Spotting; taking aim

163 62 138 40 25 34 144 171

V. Yield to low spirits

17 197 57 21

W. Unpretentious

95 186 82 155 181 108

X. Independent (3 wds.)

69 105 173 116 14 65 2 198
140

Y. Put back

172 81 11 115 83 188 53 42
90 165 146 180

Z. Formation containing water sufficient to supply wells, etc.

66 22 84 89 151 10 100

Z1. Looked sullen or threatening

9 50 117 26 159 80 135

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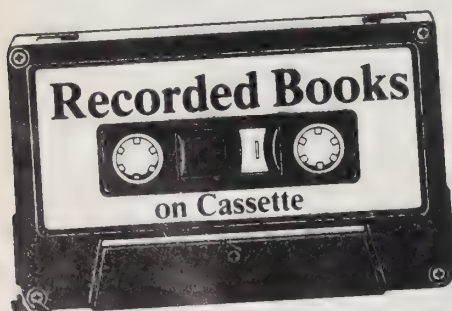
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MISCELLANEOUS

Believe upon the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. Acts. 16:31.

PUZZLE

Misprints

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Misprints are a common device in British cryptics and may appear in the clues or the diagram; here they appear in both. In each clue there is a misprint of one letter in the definition part. When the answer is entered in the diagram, the same misprint must be made in it. For instance, for the clue "Has warm feelings turned back by cold peck? (5)," the answer is SERAC, with "peck" a misprint of "peak." Thus the *a* in SERAC must be misprinted in the diagram as *c*: SERCC is the entry. Note that, as in this example, the definition can be more than one word. The misprinted letter is always checked by an unaltered letter in a crossing word. If the letter to be misprinted appears more than once in the clue answer, you must determine which is to be changed. NB: In a double-meaning clue, one meaning is misprinted.

There is one proper name among the clue answers. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 76.

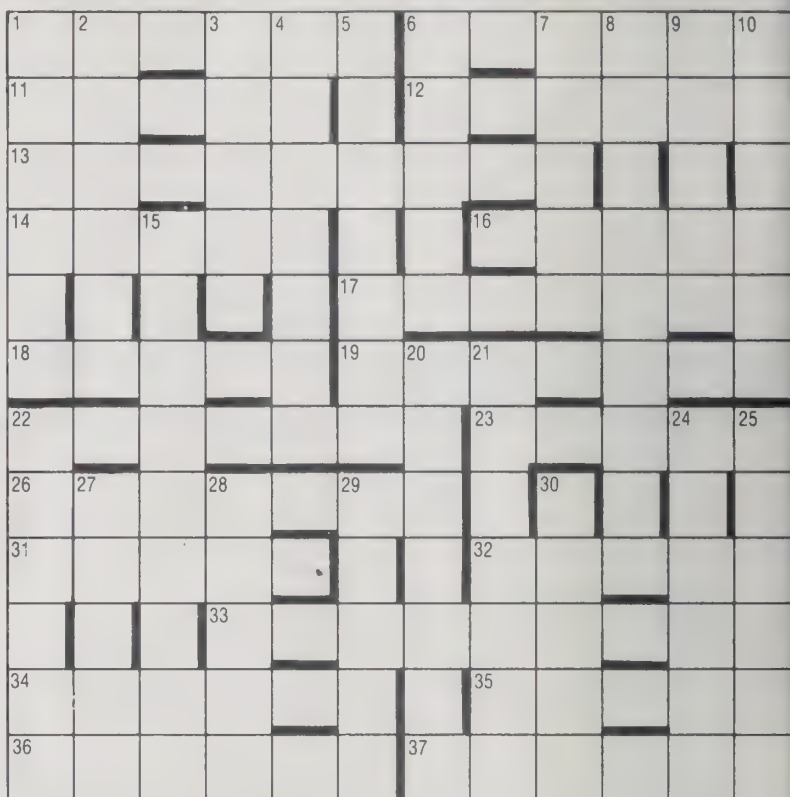
Across

1. Break in storm around north . . . he keeps an eye on the tiller (6)
6. Poser piles last of loot in bags (6)
11. An opening on the left side of the shin (5)
12. Caught by net in the Sound. Like a look? (6)
13. Very rapid banker foolishly has check discounted 40% off top (9)
14. Where the devil wives upset bowel (5)
16. Don't start to sorrow . . . it has white wines (5)
17. Peg puts Boar's Head on cheese crackers (7)
18. Caning is unfinished . . . looking back on it, it's flagrant (5)
19. Love to get in punch in front of high school quads (7)
22. Even bird gets right into hot water tank (7)
23. A Russian range has banned the start of logging firs (5)
26. Tumbled on bilge coming from low berth (7)
31. Dart rage is coming back with extremes of frenzy (5)
32. Grinding of a mass of batter (5)
33. Time before getting bore into stage plays (9)
34. A bee, dear, could be wasp (6)

35. Daub badly, stuff's full of energy (5)
36. Rave note that hurts! (6)
37. Kind of takes former wife (sic) back . . . excellent (6)

Down

1. Noisy scene spoken of in tall tales (6)
2. Flap over vice in sluggish surroundings (6)
3. A Turk recklessly rode term for German (5)
4. Ken will clumsily dip your pet in this (7)
5. Snip back bit of ivy from espalier that's put up (7)
6. Slayer in a game—not War, one hears (5)
7. Question directions for aery (5)
8. The bishop's rousing earth-clad converts (9)
9. Crap-shooting tees off king inside (5)
10. Herb's torpedoed around back of boat . . . more than one sunk at sea (6)
15. Wow . . . after exercising, long game binds (9)
20. Leave when weather front moves? Just the opposite! (7)
21. Change to a buck needed for Australian bash (7)
22. Ambled nonchalantly to bad house (6)
24. Scarf up, swallowing a soufflé (6)
25. Seem nervous around church . . . rave Machiavellian ideas (6)
27. Boast about love for Swedish liner (5)
28. . . . or horse around with wild instrument (5)
29. Lean person whom I serve partially (5)
30. Too tall, treated by Procrustes for the cot (5)



Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Misprints," Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. Entries must be received by January 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to Harper's. Winners' names will be printed in the March issue. Winners of the November puzzle, "Boot Camp," are Miriam C. Maloy, Aptos, California; Joel A. Smith, Chicago, Illinois; and Waino Waisanen, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

HARPERS



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JAN 13 1986

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By Fred Reed

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By Vicki Hearne

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Clea

A. Fossedal,
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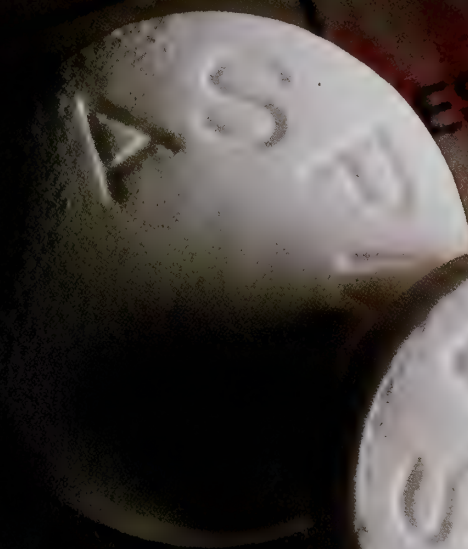
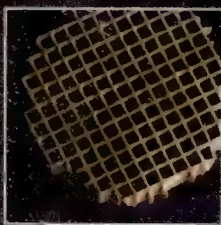
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Cover: Detail from *Gathering Wood for Winter*, 1855. George Henry Durrie, American, 1820-1863. Collection of William Nathaniel Banks

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LETTERS

High School Confidential

Leon Botstein ["What Has Been Learned So Far," *Harper's*, November 1985] takes a cheap shot at American public education, hanging his prejudices on a high school transcript that he has read inaccurately.

To respond to his statements in the order in which he made them: Botstein feels that S_____ should have had a school day taken up with four or five demanding courses. Was he not aware that in each of her four years S_____ carried at least five academic courses at a challenging level? The art and home economics courses he denigrates so cavalierly were mini-courses (.25 credits) taken in the ninth grade. Since the state of Connecticut now mandates that one full credit be earned in the arts or vocational education, S_____ can hardly be criticized for fulfilling a graduation requirement. It is apparent that this school has an eight-period day, and that S_____’s chorus and theater courses are not supplanting solid academic subjects.

He deplores the two years of history reported but is perhaps not aware of her "Social Studies 9," which, more than likely, was also a history course.

He mildly approves S_____’s math studies but assumes that she is probably not mathematically literate. He may be absolutely correct, but having had two daughters at prestigious preparatory schools, neither of whom had a probability course, I fail to see how this "lack" is such a blot on the escutcheon of public schools.

Botstein states that accreditation is a feeble assurance of academic quality. I wonder if he is aware of the year-

long process of painstaking and often painful self-analysis of all facets of a school's existence that such accreditation implies, including quality of instruction and curriculum. Public school teachers are every bit as eager to do their best to educate their students as are members of Botstein's faculties at Bard and Simon's Rock.

Like Botstein, I prefer to see courses weighted by their degree of academic challenge. However, experienced college admissions officers are able to interpret GPAs and ranks, and the transcript will be accompanied by a school profile that will explain these and also will indicate class size, percentage of teachers with advanced degrees, school record of National Merit finalists, and the like.

The author says that S_____’s above-average showing on SATs and English achievement tests does not show that she can "compose a straightforward, analytical argument." Perhaps he did not realize that the December 1984 achievement "ES" refers to a writing sample that is supposed to develop just such an argument. The test is given in December only and graded by real human beings instead of by computer. S_____ received a creditable though not spectacular score. Admissions officers will be aware of this.

The guidance coordinator who signed the transcript indeed may not know S_____ well, but his or her signature only attests to the accuracy of the information on the transcript. He or she will also have the reports of teachers and S_____’s own guidance counselor to refer to. If Botstein's "good college" means a selective one—such as Bard—the raw facts of the transcript will be supported by narrative descriptions of S_____’s talents by two teachers and her counselor, and by S_____’s own essays, which are the real meat of her application. She will be interviewed by an

Letters to the Editor are welcomed by Harper's. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

admissions officer, who can clarify the specifics of her academic and personal background. Who knows—she may be more conversant with Plato and Marx and Dostoevski than Botstein thinks!

Perhaps Botstein was having such a good time making sport of public education and drawing unwarranted conclusions that he failed to draw some warranted conclusions that are evident from the transcript: that S_____ stuck to her demanding courses in disciplines in which she was not very strong (French and science) beyond the level required by even "good" colleges, thereby showing persistence and effort; that she has a strong interest and ability in writing and drama both in and out of the classroom which might well be leading up to a college major or a career decision; and that she has matured in her extracurricular choices from the egocentricity of cheerleading to the leadership and caring of student orientation. The admissions office will see all this, as well as the track record of other students from this unnamed school.

Shame on you, Dr. B. For an exercise in the composition of "a straightforward, analytical argument" and the ability to draw logical conclusions from incomplete material, you get—at most—a C—.

Jane F. Cushman
Guidance Department
New Milford High School
New Milford, Conn.

Give Leon Botstein an "F" for his speciously structured indictment of secondary schools. An influential and high-ranking educator should have known better than to build his case on a few silly straws pulled from the curricular haystack.

I find it dumbfounding that Botstein actually expects a good high school student to have toiled through the entire Koran and be well versed in the "science and technology germane to medicine or defense." It hardly seems disturbing that S_____ may enter college without knowing the theoretical flight vectors of a MIRVed warhead. It would indeed be disturbing if, as Botstein suggests,

S_____ knew nothing of the Constitution. Yet there is nothing in the transcript which supports this assertion. Presumably, S_____ encountered the Constitution more than once in her social studies and U.S. history classes.

I should pause here, for I am falling into the same trap of pedantic speculation that has snared Botstein. Debating the relative merits of various curricula only obscures the real malady afflicting public education: economic inequity. It is the large gap between the education offered at well-funded high schools and that offered at the less privileged high schools which demands prompt, corrective action from leading educators such as Botstein.

A recently published study, "The Educationally Disadvantaged: A National Crisis," by Henry Levin, a professor of economics at Stanford's School of Education, shows that while mean SAT scores among stu-

dents at disadvantaged schools have risen in recent years, there has been no effort to upgrade the educational opportunities for poor students. The result has been an increase of poorly educated, unskilled workers entering the U.S. economy—the groundwork for a potentially calamitous economic situation if the trend is not reversed quickly.

Minority students now account for more than 25 percent of the public school population, up from about 20 percent in 1970. Inner-city schools—those with enough funding to provide for only nominal education—generally report minority enrollments between 70 and 95 percent. Increasingly, city families who can afford it send their children to private schools.

Botstein may believe that if the best high schools upgrade their standards, all schools will be induced to follow suit—a kind of trickle-down effect. This is the kind of thinking that can only perpetuate an inequity-

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ble situation. As Botstein knows, the establishment of academic standards is primarily the province of regional and local boards of education; thus, improving academic standards at suburban high schools in Connecticut will have little or no impact on inner-city schools in New York. Standards aren't the real problem anyway—money is. In poor communities with inadequate tax bases to support a quality school system, providing students with pencils, not copies of *The Brothers Karamazov*, is the main concern.

I can live in a world where high school students are not exposed to the genius of Dostoevski. Such concern is suited to teatime debates. What makes for a national crisis is the fact that many disadvantaged students are unable to distinguish between a noun and a verb.

Peter Oliver
New York, N.Y.

The subtitle of Leon Botstein's annotation was "A cheap ticket to a fine college"; "A cheap shot at a fine high

school" would have been more appropriate. There are mediocre and poor high schools in this country, but the high school from which S_____ was graduated (and whose transcript I recognized) is a very fine school that deserves better than Botstein's snide generalizations and assumptions. He writes in one note that the student, S_____, "may not be able to compose a straightforward, analytical argument." Perhaps not, but Botstein has proved that S_____ is not alone.

In addition, Botstein's argument makes no sense. He suggests that a student take four or five demanding courses a year. The student whose transcript he annotates took four years of math (including pre-calculus), four years of science (including chemistry and two years of biology), four and a half years of English (including an advanced placement course and a creative writing seminar), five and a half years of French, and three and a half years of social studies. It does not take much math to figure out that she took at least four demanding subjects a year.

At S_____ 's high school, students

take music, drama, or art courses—but not so many that they are forced to neglect their academic subjects. Many of these extra courses, as well as physical education, are only a quarter of a semester long. They lengthen the list of subjects on the transcript but in fact represent a small proportion of the student's time. An expert such as college president Botstein, who claims to have decoded the "numbers and signs and shorthand" of the transcript, surely realizes this; but still he chooses to focus on S_____ 's lack of success in a one-quarter course in "Clothing," taken in the ninth grade (actually, at the local junior high school).

Botstein presumes S_____ has "no experience with probability or statistics," although this material is incorporated into the math program at her school. He presumes she "does not know what is in the Constitution" and that she can't tell you much about "the theory and practice of capitalism, socialism, or communism"; but Botstein should have mentioned that the entire second semester of ninth grade social studies is devoted

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these topics. He also presumes _____ has received a "passive education by textbooks, workbooks, and multiple-choice tests, in oversize classrooms and from teachers better versed in pedagogy than in their respective disciplines."

Botstein presumes too much. My son, who is graduating from S_____’s high school this year, has received a fine education from excellent and dedicated teachers. He is much better prepared for college than my husband was when we graduated from high schools in other parts of the country—and we still managed to succeed at a college considerably more competitive than Botstein’s Bard.

It is true that students at S_____’s high school are not required to study economics or physics or comparative religion. But such courses are available. And every student has to do a major research project as a junior and is required to take a one-semester course that deals with a culture other than his or her own. Those taking advanced placement English are required to read more than fifteen

novels by such heavyweights as Joyce, Dostoevski, Lawrence, Conrad, and Faulkner. It is true that during his or her four years a student like my son does not read everything. But if a student read everything during high school, why on earth would he or she want to go to college?

Judy Kilgore
Westport, Conn.

I was drawn to Leon Botstein’s analysis of a typical secondary school transcript because, as a professional, I am familiar with the issue of educational quality he addresses. His analysis, however, turned out to be little more than flippant remarks based largely on hypothesis and generalization. Botstein shed no light on the state of the contemporary secondary school curriculum.

Botstein is unsatisfied with the scope of the student’s “historical perspective,” but he ignores the fact that she took a social studies course in her freshman year. Yes, it is true that large areas of historical study seem to be absent from the curriculum. But

how does Botstein propose that these subjects be reasonably and realistically taught in the current system? He also suggests that it is “likely” that the student “does not know what is in the Constitution; knows nothing about economics.” Why “likely”? This is simply an unfounded allegation.

I find it most amazing that the student’s “mathematical literacy” is questioned. Botstein is president of an institution (Bard College) that requires no mathematics for graduation.

Michael Chimes
Bernardsville, N.J.

Michael Chimes is the director of college guidance at the Gill/St. Bernard’s School.

Leon Botstein replies:

Perhaps these letters “protest too much.” My annotation of an anonymous student’s transcript from an unidentified, affluent suburban high school constituted a critique of what we deliver to and demand of students in our high schools. It was meant to point out that our standards may not

Continued on page 75

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NOTEBOOK

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By Lewis H. Lapham

The dearest ambition of a slave is not liberty but to have a slave of his own.

—Sir Richard Burton

Just before Christmas last year General Electric bought RCA for \$6.3 billion in cash, and for a few days the news glittered in the media like the tinsel in Bergdorf Goodman's window. Even the people who didn't know what to make of the event were impressed by the magnificence of the deal, and almost everybody felt obliged to say something polite about the financial architecture that has become the wonder of the age. The style is Baroque. Huge corporations acquire other huge corporations, multiplying their assets like ornamental statues, raising tiers of bonds and debentures into façades as grandiloquent as the Palace of the Louvre.

Reading the commentaries in the papers, I couldn't help but remember President Reagan's speech last March to the students at St. John's University in New York, telling them that "the age of big industry and the giant corporation" had come to an end. He proclaimed, to loud applause, "the age of the entrepreneur, the age of the individual." He praised the students for having sprung from "risk-taking stock" and encouraged them to start "their own little record companies" with the odd \$5,000 they might happen to inherit or find in the street.

It was, as is usual with Mr. Reagan, an attractive sentiment which had little to do with the facts. He might as well have proclaimed the age of the three-headed orc.

The promoters of the American dream inevitably speak of "the rugged individualist" who sets himself against the resident establishment—cultural, political, scientific—and goes off into the appropriate wilder-

ness to unearth beauty, truth, or a fortune in chocolate-chip cookies. The hero is largely the invention of the literary East in the latter decades of the nineteenth century. Disenchanted with what they knew of the crowded commerce on the Coast, the writers in Boston and New York comforted themselves with tales of the noble frontiersmen still at large on the Great Plains. In the 1920s and 1930s the romance was cut into lengths of movie film by a generation of displaced Europeans who confused the history of the United States with their own reasons for leaving Odessa or Berlin. Being a child of Hollywood, Mr. Reagan picked up the script at Warner Brothers and cast himself as an intrepid horseman seen against a painted sky. The language of the Western romance pervades his thought, and at a vaudeville show staged in his honor last December in Los Angeles he told the assembled celebrities that when he was first elected President he fantasized a "dream" cabinet in which John Wayne appeared as secretary of state and Clint Eastwood as secretary of defense.

Except in a few well-publicized instances (enough to lend credence to the iconography painted on the walls of the media), the rigorous practice of rugged individualism usually leads to poverty, ostracism, and disgrace. The rugged individualist is too often mistaken for the misfit, the maverick, the spoilsport, the sore thumb. Thomas Alva Edison, who founded G.E. in 1878 on the shoestring of his imagination, never made much of a profit from the company, and the deal with RCA certainly wasn't made by people who, even once in their lives, entertained the absurd notion of bucking anybody's system. Nor did they expose themselves to the slightest suspicion of risk.

No matter how effusive their rhetoric to the contrary, most Americans cannot bring themselves to trust the unaffiliated individual. They prefer to repose their confidence in institutions—in a brand name, a corporation, or a bank. The lesson was impressed upon me when I first went to work, as a very junior reporter, for the *San Francisco Examiner*. The chief editor thought I had a believable face and so he assigned me to the task of sifting the crowd of petitioners that showed up every day in the paper's anterooms. All of them had some story to tell, some grievance they hoped to redress, and they appealed to the *Examiner* as if to a court of last resort. What was important, of course, was the quality of their papers. If they could show documents endorsed with the letterhead of the Justice Department or the Ford Foundation or Time Inc., then clearly they had something important to say. If they offered precisely the same texts scrawled on a sheet of foolscap, then, equally clearly, they were madmen or fugitives probably no more than a few days in front of the police.

It is the figure of Babbitt or Cyn Vance, not Clint Eastwood, who represents the triumph of the American dream—the man who goes along to get along, who knows the right people and belongs to the right club, whose every opinion seconds the nomination of the chairman, who yields, easily and with a winning smile, to what de Tocqueville called "the tyranny of the majority." Like most actors and all salesmen, Mr. Reagan is an accommodating fellow who always knows when to laugh at which jokes and keeps safely to the center of the consensus.

Americans have a genius for organization, and they achieve their most notable results when working in

groups—as members of lobbies, trade associations, committees, teams, and clubs. This appears to have been true of the national temperament since the first *arriviste* theologians formed a joint stock company in Massachusetts to pay for the development of Puritan real estate. The pioneers moving west in the 1840s and 1850s gathered at Independence, Missouri, to join their wagon trains into corporate entities meant to last just long enough for the trek to California. Any man attempting to go it on his own would have been lucky to see Colorado. The hazards of the journey needed at least fifty wagons to set up a coherent defense against the terrain, the Cherokee, and the weather. The same talent for cooperation characterized the building of American barns and the settling of American towns.

During the twentieth century the preference for institutional combination increasingly has come to define American scientific and technological discovery as well as the method of American business and education. Big-time journalism is group journalism, and the distinctively American art forms—musical comedy, jazz, the movies—all rely on collaboration. So also the making of public personalities, which, contrary to the fable about stars born overnight in a shower of klieg light, requires a large supporting cast—technicians, distributors, agents, publicists, beauticians—harnessed in the kind of team effort necessary to the construction of a shopping mall or an F16.

Whether lawyer, politician, or executive, the American who knows what's good for his career seeks an institutional rather than an individual identity. He becomes the man from Mobil Oil—or NBC, or IBM. The institutional imprint furnishes him with his credit cards, his pension, his meaning, and the proof of his existence. A man without a company name is a man without a country. Strip him of his corporate rank and titles and he not only sinks into obscurity but also is likely to vanish from the sight of the insurance companies, which means that his life, invisible and uninsured, is no longer worth the price of salvation.

The loss of an institutional identity

gives rise to the woebegone spectacle of the retired corporate hierarch revolving like a dead moon around the perimeter of his extinct influence. If he retires on Monday, his telephones fall silent on Tuesday; his portrait disappears from the brightly lit galleries of the business press; nobody is much interested in his observations about NATO or the rate of inflation.

I'm told that the effect is even worse in Washington. Government functionaries deprived of their function have nothing else on which to base their pretension to self. Presumably this is why American officials so seldom resign on matters of principle. Where would they go; to whom would they talk, and in what voice?

Just as it is believed that the rich know how to take better care of money than the poor, so it is thought that institutions possess, as if by divine right of incorporation in Delaware, a more responsible attitude toward capital than mere individuals. The superstition accords with the demonstrable fact that the American system guarantees its highest orders of freedom to organized economic interests. The self-employed mind is too untrustworthy, the unaffiliated imagination too unstable.

To the extent that people become fearful and insecure, dwarfed by the nominal power of institutions that play with them like flies, they seek refuge within the walls of bureaucracy. Because they feel small, they create authority in the size of the deal or the office building; the complexity of the table of organization satisfies their craving for mystery and allows them to perform the acts of self-effacement.

On the same morning that the papers published news of G.E.'s acquisition of RCA, they reported that the Reagan Administration announced mandatory polygraph tests for as many as 10,000 federal employees, some of them cabinet officials, with access to classified information. Given the national loathing for the practice as opposed to the theory of rugged individualism, I suspect that no more than one in 5,000 found it prudent to submit, through the proper channels and phrased in the euphemisms of departmental prose, the squeak of an objection.

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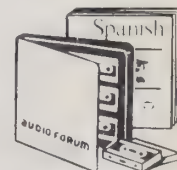
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The Environmental Protection Agency is reducing the amount of lead allowed in leaded gasoline by more than 90%. General Motors supports this effort to reduce lead in the atmosphere. But our customers need to know how this action may affect their vehicles.

In simple terms, continue with the same gasoline you've been using. You probably won't notice any difference at your service station. Just be sure your gasoline meets the requirements below.

For post-1974 model cars and light trucks (less than 6,000 lbs.). Continue to use *unleaded* gasoline only. The new lower-lead limits for leaded gasoline *are still too high*: lead in gasoline will harm the emission-control system.

For 1971-74 model cars and light trucks. Use either unleaded or the new lower-lead gasoline. These vehicles were designed to run on either one.

For all pre-1971 model cars and trucks. Use the new lower-lead gasolines. These vehicles need leaded gas to lubricate exhaust valves. The lead raises octane ratings and helps to avoid "knocking" and "pinging." The lead is most impor-

tant during continuous high-speed, high-load conditions such as towing a heavy trailer or large boat over a long distance. In a pinch, you can even use unleaded gas for normal driving.

Tip: Use only enough octane to avoid frequent knocking. An occasional "ping" won't harm the engine.

The new lower-lead gasolines should *always* be used in:

- 1971-78 trucks over 6,000 lbs.
- post-1978 trucks over 8,500 lbs.

The effect of alcohol blends. To meet the new regulations, oil refiners will turn to other methods to maintain or increase octane ratings. Some will elect to refine gasoline more intensively. Others may add octane enhancers such as ethanol and methanol (more informally known as grain alcohol and wood alcohol).

General Motors supports the use of such alternative fuels to lessen our nation's dependence on imported oil. But to avoid operating and other problems, don't use gasoline containing more than 10 percent ethanol or 5 percent methanol. And in the case of methanol, be sure it contains cosolvents (to prevent

separation of the alcohol from the gasoline) and corrosion inhibitors.

General Motors is taking steps to ensure that its future vehicles can operate problem-free with gasoline containing alcohol. For now, you should know the contents of the fuel going into your gas tank. That's why we support the requirement that gas pumps show the alcohol content of the fuel. Such labels are being used in some states, but they are needed nationwide.

To get the efficiency, driveability and performance we design into your GM vehicles, be sure you use the right fuel. The proper identification and use of gasoline is good for both GM customers and GM cars and trucks.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.



Chevrolet • Pontiac
Oldsmobile • Buick
Cadillac • GMC Truck

HARPER'S INDEX

Number of Americans who have someone else's heart : 300

Number of Americans who were conceived in a test tube : 400

Percentage of U.S. households composed of a father who works, a mother who doesn't, and two children : 4

Percentage of acknowledged male homosexuals who are fathers : 25

Percentage of the babies born to unmarried white women under 25 that are given up for adoption : 8

Percentage of the babies born to unmarried black women under 25 that are : 1

Percentage of Americans who say that birth control information should be available on television : 78

Coverage of South Africa on ABC's evening news in the month before Pretoria's media ban (in minutes) : 10.8

In the month after the ban : 3.2

Coverage of South Africa in the *New York Times* in the month before the ban (in column inches) : 727.5

In the month after the ban : 402

Percentage increase in Angolan oil exports to the United States since 1982 : 100

Number of the three best-selling automobiles in 1985 that were pickup trucks : 2

Portion of fourth-quarter GNP growth in 1985 accounted for by sales of IBM's Sierra mainframe computer : 2/5

Portion of Fortune 1000 companies that employed undercover security agents in 1974 : 1/10

In 1984 : 1/2

Percentage increase, since 1974, in the number of self-employed men : 12

In the number of self-employed women : 74

Percentage of new members of A.F.L.-C.I.O. unions who are women : 55

Percentage of Americans buying stocks for the first time in 1985 who are women : 57

Percentage of the Philippines' 300 government-owned corporations that are headed by Imelda Marcos : 10

Percentage of Americans who can't name an Asian country "near the Pacific Ocean" : 42

Students in the United States who are studying Russian : 25,000

Students in the Soviet Union who are studying English : 4,000,000

Punches Rocky lands in *Rocky IV* : 115

Punches he takes : 218

Rambos in the Washington, D.C., telephone book : 3

Percentage of all hostage deaths in airplane hijackings since 1968 that occurred during rescue attempts : 85

Percentage of defectors to the United States who eventually return to their homeland : 50

Number of cruise ships that will make stops at Cuban ports this year : 17

Number of the *Queen Elizabeth II*'s last 9 U.S. health inspections that it passed : 2

Percentage increase in the number of vegetarians in England since 1983 : 30

Write-in votes, in the 1985 Boise, Idaho, mayoral election, cast for Mr. Potato Head : 4

Percentage of girls 13 to 18 years old who say they have symptoms of anorexia nervosa : 9

Weight of the average female fashion model in 1970 (in pounds) : 112

Today : 122

Monthly earnings of China's top female fashion model : \$70

Price of a founding membership in the Beijing International Golf Club : \$15,000

Number of submarines shoppers can ride at the West Edmonton Mall in Alberta, Canada : 4

Number of submarines in the Canadian navy : 3

Figures cited are the latest available as of December 1985. Sources are listed on page 76.

READINGS

[Essay]

TV AND THE ETHICS OF VICTIMHOOD

Adapted from "Is Nothing Sacred? The Ethics of Television," by Michael Ignatieff, in the Fall 1985 issue of Daedalus. Ignatieff is a senior research fellow at Cambridge University and the author of The Needs of Strangers. Daedalus is the journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

Through its news broadcasts and spectacles like "Live Aid," television has become the privileged medium through which moral relations between strangers are mediated in the modern world. Yet the effects of TV images and the conventions of electronic news gathering on such moral relations are rarely examined.

On the one hand, television has contributed to the breakdown of the barriers of citizenship, religion, race, and geography that once divided our moral space into those we were responsible for and those who were beyond our ken. On the other hand, it makes us voyeurs of the suffering of others, bringing us face to face with their fate, while obscuring the distances—social, economic, moral—that lie between us. It is this tangle of contradictory, mutually canceling effects that I want to try to unravel.

The myth of human brotherhood, that vision of common human needs and common human pain that binds viewer and sufferer together, is fraught with ambiguity. White viewers who mail checks on behalf of black victims at the other side of the globe may combine their generosity with very different behavior toward blacks nearer home. One of empathy's pleasures is to forget one's moral inconsistencies. Yet the claim

that moral empathy at this distance is nothing more than a self-deceiving myth relies tacitly on a moral myth of its own: that full moral empathy—full "suffering with," based on commonality of experience—is possible only among persons who share the same social identity; for example, the same class. Class identity, however, is no less mythic, no less imagined, than universal human brotherhood. The ethics that derive from it must divide the world into us and them, friends and enemies. If the fragile internationalism of the myth of human brotherhood has returned as a moral force in the modern world, it is because partial human solidarities—those of religion, ethnicity, and class—have dishonored themselves by the slaughter committed in their name. If we take it for granted now that the Ethiopians are our responsibility, it is because a century of total destruction has made us ashamed of that containment of moral responsibilities by nation, religion, or region which resulted in the abandonment of the Jews. Modern moral universalism is built upon the experience of a new kind of crime: the crime against humanity.

Human life today is confronted with a range of new conditions—continent-wide famines, nuclear war, ecological catastrophe, and genocide—that create victims who have no social relations capable of mobilizing their salvation, and who, as a result, make an ethic of universal moral obligation among strangers a necessity. Without this weak and inconstant ethic, this impersonal commitment to strangers, the universal victim will find no one beyond the barbed wire to feed him. It is this weak moral language, and the new experience of universal victimhood it is trying to address, of which television has become the privileged modern medium.

At the same time, television has become the

instrument of a new kind of politics, one that takes the world rather than the nation as its political space, and that takes the human species itself rather than specific citizenship or racial, religious, or ethnic groups as its object. It is a politics that has tried to foster a world public opinion to keep watch over the rights of those who lack the means to protect themselves. Amnesty International, Care, Save the Children, Oxfam, and a host of other, similar organizations all use television to mobilize conscience and money on behalf of endangered humans and their habitat around the world. These organizations seek to circumvent bilateral governmental relations and institute direct political contact between, for example, Amnesty sponsors and particular political prisoners, or American families and Latin American foster children, or field service volunteers and their peasant clients.

Because television is able to bring political intentions and their consequences face to face, it is particularly well suited to certain features of this kind of politics: with one flick of an editing switch, television can point out the gulf of abstraction that separates the politician's speech about the defense of freedom from the butchered bodies in the jungle. At its best, television's morality is the morality of the war correspondent, the veteran who has heard all the recurring justifications for human cruelty advanced by the left and the right, and who learns in the end to pay attention only to the victims.

Such is television's good conscience: to pay attention to the victims rather than to the pieties of political rhetoric; to refuse to make a distinction between good corpses and bad ones (though this was notoriously not the case in American coverage of Vietnam); and to be a witness, a bearer of bad tidings, to the watching conscience of the world. This is the moral internationalism of the 1980s, and it is a weary world away from the internationalism of the 1960s. If someone had said in 1967 that he refused to distinguish between the human rights violations of the Americans and the North Vietnamese, he would have been set upon equally by right and left. But now that a North Vietnamese victory has been followed by further wars of aggrandizement, a moral position that assesses ideologies by the victims they leave behind has gained the right to be heard above the righteous din.

There are fashions in morals as there are fashions in clothes. Television followed moral fashions on the Vietnam War; it did not create them. If the dominant ethics in television today are that there are no good causes left—only victims of bad causes—there is no guarantee that the medium will not succumb to the next moral

fashion. There is even a danger that television's healthy cynicism toward causes will topple into a shallow kind of misanthropy. The coverage of Lebanon is a case in point. The ethics of victimhood generate empathy only where victims are obviously blameless. In Lebanon there are victims in abundance, but it is always difficult to identify the innocent in a frenzied killing ground in which women, children, and the aged—the usual categories of innocence—have been implicated in acts of terrorism and war. Night after night, audiences around the world have watched Christians, Moslems, Jews, Palestinians, Falangists, Shiites, Marxists, and anti-Marxists engaged in a seemingly endless cycle of massacre, reprisal, and terror. The corpses strewn among the rubble seem to make further comprehension superfluous: here are people locked in a spiral, each with fine reasons for killing the other, each reason as insane as the next. The nightly corpses encourage a retreat from the attempt to understand. One sign of this withdrawal of empathy and understanding was the low response to international appeals on behalf of the Lebanese victims. And where empathy fails to find the blameless victim—as in Lebanon—the conscience finds comfort in the conclusion, "They're all crazy," a reaction which reproduces that reassuring imperial dichotomy between the virtue, moderation, and reasonableness held to exist in the West and the fanaticism and unreason of the East.

In fact, if one wishes to understand Lebanon, it is not only the world of the victims one has to enter but the world of the gunmen, torturers, and apologists of terror. To such people, the idea that human beings are creatures who bear sacred rights would apply only to their own. As concerns their enemies and their victims, they have carpentered together persuasive reasons for refusing to think of them as human beings at all. The horror of the world lies not just with the corpses, not just with the consequences, but with the intentions, with the minds of killers. Faced with the deep persuasiveness of these ideologies of killing, the temptation to take refuge in moral disgust is strong indeed. Yet disgust is a poor substitute for thought. Television has unfortunate strengths as a medium of moral disgust: its images are more effective at documenting consequences than at exploring intentions; more adept at pointing to the corpses than at explaining why violence pays so well in a place like Lebanon. As a result, television news bears some responsibility for that generalized misanthropy, that irritable resignation toward the criminal folly of fanatics and assassins, which legitimizes one of the dangerous cultural moods of our time—the feeling that the world has become too crazy to deserve serious reflection.

[Communiqué]

¿QUIEN VAS A LLAMAR?

El Mundo, the San Salvador newspaper, received and published the following communiqué last summer. According to the paper's editor, it was sent by "a new clandestine organization that describes itself as Caza Fantasmas [Ghost Busters]."

Mr. Director, EL MUNDO newspaper:

We wish you success in your work. This letter is to ask you to include in your newspaper a communiqué addressed, through the national press and other news media, by the Ghost Busters Commandos to those up in arms and new groups that are being formed. The Armed Forces are not alone. Our commandos, former soldiers and civilians, are willing to defend our democracy from the international communism that has infiltrated our country. The Armed Forces and the peace-loving people will fight it. Our mission is to persecute, investigate, and deliver ghosts to any security organization. We are neither combatants nor politicians. We are concerned about terrorists, drug traffickers, pickpockets, and all those who are a danger to citizens and the national security. Our commandos do not fight with arms, but we are willing to defend ourselves if necessary. Forward, Armed Forces! The Ghost Busters are with you! Long live the Salvadoran Army!

Hail to those who have fallen in combat! Ghost Busters No. 1! The Ghost Busters with the Army! The Ghost Busters for the Salvadoran people!

[Guidelines]

HOSTAGE TIPS

From a leaflet recently distributed by the Chase Manhattan Bank to its employees.

In the event you are ever involved in a hijacking, the action of each individual could be very important for your personal survival. Some suggested behavioral practices, actions, or attitudes are shown in the following dos and don'ts:

1. Do be extremely courteous and polite to the terrorists.
2. Do talk in a normal voice. Avoid whispering when talking to other hostages or raising your voice when talking to a terrorist.

3. Do not confide in fellow passengers.
4. Do not complain, act belligerently, or be non-cooperative when dealing with the terrorists or other hostages.
5. Do not refuse any favors offered by the terrorists. This includes offers of food, beverage, and tobacco, but try to limit consumption.
6. Comply with all orders and instructions.
7. Do not debate, argue about, or discuss political issues with the terrorists or among the hostages.
8. Do not deliberately turn your back to a terrorist, particularly not to the terrorist leader.
9. Do keep calm at all times. Avoid threatening or sudden movement.
10. If interrogated, answer all questions consistent with the identification and documentation you are carrying.
11. Do not worry about your family. They have been notified, are being kept up to date as to your situation, and are being cared for.
12. Do remember that negotiations and rescue plans are in progress for your benefit. Avoid participation in negotiations.
13. Do be always alert for signs and signals from outside rescue efforts.
14. Relax—prepare yourself, mentally, physically, and emotionally for a long ordeal.

[Test Questions]

FINDING NEW YORK'S FINEST

From a multiple-choice examination given to applicants to the New York City Police Department. According to department officials, the test measures skills necessary for police work and is designed to be free of bias against any racial or ethnic group. Although questions have been raised about the test's rigor, the passing grade was recently lowered from 89 to 85.

Answer [this] question solely on the basis of the following information.

Harassment occurs when a person annoys or alarms another person, but does not intend or cause physical injury.

Menacing occurs when a person threatens to cause serious physical injury to another person, but does not cause a serious physical injury.

Assault occurs when a person causes physical injury to another person.

After a softball game, team members from both the Tigers and Bombers go over to the local bar



From Punch, the English weekly.

to drink a few beers. While there, Gardner, the third baseman for the losing Tigers, gets into a heated argument with Carter, the Bombers' winning pitcher. Gardner threatens Carter, then picks up an empty beer bottle and smashes it over Carter's head, causing a serious head injury to Carter.

Based on the definitions above, Gardner should be charged with

- | | |
|----------------|--------------|
| (A) Harassment | (C) Assault |
| (B) Menacing | (D) no crime |

Police Officer Morrow is writing an Incident Report. The report will include the following four sentences:

1. The man reached into his pocket and pulled out a gun.
2. While on foot patrol, I identified a suspect, who was wanted for six robberies in the area, from a wanted picture I was carrying.
3. I drew my weapon and fired six rounds at the suspect, killing him instantly.
4. I called for back-up assistance and told the man to put his hands up.

The most logical order for the above sentences to appear in the report is

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| (A) 2, 3, 4, 1 | (C) 4, 1, 2, 3 |
| (B) 4, 1, 3, 2 | (D) 2, 4, 1, 3 |

The following five sentences are part of a report of a burglary written by Police Officer Reed:

1. When I arrived at 2400 1st Avenue, I noticed that the door was slightly open.
2. I yelled out, "Police, don't move!"
3. As I entered the apartment, I saw a man with a TV set passing it through the window to another man standing on a fire escape.
4. While on foot patrol, I was informed by the radio dispatcher that a burglary was in progress at 2400 1st Avenue.
5. However, the burglars quickly ran down the fire escape.

The most logical order for the above sentences to appear in the report is

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| (A) 1, 3, 4, 5, 2 | (C) 4, 1, 3, 2, 5 |
| (B) 4, 1, 3, 5, 2 | (D) 1, 4, 3, 2, 5 |

Police Officer Jones is told to notify his Command when he observes dangerous conditions:

For which one of the following should Police Officer Jones notify his Command?

- (A) A motorist stalled in a bus stop preventing a bus from discharging passengers.
- (B) A parking sign that has been painted over.
- (C) A car's burglar alarm that has gone off late at night.
- (D) Smoke coming from the first floor window of an apartment building.

Answer [this] question solely on the basis of the following statement:

A Police Officer is sometimes assigned to control the flow of traffic.

Police Officer Gaston is assigned to direct traffic at 15th Street and 17th Avenue. While directing traffic, Police Officer Gaston observes a man with dark glasses using a white cane with a red tip step off the curb and continue walking against the red light.

What should Police Officer Gaston do?

- (A) Allow the man to continue walking, then issue him a summons for jaywalking.
- (B) Yell out to a bystander to bring the man back to the curb.
- (C) Stop all traffic, because the man is blind.
- (D) Call for an ambulance because the man is sick.

[List]

THE KGB'S TOP FIFTEEN

From Soviet Acquisition of Militarily Significant Western Technology, a study released by the Defense Department in September. The study ranks U.S. defense contractors according to the priority the Soviet Union places on acquiring the technology each company is developing. The rank of the company or institution in the dollar value of its 1983 Pentagon contracts is given at right.

Soviet rank	Dollar rank
1. General Electric	4
2. Boeing	5
3. Lockheed	6
4. Rockwell International	3
5. McDonnell Douglas	2
6. Westinghouse Electric	14
7. Martin Marietta	12
8. General Dynamics	1
9. Allied (Bendix)	27
10. Du Pont	80
11. United Technologies (Pratt & Whitney)	7
12. Honeywell	21
13. Massachusetts Institute of Technology	71
14. General Motors	23
15. Hughes Aircraft	9

[Form Letter]

AIDS OUTLAWS

From a letter hand-delivered to AIDS patients in San Antonio last October. According to the San Antonio Metropolitan Health District office, the letter was prompted by the discovery that three prostitutes who have AIDS (and who are addicted to heroin) were continuing to work in the city. The letter appeared in the December 2, 1985, issue of Sexuality Today: The Professional's Newsletter on Human Sexuality.

Dear (Patient's Name):

While local patients with AIDS have, until now, been acting responsibly in avoiding those practices which can lead to the transmission of the AIDS virus to others, I now have reports that at least three diagnosed AIDS patients have indicated their intent to act recklessly in their contacts with others, without regard for the health implications which such conduct has for those who unsuspectingly become involved with them. In an effort to forestall such a dangerous pattern of activities, I am resorting to the provisions of Article 4419B-1 of the Texas Civil Statutes in writing this letter to you.

You are hereby ordered to refrain from any activities which could lead to the spread of the AIDS virus.

Specifically, you must not engage in sexual intercourse with anyone not having a confirmed diagnosis of AIDS. You must not share the use of needles with another. You must not donate blood, blood products, semen [in the case of female recipients, the word *semen* was deleted], blood organs, or other tissues. You must make the fact that you are a diagnosed AIDS patient known to physicians, dentists, and others with whom you consult as a patient on a professional basis. Included are ophthalmologists, optometrists, and other practitioners having contact with eyes or tears.

Failure to comply with this order will result in the imposition of any necessary control measures as provided for in the Communicable Disease Prevention and Control Act. Also, such failure is punishable as a third-degree felony.

Please accept this letter in the spirit in which it is intended, and assist me in my efforts to protect the public health.

Thank you for your cooperation and assistance.

Sincerely,

Dr. Courand N. Rothe
Director of Health
San Antonio Metropolitan
Health District

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London Symphony/Davis. Philips DIGITAL 115097

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Rudolf Serkin; London Sym./Abbado. DG DIGITAL 115062

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[Script]

AUNT DAN DEFENDS DR. K.

From Aunt Dan & Lemon, a new play by Wallace Shawn, starring Linda Hunt. After opening in London last summer, Aunt Dan moved to New York's Public Theater in October. Shawn was the co-author and co-star of My Dinner with André. The script of Aunt Dan & Lemon was recently published by Grove Press.

AUNT DAN: Susie, I'm simply saying that it's terribly easy for us to criticize. It's terribly easy for us to sit here and give our opinions on the day's events. And while we sit here in the sunshine and have our discussions about what we've read in the morning papers, there are these certain other people, like Kissinger, who happen to have the very bad luck to be society's leaders. And while we sit here chatting, they have to do what has to be done. And so we chat, but they do what they have to do. They do what they have to do. And if they have to do something, they're prepared to do it. Because I'm very sorry, if you're in a position of responsibility, that means you're responsible for doing whatever it is that has to be done. If you're on the outside, you can wail and complain about what society's leaders are doing. Go ahead. That's fine. That's your right. That's your privileged position. But if you are the one who's in power, if you're responsible, if you're a leader, you don't have that privilege. It's your job to do it. Just to do it. Do it. Do it. Don't complain, don't agonize, don't moan, don't wail. Just do it. Everyone will hate you. Fine. That's their right. But you have to do it. Of course, you're defending *those very people*. They're the ones you're defending. But do you expect to be *understood*? You must be nuts! You must be crazy!—insane! All day long you're defending *them*—defending, defending, defending—and your reward is, they'll spit in your face! All right—so be it. That's the way it is. The joy of leadership. But you can bet that what Kissinger says when he goes to bed at night is, Dear God, I wish I were nothing. Dear God, I wish I were a little child. I wish I were a bird or a fish or a deer living quietly in the woods. I wish I were anything but what I am. I am a slave, but they see me as a master. I am sacrificing my life for them, but they think I'm scrambling for power for myself. For myself! Myself! None of it is for myself. I have no self. I am a leader—that means I am a slave, I am less than dirt. They think of themselves. I don't. They think, What would I like? What would be nice for me? I think, What has to be done? What is the thing I *must* do? I

don't think, What would be nice for me to do? No. No. Never. Never. Never that. Only, What is the thing I *must* do? What is the thing I *must* do? (Silence.) And then these filthy, slimy worms, the little journalists, come along, and it is so far beyond their comprehension—and in a way it's so unacceptable to them—that anyone could possibly be motivated by dreams that are loftier than their own pitiful hopes for a bigger byline, or a bigger car, or a girlfriend with a bigger bust, or a house with a bigger game room in the basement, that, far from feeling gratitude to this man who has taken the responsibility for making the most horrible, shattering decisions, they feel they can't rest till they make it impossible for him to continue! They're out to stop him! Defying the father figure, the big daddy! Worms! Worms! How *dare* they attack him for killing peasants. What decisions did *they* make today? What did *they* have to decide, the little journalists? What did *they* have to decide? Did they decide whether to write one very long column or two tiny little columns? Did they decide whether to have dinner at their favorite French restaurant or to save a little money by going to their second-favorite French restaurant instead? Cowards! Cowards! If anyone brought them a decision that involved human life, where people would die whatever they decided, they would run just as fast as their little legs would carry them. But they're not afraid of trying to stop *him*, of making people have contempt for *him*, of stirring up a storm of loathing for *him*, of keeping him so busy fending off their attacks that he can't breathe, he can't escape, he just has to collapse or resign! I would love to see these cowards face up to some of the consequences of their murder of our leaders! I would love to see them face some of the little experiences our leaderless soldiers face when they suddenly meet the North Vietnamese in the middle of the jungle. That might make the little journalists understand what they were doing, the little cowards. Have they ever felt a bayonet go right through their chest? Have they ever felt a knife rip right through their guts? Would they be sneering then, would they be thinking up clever ways to mock our leaders? No, they'd be squealing like pigs, they'd be begging, begging, "Please save me! Please help me!" I would love to be hiding behind a tree watching the little cowards screaming and bleeding and shitting in their pants! I would love to be watching! Those slimy cowards. So let's see them try to make some decisions. Let's see them decide that people have to die. They wouldn't have the faintest idea what to do. But they just sit in their offices and write their little columns. They just sit in their offices and toss them off. Well, do you think Kissinger is just sitting in *his* office casually mak-



"Niagara Power Project," by John Pfahl, in *New American Photography*, a catalogue published by the Los Angeles County Museum of Art.

ing his *decisions*? Do you think he makes those decisions lightly? What do you think? Do you think he just sits in his office and tosses them off? Do you think he just makes them in two minutes between bites of a sandwich?

[Essay]

DERRIDA: RACISM'S LAST WORD

From "Racism's Last Word," by Jacques Derrida, in the Autumn 1985 issue of *Critical Inquiry*. Derrida is professor of philosophy at the *Ecole des hautes études en sciences sociales* in Paris, and the author of *Writing and Difference* and *Of Grammatology*, among other works. This essay, which was written for the catalogue of an art exhibit on apartheid, was translated by Peggy Kamuf.

APARTHEID—may that remain the name from now on, the unique appellation for the ultimate racism in the world, the last of many.

May it thus remain, but may a day come when it will only be for the memory of man.

THE LAST, or *le dernier*, as one sometimes says in French in order to signify "the worst." What one is doing in that case is situating the extreme of baseness, just as in English one might say "the lowest of the . . ." It is to the lowest degree, the last of a series, but also that which comes along at the end of a history, or in the last analysis, to carry out the law of some process and reveal the thing's truth, here finishing off the essence of evil, the worst, the essence at its very worst—as if there were something like a racism *par excellence*, the most racist of racisms.

THE LAST, as one says also of the most recent, the last to date of all the world's racisms, the oldest and the youngest. For one must not forget that although racial segregation didn't wait for the name *apartheid* to come along, that name became its *watchword* and won its title in the political code of South Africa only at the end of the Second World War. At a time when all racisms on the face of the earth were condemned, it was in the world's face that the National Party dared to campaign "for the separate development of each race in the geographic zone assigned to it."

Since then, no tongue has ever translated this name—as if all the languages of the world were defending themselves, shutting their mouths against a sinister incorporation of the thing by

means of the word, as if all tongues were refusing to give an equivalent, refusing to let themselves be contaminated through the contagious hospitality of the word-for-word. Here, then, is an immediate response to the obsessiveness of this racism, to the compulsive terror which, above all, forbids contact. The white must not let itself be touched by black, be it even at the remove of language or symbol. Blacks do not have the right to touch the flag of the republic. In 1964, South Africa's Ministry of Public Works sought to assure the cleanliness of national emblems by means of a regulation stipulating that it is "forbidden for non-Europeans to handle them."

APARTHEID: by itself the word occupies the terrain like a concentration camp. System of partition, barbed wire, crowds of mapped-out solitudes. Within the limits of this untranslatable idiom, the glaring harshness of abstract essence (*heid*) seems to enter another realm of abstraction, that of confined separation. The word concentrates separation, raises it to another power, and sets separation itself *apart*: "apartitionality," something like that. By isolating "being apart" in some sort of essence or hypostasis, the word corrupts it into a quasi-ontological segregation. At every point, like all racisms, it tends to pass segregation off as natural. Such is the monstrosity of this political idiom.

Surely, an idiom should never incline toward racism. It often does, however, and this is not altogether fortuitous: there's no racism without a language. The point is not that acts of racial violence are only words but rather that they have to have a word. Even though it offers the excuse of blood, color, birth—or, rather, *because* it uses this naturalist and sometimes creationist discourse—racism always betrays the perversion of man, the "talking animal." It institutes, declares, writes, inscribes, prescribes. A system of marks, it outlines space in order to assign forced residence or to close off borders. It does not discern, it discriminates.

THE LAST, finally, since this last-born of many racisms is also the only one surviving in the world, at least the only one still parading itself in a political constitution. It remains the only one on the scene that dares to say its name and to present itself for what it is: a legal defiance taken on by *homo politicus*, a juridical racism and a state racism.

This name apart will have, therefore, a unique, sinister renown. *Apartheid* is famous, in sum, for manifesting the lowest extreme of racism, its end and the narrow-minded self-sufficiency of its intention, its eschatology, the death rattle of what is already an interminable agony, something like the setting in the West of racism, and of racism as a Western thing.

[Lecture]

WHERE 'DIS' AND 'DAT' CAME FROM

From The Language of the American South, by Cleanth Brooks, published by the University of Georgia Press. The volume consists of the 1984 Lamar Memorial Lectures, which Brooks delivered at Mercer University in Atlanta. Brooks is Gray Professor of Rhetoric Emeritus at Yale University.

Some years ago I bought from a British bookseller a little paperback pamphlet which purported to give the King James version of the *Song of Solomon* as it would have been spoken by a countryman or villager of Sussex, a county about forty or fifty miles south of London. Here is the way the Sussex version begins:

De song of songs, dat is Solomon's,
Let him kiss me wud de kisses of his mouth; for
yer love is better dan wine.

Cause of de smell of yer good intments, yer
naüm is lik intment tipped out; derefore de maid-
ens love ye. . . .

Look not upan me, cause I be black, cause de
sun has shoun upan me; my mother's childun was
mad wud me; dey maüd me kipper of de vineyards;
but my own vineyard I han't kipt.

Now, this pamphlet was not printed until 1860, and I can assure you that the villagers and the countrymen of this essentially rural county had probably never seen a black man, let alone heard one speak, in their entire lives. If the resemblances between the Sussex dialect of 1860 and the Negro dialect of the Southern states just before the Civil War do amount to something more than pure happenstance, then what is the nature of the relationship? Clearly the men of Sussex did not derive their dialect from the American blacks. Did the black people of our Southern states, then, derive their dialect from the dialects of such English counties as Sussex? If so, what was the link?

The only link I can conceive of is this: the Englishmen who emigrated to the Southern states and from whom the blacks necessarily had to learn their English—from whom else could they have learned it?—must have come predominantly from the counties of southern England.

Yet the proof, even if I had it fully in hand, cannot be presented succinctly—certainly not in the course of this lecture. What I propose to do, therefore, is to take up only one of the most striking features common to both the earlier Sussex dialect and the "broadest" Southern dialect I can think of, namely, that of Joel Chan-

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dler Harris's famous Uncle Remus, and see what grounds there may be for taking the resemblances seriously as evidence of a causal relationship. The pronunciation of *the*, *this*, and *that*, as *de*, *dis*, and *dat* is the feature I have in mind.

One thing one needs to know is what the English county dialects were like back in the seventeenth century, when emigration to the American colonies was going on. Although the scholars of an earlier day were not much interested in giving an exact account of them, a feature as special as this one had a good chance of being noticed early, and this one was. William Bullokar, himself a Sussex man, mentions it as a pronunciation used in east Sussex and Kent. Bullokar was born about 1530. So we have every reason to believe that *de*, *dis*, and *dat* were being used in Sussex as early as the Tudor age. Thus, any of the common folk of east Sussex and the neighboring county of Kent who set out for Virginia or the Carolinas might have brought such a pronunciation with them.

If one of you assumes that this was a lower-class idiom, and that there were noblemen from this part of England who must have spoken the standard language and no dialect at all, I must tell you that the facts are heavily against any such supposition. At this time the standard language had hardly settled down to a generally acknowledged form. Sir Walter Raleigh, we are told, even at Elizabeth's court spoke broad Devonshire to his dying day. Besides, the younger sons of English peers were few enough in the new American colonies.

So *de*, *dis*, and *dat* go at least as far back as the early sixteenth century. Moreover, these forms are attested to not merely in the little book of 1860 from which I have quoted but by other authorities: W. P. Parish in 1887, Alexander J. Ellis in 1889, and Joseph Wright in 1905. Since these authorities indicated that the *d*-forms were already extinct in Kent and almost so in Sussex, one might assume that they had totally died out by the beginning of our century. But the latest survey of the English dialects indicates that in the 1960s *d*-forms still survived, though barely, in Kent as well as in Sussex.

So much for the English side. What about America? In particular, is there any evidence that white men living in the Southern states ever used these pronunciations? There is. In a study of the dialect of east Alabama published early in this century, L. W. Payne records that some of them did, especially elderly people living in rural neighborhoods. Payne, naturally in his day, interpreted that fact as a borrowing by the whites from the blacks. But the fact that the borrowers were elderly and living out in the country far from centers of population and often

without much schooling points to the reverse circumstance: the dying out of an earlier form.

In any case, Sumner Ives, in a study published in 1954, records that *de*, *dis*, and *dat* were still to be heard in the South from the lips of elderly people, including elderly white people. His information comes from the field records of *The Linguistic Atlas of the United States*. In a recent letter to me, Raven McDavid, an editor of *The Linguistic Atlas*, told me that he knew of two educated white Southerners who still used *de*, *dis*, and *dat*.

Why, then, have such forms persisted among the blacks while almost completely vanishing among the whites? The answer should be obvious. The blacks, who were at first denied education and later on got only a rather poor and limited "book learning," held on to what their ancestors had learned by ear and which had been passed on to them through oral tradition. In short, they rather faithfully preserved what they had heard, were little influenced by spelling, and in general actually served as a conservative force.

To say this is not at all to deny that the blacks influenced the language—through their intonation, through their own rhythms, through the development of striking metaphors, new word coinages, and fresh idioms. It should, however, free them from the charge that they corrupted and perverted the pronunciation of "pure English."

[Oral Histories]

WAITRESS STORIES

From Waitress: America's Unsung Heroines, by Leon Elder and Lin Rolens, published by Capra Press.

EDDI FREDERICK (*a posh seaside hotel*): I enjoy the closeness amongst the waitresses. I think it comes from suffering the same indignations and receiving the same pleasures.

As for the customers, I don't like them as well in the morning as I do in the afternoon. People are very peculiar in the morning and they forget that I just woke up too. They want their coffee, lots of coffee, and they are crabby until they get it. People have the weirdest breakfast habits; they invent weird combinations—powdered sugar and berries, or melon and honey. Everything is such a big decision—one egg, one piece of toast, one piece of bacon. And they have these amazing and very serious rituals about eating their eggs—everything from

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Well, let me back up just a little. For over a year now we've been researching into what we've come to call *The SuperInvestor Files*. And so far we've come up with twenty-two great little investing numbers that your broker—if you have one—probably doesn't even know much about. And the first one we've put into plain English is The TED Spread.

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Edgar 28.



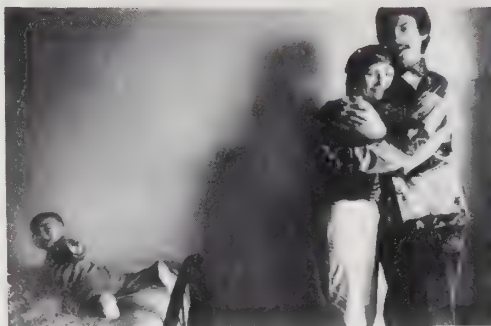
Edgar looks splendid here. His power and strength of character come through. He is a very private person who is not demonstrative of affection; that has never made me unhappy. I accept him as he is.

We are totally devoted to each other.

Regina Goldstone

Dear Jim:

May you be as lucky in marriage!



Me and Bobby been together for
two weeks and we're still happy
Susie on 54

From Rich and Poor, a collection of photographs by Jim Goldberg, published by Random House. Goldberg asks his subjects to write their comments on the prints.

using catsup on scrambled eggs to dipping their toast in fried-egg yolks. To me an egg is an egg, but because this is a fancy place, they come in all dressed up expecting something exciting. Sometimes they even want breakfast served in courses.

You have a funny kind of power working in a fancy place. Sometimes, the customers think you must be as classy as the restaurant and they want to impress you with their good manners. After all, what else are manners for?

I can tell when people know how to order and when they don't. I know when people order spinach salad because they love spinach salad and I know when they're cheap or afraid to try anything new. Sometimes I say, "We usually serve that as an appetizer; it is very small." Also, I won't make much if they order small things, so I try to sell them and applaud them for eating a lot or trying new things, like the manta ray. When I first started, I would get so excited when people ate the best things I would say, "Oh, good."

I haven't served any Conga fish, but then I don't know much about it. I don't think anyone outside of the Cousteau Society knows much about the Conga fish.

Nouvelle portions are small but beautiful to look at, pleasing to taste. One man said, "Nouvelle, hell. This isn't enough to fill up a midget." I said that I guessed the portions were kind of controversial, and he said, "Controversial, huh? You don't get enough to eat, you don't come back. Simple as that." I told my boss and he said, "If they want to eat a lot, they should go to a smorgasbord."

For uniforms, we wear the modified tuxedo. Polyester, rain or shine, and when the weather is hot, it's a little torture chamber. Before opening every day, we all line up and the maitre d' looks us over, checks our aprons, and makes us turn them over if they have a spot on them.

I enjoy the whole experience of serving food I am proud of in beautiful surroundings. Also, it's a good experience to serve; I think everybody should have to serve sometime in their life.

Something that I have learned is not to judge people by the tip they give you. I no longer think, "What crumbs—they only left me ten percent." I've learned to accept what comes.

The best tippers are usually men between thirty and fifty who wear designer clothes and dine with other men. Women have a hundred reasons for not tipping well: either you are too pretty or threatening, or they do this at home for free, or they are saving their money to buy something after finishing lunch with their friends.

I want to say one more thing. I mostly feel elegant about what I am doing, working in a beautiful restaurant; it is not something to be

scoffed at. Some people I know act as though I should be just a little embarrassed by doing this, and it makes me angry. I'm learning a great deal about people and giving, and I'm saving material for short stories I'm going to write.

SHELLEY BATES (*a seaside restaurant*): The trick here is to keep sand out of the food, but nobody cooperates. People track it in—it's in their clothes, their hair, even their eyebrows. And then they complain about gritty chowder.

JENNIFER KOUTLAS (*a neighborhood sports bar*): I like men with a sense of humor. Amuse me and I'll amuse you. They tease and I tease right back. When some guy says, "What time do you get off?" I tell him, "About an hour after I quit work." That naturally stops them. This work is good for the laughs.

MARY SONG (*a country café*): I've had other jobs like office work, but that was a drag. I always come back to this because I like the public and the goings-on. I just like taking care of people; I have a husband and four kids still at home and I wait on them too.

I've been here since 1972, over twelve years. We get mostly old-timers here. In fact, they used to call this place the boardroom because all the farmers and politicians gathered here and talked over the business of the county. A lot of our customers are regulars. If they don't want their regular breakfast, they had better tell me when they come in the door because I'll have their order hanging by the time they sit down.

I never tell anybody off. I come from the old school. One guy did proposition me once. I asked him why he thought he had the right to do that—he wouldn't proposition a nurse or supermarket checker. You have to be friendly to be a waitress and people will sometimes mistake that friendliness, but that doesn't happen too often.

My legs and feet hold up real well. The other day my feet hurt, but then I realized I'd written ninety-eight checks that day. We do a lot of side work here too; it takes an hour of our day. On Tuesdays we rotate the catsups and mustards and Fantastik the tables. Wednesdays we wash the windows, clean under the coffee machines, and do all the booths. Thursdays we wash all the salt and pepper shakers, and Fridays we wash the sugar holders. On Saturdays we just try to keep up with the customers.

DESTI CENTINEO (*a truck stop*): I may look like a chicken with my head cut off, but I really know what I'm doing: I've got eleven tables working right now.

I might have made better tips at Carrow's or Denny's, but I was just a dime a dozen there. It's

different here because it's family owned. They know their business depends on you, and you get the respect. We even got a Christmas bonus.

I've heard every dirty joke in the world. The truckers treat me like one of their own; we're all working class together. You know the difference between a toilet seat and a waitress? A toilet seat only waits on one asshole at a time.

AMY FERGUSON (*a bar-restaurant*): One place I worked, we had a good-natured, tough old waitress who took dozens of vitamins with each meal and smoked Gauloises. She didn't take anything off anybody, and when some jerk just wouldn't treat her like a human being, she'd smile her warmest smile, look directly into the guy's eyes, and say, "Fuck you very much, sir." They could never quite believe they'd heard it.

SUSAN MONTANYE (*a bar*): Last week we said goodbye to a waitress who'd been here for years. We took her into the alley out back and burned her skirt so she'd never have to wear it or wash it again. It was polyester, and instead of burning it just melted away kind of sad. Waitresses can be so good to each other.

[Narrative]

A RAPE

From "Breaking Silence: One Woman's Account of Rape," in *IRIS: A Journal About Women*, No. 13, a biannual magazine affiliated with the women's studies program at the University of Virginia. The author, who wishes to remain anonymous, has changed the names of places and individuals.

A 20-year-old [college name] student was allegedly raped early this morning in [city] after a man who had crawled into the back seat of her car surprised her and ordered her to drive to a side street. County police said the victim was returning to her residence at 1:42 A.M. when the rapist confronted her. The man, wielding a gun, directed her to drive to [name of road], where the rape occurred. Following the attack, the victim ran to a [name of road] residence where she called the police. [City] police are investigating the rape, county police said this morning.

This newspaper account of a rape was printed in a college town daily on April 18, 1980, and the rape victim referred to in the account is me. It is still not easy to claim that experience as my own. How do you say it: I was raped? The rape

victim was me? The story about rape refers to me? The rape was of my person? I am having a hard time with this simple acknowledgment. All I see is this abstract grammatical construction, like a sentence diagram, that goes: subject—rapist; verb—rape; object—me. *Rape* is just a word like any other word. If you say it ten times fast it will start to sound silly.

For five years I didn't talk to many people about my rape. I denied that it had had any effect at all. Now, though, I want to understand what happened to me and what it means that rape is a threat to every woman. If I'm to talk to someone about my experience of rape, it's important that I give the details, so that my experience isn't confused with any preconceived ideas. In order to understand what rape means, more people need to say what rape is.

I left Rhonda's just past midnight, David and Trish in the front seat of the car with me. Trish's car was parked on campus, so I dropped her and David there.

Said to Trish, "See you when we get home." Was told to drive carefully. Started home.

Was pulling over to the right of Clay Boulevard, to make a right turn onto Tyler Avenue. Heard noises in the back seat. Before I could react, I heard a voice.

"Just keep driving. I have a gun. You don't want me to use it, do you?"

I reacted—muffled scream. Turned around—man crouched in the back.

"Turn right here," he said.

I turned. I looked at the car door.

He locked the car door.

"Do what I say and you won't get hurt," he said. "I want simplicity. I won't hurt you if you do what I say. Feel that, that's a gun." He pushed the gun into the base of my skull.

"I thought your friends were gonna see me," he said. I looked in the rearview mirror—where's Trish's car? No cars behind me. He pushed the rearview mirror up.

"Turn left here," he said. This was at the 7-Eleven. "Don't do anything stupid," he said. "Just do what I say. I just want simplicity. Light me a cigarette."

I lit the cigarette and moved my pocketbook to the left, between the car door and me. "Just tell me what to do, I'll do anything you say, sir." He was surprised and pleased at the "sir."

"Keep driving," he said. "Were you all smoking reefer in there?"

"No. We were just drinking beer."

"Ugh." He grunted a lot.

I hesitated where I usually turn for home.

"You don't want me to use this gun, do you?" he said.

"No, sir," I said. "Stay right?" My voice was cracking.

"Are you afraid?" he said.

"Yes." We passed Jim Wheel's tavern.

"Just do what I say and I won't hurt you. I just want simplicity."

"Simplicity . . . what's that?" I asked. "I can't understand your words. I don't know what you're saying." He said something unintelligible.

By this point the car was weaving. I couldn't really drive. "I can't see very well," I said. "I'll do whatever you say but you're going to have to tell me. I want to do whatever you say."

"Shut up. I want simplicity."

"Where are you taking me?"

"There are trucks parked up ahead, on your left. Pull across the lot, beside the last truck."

What's going to happen now? Is he meeting someone? Am I going to die right here?

"What do you want?" I asked. "What are you going to do to me?"

"I'm gonna get some pussy," he said. "Do you understand that?" Then I understood that the whole time I had been hearing "simplicity," he had been saying "some pussy."

I was relieved—rape echoing in my mind felt better than murder. At the same time, I felt like my insides were dropping out.

"Take your clothes off," he said.

What was actually happening to me hit me in the face: I was about to be *raped*.

"I have a gun," he said. "You don't want me to hurt you, do you? Give me the keys."

I took my boots and socks off, then my sweater, then I unbuttoned my shirt and took my pants off. I was still hoping to find a moment when I could break away. I left my shirt and underwear on, thinking I could run away.

"Lie down and turn your head to the side."

"Which side? Like this?" My voice cracked—almost sobbing—then went into a high-pitched whine.

He climbed over the seat. Pants down around his hips. Work shoes. No underwear. Blue work pants. Dark blue jacket, zipped up. Couldn't see his face—couldn't turn my head that far. He eased himself on top of me, was straddling my body, on his knees. No weight on me. Saw my underwear.

"Are you gonna take your panties off, or do you want me to rip 'em off?" he said.

Remember thinking that line could be right out of a trashy novel. I pulled my underwear off.

He put the weight of his hips on me—not very heavy. His penis was very hard, pushed against me. Couldn't find my vagina. I couldn't see how he was going to enter me—bone dry.



What every man should know about abortion.

It's easy for men to have an opinion about abortion. We can always pretend it's not our problem.

But for many women, abortion involves more than an opinion. They face a *decision* about abortion. And that's harder and lonelier. They have to live with the consequences.

But that doesn't make abortion a "women's issue" any more than birth control is. Because no woman ever made herself pregnant. Men are responsible too.

So the public controversy over keeping abortion safe and legal concerns your freedom as well. To marry when and if you want. To decide with your partner to have children when you want them. If you want them. Yet an increasingly vocal and violent minority wants to outlaw abortion. For all women. Regardless of circumstances. Even if her life or health is endangered by a pregnancy. Even if she's a vic-

tim of rape or incest. Even if she's too young to be a mother.

But outlawing abortion won't stop it. Women have always had abortions when they've felt there's no other way. Even at the risk of being maimed or killed with a back-alley abortion.

Ironically, it's mostly men who want to outlaw abortion—men in the White House, in Congress, in the Courts. Many of them even want to ban contraceptives and sex education.

These people must know there's a man intimately involved in every unwanted pregnancy. Why don't they ever mention it?

Maybe they're hoping to buy your silence until it's too late. And they think you're too selfish to care. If you'd like to prove them wrong, start by returning the coupon.

The decision is yours.

☐ I've written my representatives in Congress to tell them I support: government programs that reduce the need for abortion by preventing unwanted pregnancy; and keeping safe and legal abortion a choice for all women.

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"Spread your legs more. Do what I say," he said.

There was some fumbling. He was getting frustrated and angry. I was more scared.

"Here, do you want me to help you?" I said.

"Yeah, you do it," he said. Like it was his idea.

I managed to put his penis inside of me. Moved in and out—not all the way—up and down. Must have had leverage from the way he was positioned. He wasn't very far inside of me and didn't hurt me much.

He had an orgasm but was still hard. While he collapsed for a few seconds all kinds of possibilities went through my head—ways to get away.

[Photogram]

VICTORIAN BLOOMS



COURTESY OF THE COLLECTION OF HANS P. KRAUS JR.

From *Sun Gardens: Victorian Photograms*, by Anna Atkins, with text by Larry J. Schaaf, published by *Aperture*. Atkins (1799–1871) was a British botanist and one of the first photographers. She illustrated her books on plants with photograms, an early form of photography. A photogram is made by exposing a sheet of chemically treated paper overlaid with a specimen and a plate of glass, to sunlight for a few minutes. Pictured here is *Papaver rhoeas*, the common corn poppy.

He pulled completely out of me and we talked for a couple of minutes.

"What's your name?" he asked.

I told him my first name.

"What's your last name?"

I told him my last name.

"You gonna tell the police," he said.

"No I won't," I said. I started crying. "I just want to go home."

"I'm not going to hurt you," he said. "Are you still afraid?"

"Yes. I just want to go home. Will you let me go home?"

"No," he said. "I want to cream again. After this time."

I started crying again. "Don't hurt me!" I screamed. The whole time I was afraid he had a knife.

He entered me. This time it hurt more—he was deeper inside of me and he groaned a lot. I tried to look at his face.

"Keep your head turned, girl. You don't want me to slap you around, do you? I'll slap you around."

"I didn't mean to look, I'm sorry," I said.

He finally came to an orgasm for the second time.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Seventeen," I said. I don't know why I lied, except that I was trying to give him the best answer, psychologically.

"No you're not."

"Yes I am. Will you let me go home now?"

"What grade you in?"

"Twelfth."

"Ugh," he said. "You gonna tell the police."

"No, I won't tell anyone. Just let me go home." I started crying.

Some of this conversation wasn't exactly in this order; some of it occurred while he was fucking me.

"You got a boyfriend?" he asked.

"No. I had one once."

"Was he white?"

"Yes. But this doesn't feel any different," I said.

"You ever done this before?" he asked.

"No. Yes." I was confused as to which answer would be better. "I just don't know what to do."

"Just do what I say. Feels good, huh? Never had a black cock before, huh?"

"No. But this feels the same. Can I go home now?"

"I just wanna cream one more time."

"You promised you'd let me go home," I said.

"I will. I wanna cream one more time first. I want you to cream too."

I tried to look at him, but I got caught.

"Turn your head, girl," he screamed.

"Please don't hurt me. Please let me go home."

"One more—you cream too," he said.

"I did the first time. You just didn't see," I said.

"I didn't see," he said. "One more time. Then you can go home."

"I don't believe you. Do you promise?"

"Yeah, I promise," he said.

"I still don't believe you. Promise?" I asked again.

"Yeah. Shut up."

This time he hurt me a lot and I felt rage—very hard to control. I thought about how to get away. Had my hand on the door handle but didn't know if the door was locked. Tried to reach the lock. Couldn't.

I moaned loudly.

"Yeah, you like it too, bitch," he said. "Let me see you. I want to see if you're fat."

"If I'm *what*?" I asked.

No answer. He stroked my chest and looked at me. I watched him do this. He struggled for a long time trying to reach an orgasm. Finally I pretended to have an orgasm and tried to push him away. He wasn't finished. I moaned some more. I don't know if he came or not. I assume so.

He collapsed onto me—all his weight.

"Let me go home now. I'll drive you anywhere you want to go. We better put on our clothes so nobody knows," I said. "I'll drive."

"Yeah, you drive," he said. "I can't drive anything 'cept my thing and that I can drive real well. I don't even have a license."

"I need my keys," I said.

"I'm going to go in the back seat again," he said. "Don't do anything stupid. I'm getting my gun."

He fumbled in his jacket pocket and handed me the keys.

"Light me another cigarette," he said.

I turned the key. Dear God, please start, I thought.

"How do I get out of here?" I asked.

I turned my headlights on.

"Go around these trucks," he said.

"It's muddy."

"You better hadn't get stuck. Uh, oh. You're gonna have to back up," he said.

I turned around but didn't look at him.

"I can't see," I said.

"Wait a minute," he said. He turned around and wiped the window with his left hand. I stared out and backed around.

"Turn right," he said. This put us on the road.

"Just tell me where you want to go. I'll take you anywhere."

He laughed.

He wanted me to turn into a little road on the left, but I missed it. Told me to turn around at the store. I got the door lock up while I was turning.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"Just keep driving. Shut up," he said.

"There are trucks parked on your left. Turn there."

"Isn't that where we already were before?" I asked.

"Shut up!" he screamed. "Pull down beside that last truck."

"What are you gonna do to me?" I asked.

"I'm gonna—"

I jumped out of the car. I screamed, "You motherfucking bastard," and ran.

He yelled something but I couldn't make it out. Halfway to the nearest house, I heard the car crash. The people at the house let me in. Called the police. Called Trish.

She didn't answer at first because she was out searching for me. When I finally reached her, and heard her voice, I started sobbing. "I've just been raped," I said. It seemed overwhelming to me that I had talked to Trish such a short while before, maybe an hour earlier, and that the world had been a different place.

At the hospital later that night, the nurses made me sit in a wheelchair. Trish, trying to make me feel less like an invalid, started playing around, and pushed me pretty fast down the hall. I remember feeling completely out of control and panicked, even though it was my best friend pushing the chair and I knew she would never hurt me.

During the two days following the rape I lost ten pounds. Later, my weight dropped much further. I felt like I'd never be able to eat enough to regain my strength.

I still sleep with a light on. I will not watch anything resembling a horror film. I methodically check to make sure no one is in my apartment when I return home. I check back seats of cars often—even when I know no one is there but feel like there might be someone anyway. I wonder if the fear will ever go away.

There are other, more damaging effects of the rape. I am capable of incredible passivity and subject to feelings of powerlessness. I distrust people, especially men. I have not been involved in an intimate sexual relationship since the rape. I have not even had sexual intercourse since then. I don't have much to say about these reactions. It is all frustrating and embarrassing and sad. I am actively working through these things, but I am nowhere near where I want to be. I can't just will myself there. Healing is different from that. Wholeness is different from being hardened.

[History]

READING AND ROLLING

From *Holy Smoke*, by G. Cabrera Infante, published last month by Harper & Row. The Cuban-born Infante, author of the novel *Infante's Inferno*, lives in England.

No cigars were ever rolled "on the thighs of beautiful negresses/that rolled them up as if amid caresses." Prosper Mérimée's canard was repeated by every writer who longed for the tropics and wanted to spend some quiet days in Cliché. But in *Carmen*, when Don José ventured inside the cigar factory, this is what he saw: all the cigar-rolling women were in their underwear, for they were gypsies. The really astounding sight in Havana cigar factories is not alluring *mulatas*, much less Negresses, rolling panatelas on their legs, but a group of some two, three, five hundred men working in total silence in the sultry air while, in front of the enormous room, perched on a platform, a man reads aloud from a book with firm and resounding voice. This man is the *lector de tabaquería*—lector, for short.

The factory is always a large shed or hangar with high open windows; it is peopled by columns and furnished with innumerable tables. Sitting at the tables are, let's say, five hundred *torcedores* (cigar rollers, from *trocer*, to twist). At one end of the *fabrica de tabacos* is the lector. Before the advent of the P.A. system, the reader with vocal strength was much sought after. If he could reach the far end of the room with his voice, he had the job.

The practice actually began in a Havana prison in the mid-nineteenth century, with a prisoner reading to his cellmates from *Don Quixote*: books were scarce then, prisoners plenty. Later, Jaime Partagas, the enterprising Catalan cigar manufacturer, introduced readings in his factories. The reader usually read the newspapers in the morning and books in the afternoon, mostly what were then considered literary masterpieces, like the novels of Galdos and Dumas and Zola. Special favorites read over and over were Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame of Paris* and Dumas's *The Count of Monte Cristo*—hence the famous brand of cigar, which proved to be a bigger treasure trove than the one Edmond Dantès found. Dumas and Zola smoked cigars and would have been delighted to know that their writings, albeit in translation, inspired many cigar rollers to make elaborate masterpieces destined, perhaps, to become poetic spirals in their mouths. Zola

might have thought this better than *les cuisses des négresses nues*. When Hugo learned that his novels were read to workers in Havana, he sent a letter of thanksgiving to Partagas. This was read to the *torcedores*, creating a circular relationship. When the first war of Cuban independence was raging in the late 1870s, a group of Cuban mothers in exile wrote to Hugo, begging him to intercede with the Spanish authorities "to put an end to the carnage." Hugo, who knew what exile and civil strife meant, wrote a moving political plaidoyer in the form of a "Letter to Cuban Mothers," which circulated among Cuban exiles until the end of the century.

Now this letter is forgotten, but not Hugo's novels. After 1959, the Castro regime used the lectors to spread what it thought would be propaganda. Perhaps Castro calculated that the cigars might smoke up into hammers and sickles in capitalist clubs. But the workers became listless on hearing the same Communist slogans that were heard everywhere in Cuba, over and over and never out. Worse still, they had to listen to novel after Soviet novel with five-year-plan plots in which the same hero smashed the ploys of capitalist villains. Finally, triumphant Hugo was permitted to come back in the form of the crookback Quasimodo, but not with *Les Misérables*, in which the ubiquitous policeman Javert haunts forever the former peasant Valjean in a continuing story of penury and revolt. These pages were perhaps too exemplary to be read to the *torcedores*, the most alert and well read of Cuban workers.

The best example of a European *lector de tabaquería* can be found in *I Remember Mama*. Here, an Englishman, Cedric Hardwicke, not yet a knight, entertains a poor Scandinavian family who, having settled in San Francisco at the turn of the century, cannot afford any form of entertainment other than being read to from a book. The pedantic Sir Cedric (an impeccable, implacable reader) keeps his small captive audience spellbound with his readings from a sure-fire tear-jerker, *A Tale of Two Cities*. As it happens, *Historia de dos ciudades* was a favorite with the toughest cigar workers until Fidel Castro banned its being read to "real revolutionary rollers." Sydney Carton was, as you certainly remember, a counterrevolutionary and a martyr. Who could ask for a worse hero for a revolution?

Gone are the days. Now Hugo is gone again and the reader at the microphone reads—*The Complete Works of Fidel Castro*. This consists mostly of speeches heard over and over on the radio, on television, at mass rallies: everywhere in Cuba. I witnessed this last avatar of the lector in a 1984 Thames Television program that had been shot in the factories of Havana. At the end of the speech (or of the reader's breath) there

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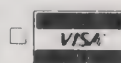
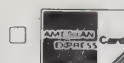
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was a queer, weird sound like a surf of steel waves. It was the rollers hitting the tabletops with their *chavetas*. It all looked and sounded like the time and tide of the knives. It was, yes, a fascist sound coming from among the loving leaves: fascism in the place of pleasure. Gone are the days, indeed!

[Essay]

THE TUMBLING OF WORMS

From *Next-to-Last Things: New Poems and Essays*, by Stanley Kunitz, published by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

Back in the thirties, in the midst of the Depression, I fled the city and moved to a Connecticut farm. It was the period of my first marriage. We lived in an old gambrel house, built about 1740, on top of a ridge called Wormwood Hill. I had bought the house, together with more than 100 acres of woodland and pasture, for \$500 down. It had no electricity, no heat, no running water, and it was in bad repair, but it was a great, beautiful house. I spent most of three years, working with my hands, making it habitable. At that time early American art and furniture were practically being given away. Poor as we were, we managed to fill the house with priceless stuff. We were so far from the city and from all signs of progress that we might as well have been living in another age.

One spring there appeared on the road, climbing up the hill, a man in a patchwork suit, with a battered silk hat on his head. His trousers and swallow-tailed coat had been mended so many times, with varicolored swatches, that when he approached us over the brow of the hill, he looked like a crazy quilt on stilts.

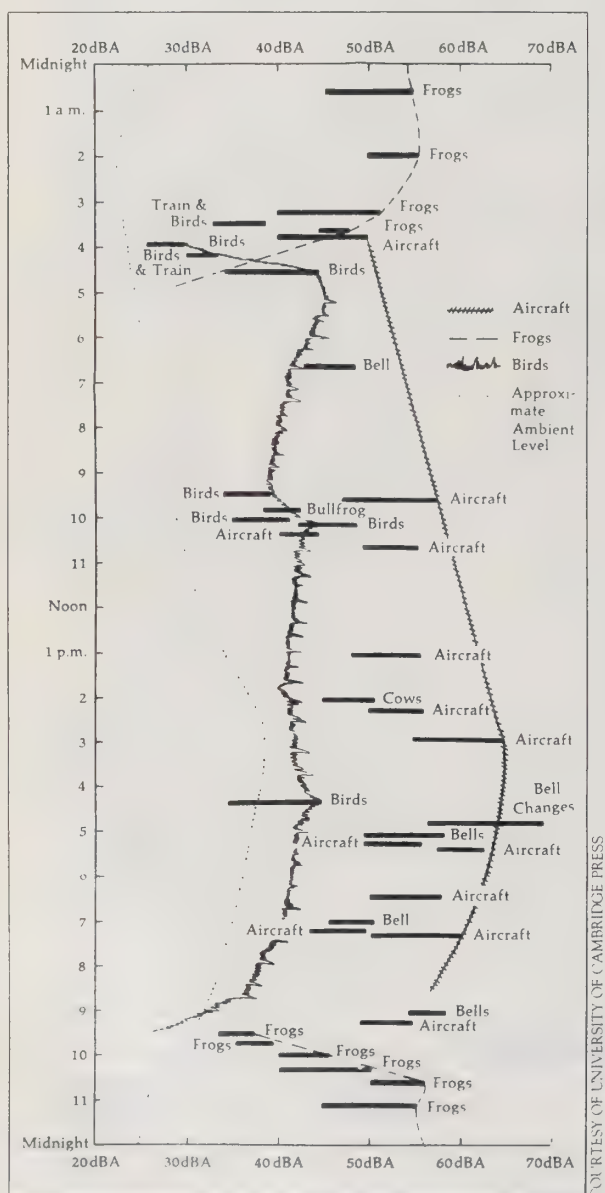
He was an itinerant tinker, dried-out and old, thin as a scarecrow, with a high, cracked voice. He asked for pots and pans to repair, scissors and knives to sharpen. In the shade of the sugar maples, which a colonel in Washington's army was said to have planted, he set up his shop and silently went to work on the articles I handed to him.

When he was done, I offered him lunch in the kitchen. He would not sit down to eat, but accepted some food in a bag. "I have been here before," he said to me quietly. On our way out, while we were standing in the front hall at the foot of the staircase, he suddenly cried, "I hear the worms tumbling in this house." "What do you mean?" I asked. He did not answer, but cupped his hands over his eyes. I took it as a bad omen, a fateful prophecy, about my house, my marriage. And so it turned out to be.

Sometime later I learned that my visitor was a legendary figure, known throughout the countryside as the Old Darned Man. He had been a brilliant divinity student at Yale, engaged to a childhood sweetheart, with the wedding set for the day after graduation. But on that

[Chart]

A COUNTRY SOUNDSCAPE



From *The Tuning of the World*, by R. Murray Schafer, published by the University of Pennsylvania Press. This chart shows the "sound events" recorded during one 24-hour period in the British Columbia countryside. The volume of each sound (shown on the horizontal axis) is given in decibels.

very day, while he waited at the church, the news was brought to him that she had run off with his dearest friend. Ever since then he had been wandering distractedly from village to village in his wedding clothes.

As for the worms, they belonged to a forgotten page in local history. Late in the nineteenth century the housewives of the region, dreaming of a fortune to be made, had started a cottage industry in silkworm culture, importing the worms from China. The parlors of every farmhouse were lined with stacks of silkworm trays, in which the worms munched on mulberry leaves, making clicking and whispering noises. That was the sound heard in my hall.

It's a story without a happy ending. The worms died; the dreams of riches faded; abandoned plows rusted in the farmyards; one breathless summer day a black-funneled twister wheeled up Wormwood Hill from the stricken valley, dismantling my house, my barn, my grove of sugar maples; the face of my bride darkened and broke into a wild laughter; I never saw the Old Darned Man again.

[Case History]

CUPID'S DISEASE

From *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat*, a collection of case histories by Oliver Sacks, published by Summit Books. Sacks is a neurologist.

A bright woman of ninety, Natasha K., recently came to our clinic. Soon after her eighty-eighth birthday, she said, she noticed "a change." What sort of change? we queried.

"Delightful!" she exclaimed. "I thoroughly enjoyed it. I felt more energetic, more alive—I felt young once again. I took an interest in the young men. I started to feel, you might say, 'frisky'—yes, frisky."

"This was a problem?"

"No, not at first. I felt well, *extremely* well. Why should I think anything was the matter?"

"And then?"

"My friends started to worry. First they said, 'You look radiant—a new lease on life!' But then they started to think it was not quite . . . appropriate. 'You were always so shy,' they said, 'and now you're a flirt. You giggle, you tell jokes. At your age, is that right?'"

"And how did you feel?"

"I was taken aback. I'd been carried along, and it didn't occur to me to question what was happening. But then I did. I said to myself: 'You're eighty-nine, Natasha, and this has been going on for a year. You were always so temper-

ate in feeling—and now this extravagance! You are an old woman, nearing the end. What could justify such a sudden euphoria?' And as soon as I thought of euphoria, things took on a new complexion. 'You're sick, my dear,' I said to myself. 'You're feeling too well. You have to be ill!'"

"Ill? Emotionally? Mentally ill?"

"No, not emotionally. Physically ill. It was something in my body, my brain, that was making me high. And then I thought, Goddamn it, it's Cupid's disease!"

"Cupid's disease?" I echoed blankly. I had never heard the term before.

"Yes. Cupid's disease—syphilis, you know. I was in a brothel in Salonika, nearly seventy years ago. I caught syphilis; lots of the girls had it—we called it Cupid's disease. My husband saved me, took me out, had it treated. That was years before penicillin, of course. Could it have caught up with me after all these years?"

There can be an immense latent period between the primary infection and the advent of neurosyphilis, especially if the primary infection has been suppressed, not eradicated. I had one patient, treated with Salvarsan by Ehrlich himself, who developed *tabes dorsalis*—one form of neurosyphilis—more than fifty years later. But I had never heard of an interval of *seventy* years, nor of a self-diagnosis of cerebral syphilis mooted so calmly and clearly.

"That's an amazing suggestion," I replied after some thought. "It would never have occurred to me. But perhaps you are right."

She was right; the spinal fluid was positive, she did have neurosyphilis, it *was* indeed the spirochetes stimulating her ancient cerebral cortex. Now the question of treatment arose. But here another dilemma presented itself, propounded, with typical acuity, by Mrs. K. herself. "I don't know that I *want* it treated," she said. "I know it's an illness, but it's made me feel *well*. I've enjoyed it; I still enjoy it, I won't deny it. It's made me feel livelier, friskier, than I have in twenty years. It's been fun. But I know when a good thing goes too far and stops being good. I've had thoughts, I've had impulses, I won't tell you, which are—well, embarrassing and silly. It was like being a little tiddly, a little tipsy, at first, but if it goes any further . . ." She mimed a drooling, spastic dement. "I guessed I had Cupid's; that's why I came to you. I don't want it to get worse; that would be awful. But I don't want it cured; that would be just as bad. I wasn't fully alive until the wriggles got me. *Do you think you could keep it just as it is?*"

We thought for a while, and our course, mercifully, was clear. We have given her penicillin, which has killed the spirochetes, but can do nothing to reverse the cerebral changes, the disinhibitions they have caused.

And now Mrs. K. has it both ways, enjoying a mild disinhibition, a release of thought and impulse, without any threat to her self-control or of further damage to her cortex. She hopes to live, thus reanimated, rejuvenated, to a hundred.

[Short Story]

IT HAD WINGS

By Allan Gurganus. From the Winter 1985 issue of the *Paris Review*. Gurganus's first novel, *Oldest Living Confederate Widow Tells All*, will be published by Alfred A. Knopf next year.

Find a little yellow side street house. Put an older woman in it. Dress her in that tatty favorite robe, pull her slippers up before the sink, have her doing dishes, gazing nowhere—at her own backyard. Gazing everywhere. Something falls outside, and loud. One damp thwunk into new grass. A meteor? She herself (retired from selling formal clothes at Wanamaker's, she herself a widow and the mother of three scattered sons, she herself alone at home a lot these days) goes onto tiptoe, leans across a sinkful of suds, sees out near her picnic table—something nude, white, overly long. It keeps shivering. Both wings seem damaged.

"No way," she says. It appears human. Yes, it is a male one. It's faceup and, you can tell, it is extremely male (uncircumcised). This old woman, pushing eighty, a history of aches, uses, fun, now presses one damp hand across her eyes. Blaming strain, the luster of new cataracts, she looks again. Still, it rests there on a bright air mattress of its own wings. Outer feathers are tough quills, broad at bottom as rowboat oars. The whole left wing bends too far under. It looks hurt.

The widow, sighing, takes up her mug of heated milk. Shaking her head, muttering, she carries the blue-willow cup out back. She moves so slow because: arthritis. It criticizes every step. It asks, about the mug she holds, Do you really need this?

She stoops, creaky, beside what can only be a young angel, unconscious. Quick, she checks overhead, ready for what?—some TV news crew in a helicopter? She sees only a sky of the usual size, a Tuesday sky stretched between weekends. She allows herself to touch this thing's white forehead. She gets a mild electric shock. Then, odd, her tickled finger joints stop aching. They've hurt so long. A practical person, she quick cures her other hand. The angel grunts

but sounds pleased. His temperature's a hundred and fifty, easy—but for him this seems somehow normal. "Poor thing," she says and—careful—pulls his heavy curly head into her lap. The head hums like a phone knocked off its cradle. She scans for neighbors—hoping they'll come out, wishing they wouldn't.

"I don't know. Will warm milk help?" She pours some down him. Her wrist brushes angel skin. This sticks the way an ice tray begs whatever touches it. A thirty year pain leaves her, enters him. Even her liver spots are lightening. He grunts with pleasure, soaking up all of it. Bold, she presses her worst hip deep into crackling feathers. The hip has been half-numb since a silly fall last February. All stiffness leaves her. He goes, "Unhh." Her griefs seem to fatten him like vitamins. She whispers private woes: the Medicare cuts, the sons too casual by half, the daughters-in-law not bad but not so great. These woes seem ended. "Nobody'll believe. Still, tell me some of it." She tilts nearer. Both his eyes stay shut but his voice—like clicks from a million crickets pooled—goes, "We're just another army. We all look alike—we didn't, before. It's not what you expect. We miss this other. Don't count on the next. Notice things here more. We wish we had."

"Oh," she says.

Nodding, she feels limber now, sure as any girl of twenty. Admiring her unspeckled hands, she helps him rise. Wings serve as handles. Kneeling on damp ground, she watches him go staggering toward her barbecue pit. He is certainly awkward, very awkward for an angel. The poor thing pulls himself onto her pit's blacked chimney. Standing, he is handsome, but as a vase is handsome. When he turns this way, she sees his eyes. They're silver; each reflects her: a speck, pink, on green green grass.

She now fears he plans to take her up, as thanks. She presses both palms flat to dirt, says, "The house is finally paid off—not just yet," and smiles.

Suddenly he's infinitely infinitely moreso. Silvery. Raw. Gleaming like a sunny monument, a clock. Each wing puffs, independent. Feathers sort and shuffle like three hundred packs of playing cards. Out flings either arm; knees dip low. Then up and off he shoves—one solemn grunt. Machete swipes cross her backyard, breezes cool her upturned face. Six feet overhead, he falters, whips in makeshift circles, manages to hold aloft then go shrub-high, get gutter-high. He avoids a messy tangle of phone lines now rocking from the wind of his wings. "Go, go," the widow, grinning, points the way up. "Do. Yeah, good." He signals back at her—left open-mouthed down here. First—a glinting man-shaped kite, next an oblong of aluminum

RETURN TO SENDER



These postage stamps were recently issued by St. Vincent as part of a "Leaders of the World" stamp series sponsored by a group of Caribbean nations. Also featured in the series are Michael Jackson and the 1963 Buick Riviera.

in sun. Now a new moon shrunk to decent star, one fleck, fleck's memory: usual Tuesday sky.

She kneels, panting, happier and frisky. She is hungry but must first rush over and tell Lydia next door. Then she pictures Lydia's worry lines bunching. Lydia will maybe phone the missing sons, "Come right home. Your Mom's so lonely, she's inventing . . . company."

Maybe other angels have dropped into other Elm Street backyards? Behind fences, did neighbors help earlier hurt ones? Folks keep so much of the best stuff quiet, don't they.

Palms on knees, she stands, wirier. This retired saleswoman was formal-gowns adviser to ten mayors' wives. She spent sixty years of nine-to-five on her feet. Scuffing indoors, staring down at terry slippers, she decides, "Got to wash these next week." Can a person who's just sighted her first angel already be mulling about laundry? Yes. The world is like that.

At her sink, looking out again, she sees her own blue-willow mug in grass. It rests in muddy ruts where the falling body struck so hard. A neighbor's collie keeps barking. (It saw!) Okay. This happened. "So," she says.

And plunges hands into dishwater, still warm. Heat usually helps her achy joints feel agile. But fingers don't even hurt now. Her bad hip doesn't pinch one bit. And yet, sad, they will. By supertime, they will again remind her of what usual suffering means. To her nimble underwater hands, the widow—staring straight

ahead—announces, "I helped. He flew off stronger. I really egged him on. Like *anybody* would've, really. Still, it was me. I'm not just somebody in a house. I'm not just somebody alone in a house. I'm not just somebody else alone in a house."

Feeling more herself, she finishes the breakfast dishes. In time for lunch. This old woman should be famous for all she's been through—today's angel, her years in sales, the sons and friends—she should be famous for her thorough life. She knows things, she has seen so much. She's not famous.

Still, the lady keeps gazing past her kitchen café curtains, she keeps studying her own small tidy yard. An anchor fence, the picnic table, a barbecue pit, new Bermuda grass. Hands braced on her sink's cool edge, she tips nearer the bright window. Just in case. She seems to be expecting something, expecting something decent. Her kitchen's clock is ticking. That dog still barks to calm itself. She keeps gazing out: nowhere, everywhere. Spots on her hands start darkening again. And yet, she whispers to whatever's next: "I'm right here. Ready for more."

Can you guess why this woman's chin is lifted? Why does she breathe as if to show exactly how it's done? Why should her shoulders, usually quite bent, brace so square just now?

She is guarding the world.
Only, nobody knows.



Jackie West (white coat), Industrial Safety Engineer, and other Sun employees who are volunteer firefighters in Marcus Hook, Pa.


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WHERE THERE'S  THERE'S ENERGY.

HOW NOT TO FIX THE SCHOOLS

The public schools of America long ago sank to a level of decrepitude guaranteeing them the sort of dogged scrutiny by blue-ribbon commissions reserved for a “crisis” both intolerable and permanent. The distinguished panel reports by now fill many shelves; but the standardized test scores, trumpeted as the unfailing indicator of the system’s health, continue to languish.

Like its predecessors, the Reagan Administration has proclaimed that improving education is a number-one priority; unlike them, it has succeeded in persuading the states to enact what it calls a “tidal wave” of reform. Purportedly designed to make the schools more “accountable,” these laws mandate more requirements and more standardized tests, further concentrating power in the state capitals. The reforms, aimed at an already heavily bureaucratic and inflexible system, propose to heal the patient by administering more of what made him sick.

What will this current wave of school reform actually achieve? What are the real problems of American schools, and why are they so intractable? What sorts of action would serve as the beginning of true reform? *Harper’s* invited education scholars, former government officials, a superintendent, a principal, and a high school teacher to consider how best to fix America’s schools—and how not to.

The following Forum is based on a discussion held at the Harvard Club in New York City.
Mark D. Danner served as moderator.

MARK D. DANNER
is senior editor of *Harper's*.

IVAN KRAKOWSKY
is chairman of the social studies department at Farmingdale High School in Nassau County, New York.
He has been a high school teacher for thirty years.

FLORETTA D. MCKENZIE
is superintendent of the District of Columbia public school system. She served as deputy assistant secretary in the Department of Education from 1979 to 1981.

ALBERT SHANKER
is president of the American Federation of Teachers.

ERNEST L. BOYER
is president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching and the author of its 1983 study, *High School: A Report on Secondary Education in America*. He was chancellor of the State University of New York from 1970 to 1977 and United States commissioner of education from 1977 to 1979.

WALTER KARP
is a contributing editor of *Harper's* and the author of *Indispensable Enemies* and *The Politics of War*.

A. GRAHAM DOWN
is executive director of the Council for Basic Education, a national advocacy group dedicated to improving liberal arts education in elementary and secondary schools.

THEODORE R. SIZER
is a professor of education at Brown University and the author of *Horace's Compromise: The Dilemma of the American High School*. He was headmaster of Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts, from 1972 to 1981.

DENNIS LITTKY
is principal of Thayer Junior/Senior High School in Winchester, New Hampshire. He created the Shoreham Wading River Middle School in Shoreham, N.Y., and served as principal there from 1972 to 1978.

Our nation is at risk. Our once unchallenged preeminence in commerce, industry, science, and technological innovation is being overtaken by competitors throughout the world. . . . [T]he educational foundations of our society are presently being eroded by a rising tide of mediocrity that threatens our very future as a Nation and a people. What was unimaginable a generation ago has begun to occur—others are matching and surpassing our educational attainments.

If an unfriendly foreign power had attempted to impose on America the mediocre educational performance that exists today, we might well have viewed it as an act of war. . . . We have, in effect, been committing an act of unthinking, unilateral educational disarmament.

MARK D. DANNER: These incendiary words are drawn from the opening paragraphs of *A Nation at Risk*, a report on America's schools, written

by the National Commission on Excellence in Education. The document was obviously intended to provoke a strong response, and it did: its publication in 1983 set off a heated national debate about the perilous condition of America's schools, a debate that quickly spread from the editorial pages to the state legislatures to the presidential debates the following year, culminating in a small library of books and follow-up reports.

What is most surprising, however, is the fact that *A Nation at Risk*, unlike most government reports, actually provoked significant changes in school policy, what the Department of Education called "a tidal wave of school reform."

As of 1984, forty-one states, following the report's recommendations, had stiffened high school graduation requirements; thirty-seven states had introduced new, presumably stricter student evaluation and testing programs; and

twenty states had increased the amount of required instruction time in their schools, by lengthening the school day, the school year, or both. And we could offer other examples.

Yet the general effect of the report's proposals can be summarized in one phrase: more of the same. The report takes the schools as they exist for granted, arguing that we need only add more requirements, more standardized testing, more hours spent in the classroom. A gross disparity seems to exist between the urgency of the crisis situation described in the report—the "rising tide of mediocrity"—and the comparative mildness, even superficiality of the proposed remedies. If a crisis of such magnitude is indeed upon us, we should be scrutinizing our schools in a more fundamental way. I hope we can make a start on that today.

Perhaps we should begin by trying to predict what the results of these reforms will be, at least in the short run. Mr. Krakowsky, what do you expect will happen in your classroom as the New York State program is phased in?

IVAN KRAKOWSKY: The New York State Regents Action Plan is potentially revolutionary. To earn a diploma, all students will be required to pass four years of English, four years of social studies, at least two years of math, two years of science, one year of a foreign language, and one year of art and music. In my field, social studies, every student must not only successfully complete four years but must also pass a statewide examination in the tenth and eleventh grades. Students who fail the exams must take remedial classes until they can pass.

Our schools have never had requirements like this before; I don't know how students will respond. It seems likely that many more of them will fail; certainly large numbers will not be able to meet the new standards. Many will leave school; some might stay in school longer in order to graduate. Actually, in my opinion, the most likely scenario is that the New York State Regents will retreat the moment a problem arises, particularly if the problem is on a leviathan scale, such as thousands more kids suddenly flunking out of school. The Regents may reduce the requirements or water them down.

By the way, despite all the publicity, the New York State Regents Action Plan, at least at the high school level, does not go into effect until 1989, and I suspect that in the average school the full implications of it are not even being discussed. Administrators and teachers will probably realize them two days before it's implemented, or two years after. There is certainly no sense of urgency. Some educators no doubt hope the plan will go away. They may be right.

FLORETTA D. MCKENZIE: It's obvious that some serious costs of these programs have not been calculated or perhaps even thought about. After all, remedial classes mean a lot more teachers, no two ways about it. And the extended school day, or school year, that's being mandated in a lot of states is going to mean a lot more money.

ALBERT SHANKER: So is this new foreign language requirement. Where are the teachers going to come from? No one has been studying languages for the last twenty years! It's ridiculous.

MCKENZIE: There's great potential for a negative impact if these tough standards are set without a compensating effort to make sure students can meet them. It's easy to set the standards and let kids fail, but in the end communities simply won't tolerate a lot more failing students.

DANNER: How will the local school boards react?

MCKENZIE: First off, they'll fire the superintendent. You don't fail large numbers of students and expect everyone to be happy. There'll be a lot of turnover, I can tell you that.

The word you hear everywhere today is *excellence*; everyone is concerned with the quality of graduates, not the quantity. I worry that by wrapping ourselves in this cloak of "excellence" we'll be satisfied if the percentage of Americans graduating from high school continues to hover around 75 percent when other nations are graduating 90 percent. Excellence is important, sure; but we have to confront the simple fact that a high school dropout is likely to become part of a permanent underclass with very little hope of decent employment.

Of course we need the concern and the support of the state legislatures. But one result of all this political action is that we on the front lines become afraid to talk about the real problems, even to tell the truth about how many dropouts there are in some districts. We don't know if we have any hope of attracting these young people back to school, because we don't know whether we're giving them anything better or more useful than what they were getting before.

We need to talk about these problems honestly before we can develop a meaningful policy. A lot of kids are going to get hurt while we skitter around on this hot political frying pan.

SHANKER: Politicians look for slogan answers and quick results within election periods of two or four years. For all the tough exams being mandated, nobody is mentioning the obvious fact that these tests measure the end product of a long educational process: they measure what students *didn't* learn in the first, second, and

third grades. You don't hear much talk about investing in the earlier grades so that when these students get to high school they will have a better chance of making it. These "reforms" are political measures designed to get test numbers up fast; everybody wants to have some "improvement" to point to before the next election.

ERNEST L. BOYER: This is a school reform movement, in short, driven by political and economic interests, not by educational and human ones. Well over 90 percent of the so-called advances in the fifty states listed by the Department of Education in a recent report are regulatory—do this, don't do that.

SHANKER: The message out of the state capitals is: We think you superintendents and principals and teachers are a bunch of idiots, so we're going to tell you to spend this number of minutes on this subject, and we'll provide a standard set of materials and a standardized examination to make sure you follow orders. At a time when the administration in Washington is claiming that our biggest sin has been to stifle initiative by overregulation, we have entered the greatest era of educational regulation in history.

BOYER: But the politicians are only filling a vacuum; they certainly aren't trying to subvert or hurt the schools. They're doing what they know how to do, and legislators know how to do one thing: to regulate. So they tighten standards and mandate more tests. The motivation is there; the attitude is constructive. People generally don't want simple answers; but they do want real answers, evidence, and accountability.

DANNER: But must accountability be achieved at the expense of real reform?

BOYER: This is our central dilemma: historically, Americans have wanted local control of education but national results. Americans like the idea of localism. But how do they know their schools are doing a good job unless they have a national yardstick to measure them against?

The problem is, we've never been able to devise a system that allows the excitement and flexibility of local control as well as the accountability of national results. In the end we do the worst of all things: we not only mandate rigid standards but also hand out to the nation an annual report card based on SAT scores—yardsticks that were devised precisely to be schoolproof, to measure aptitude rather than learning. And the media use these test averages to pass on to Americans the one bit of information the tests can't reliably tell us: whether our schools are getting better or worse.

WALTER KARP: I think we ought to be a little more skeptical about how the wheels of power turn. Educational "reform" movements have assumed a certain pattern in this century. The so-called progressive movement of the 1920s was brutally converted into tracking and vocational education. Today, the drive for so-called excellence is immediately converted into state-mandated requirements; the need to develop critical, independent thinking turned into more standardized tests that encourage its opposite; the demand for better teaching into less pedagogic freedom in the classroom. Those in power seem to have a habit of manipulating to their own ends any desire for meaningful reform.

You have to accept the fact that the schools are political institutions. If you went to a state legislature and said that the schools should produce inquiring, idealistic, active students, students with self-esteem and self-confidence who have been encouraged from the moment they start school to think for themselves and understand their liberties, those politicians would faint dead away. That is exactly the opposite of what they want to see.

DANNER: Presumably it's not the opposite of what the people at large want to see. Or do we have any real idea what Americans want today's schools to do? Do we want the schools to produce effective workers and thereby help our economy keep pace with the Japanese, as the writers of *A Nation at Risk* assume? Should the schools promote social justice, as Mrs. McKenzie believes? Or should they produce vigilant citizens, as Thomas Jefferson thought?

KARP: We tell young people incessantly that if they stay in school they're going to get a better job, but very often we're lying to them; for many of them, the jobs simply aren't there. This single-minded purpose is drummed into kids, and not only high school kids. My wife is a schoolteacher; she recently asked a class of second-graders why they were in school. They said, "To get a better job"; it was a chorus sung by thirty eight-year-olds. My wife said, "That's not the only purpose." Pencils dropped. The kids thought it was a trap.

There is a tremendous amount of this kind of crass utilitarianism in our schools, a pervasive propaganda that comes down from the tops of school systems all over the country. The confusion in children, their lack of interest in school, is often the result of the confusion and dishonesty of the schools themselves.

A. GRAHAM DOWN: To make people more functionally competent and employable is only the implicit purpose of education. Surely its abid-

ing, all-encompassing purpose must be to equip people with the taste for lifelong learning.

THEODORE R. SIZER: At the heart of it is teaching people to use their minds well. Jefferson's conception of education as essential to true citizenship comes into that: if a person is ill-equipped to think issues through carefully, he becomes a ready target for those who would manipulate him. Similarly, the necessary complement to developing the ability to think is developing character. Whether we like it or not, schools help youngsters develop values by which to live. They may do it well or badly, implicitly or explicitly, but they inevitably do it.

BOYER: The two fundamental goals of education are personal empowerment and civic engagement. Personal empowerment requires that people be able to think analytically and examine information critically; that they be able to think creatively—go *beyond* the analysis and challenge assumptions, leap out of the present and imagine beyond where they are; and that they be able to act with a clear sense of integrity. Civic engagement requires that people learn how to use these skills while taking full part in the life of the larger community.

KARP: One simple concept includes *all* those purposes: Americans do not go to school in order to increase the social efficiency or economic prosperity of the country, but to become informed, critical citizens. A citizen is not a worker. The Soviet Union has workers, the American republic has citizens. A citizen is a political being; he has private powers and a public role. As Jefferson wrote, the education of a citizen must "enable every man to judge for himself what will secure or endanger his freedom."

In practice, that goal is persistently betrayed. It is essential that citizens be able to judge for themselves and have the courage and confidence to think for themselves. Yet America's high schools characteristically breed conformity and mental passivity. They do this through large, impersonal classes, a focus on order as the first priority, and an emphasis on standardized, short-answer tests, among other things. Our schools do not attempt to make citizens; they attempt to break citizens.

SIZER: And the recent reforms reinforce the tendency toward fact-stuffing, short answers, and mental passivity by emphasizing tighter requirements and standardized testing.

One of the reasons the reforms aren't changing this tendency is the surprisingly substantial public support for the schools. The idea that most people believe schools are in disastrous

shape is, I think, quite mistaken. If anything, people exhibit a rather mindless, ill-informed satisfaction about the schools. This is why our political system avoids challenging the basic assumptions and merely strengthens and extends them: our schools are basically OK; let's just push them a little harder, add an eighth period to a seven-period day, add thirty days to a 180-day-a-year schedule, test the kids more. That approach certainly does not suggest people are tremendously upset with the schools as they are.

BOYER: Meanwhile, students don't have the foggiest idea why they're in school. We asked hundreds of students what they were doing in school. The most frequent response was, "I have to be here." They know it's the law. Or, "If I finish this, I have a better chance at a job." The "this" remains a blank. Or, "I need this in order to go to college." Or, "This is where I meet my friends." Not once in all our conversations did students mention what they were learning or why they should learn it.

In general, we found among students a feeling of passivity and non-engagement, a sense that they don't fit, that they are not really being asked to become responsible adults. The schools have become institutions of passivity and are viewed by most students as adult places where rules are imposed and they must conform. If 40 million children do not see their schools as

Charting State Reforms

	No. of states enacted or approved	No. of states considering or proposing
Increased graduation requirements	41	6
Increased instructional time	20	14
Longer school day	11	11
Longer school year	8	12
Improved school discipline policies	19	8
Academic requirements for extracurricular or athletic participation	13	8
Raised teacher preparation/certification standards	35	14

Source: U.S. Department of Education. For purposes of this chart, the District of Columbia is counted as a state.

places for learning that somehow touch what they worry about every day, the prospects of making school a vital place are not good.

MCKENZIE: So many of these kids are just marking time, just playing the game to get through the day. And a good deal of the time teachers are doing the same thing, doing just enough to get through the hour. The two sides are partners; neither side pushes the other.

I taught a class in geography during American Education Week, a class full of bright but lazy youngsters. I asked a lot of questions about things they should have known just by living. But they didn't know, not because they weren't bright but because they lacked interest. I'm talking about some very bright kids—some of the brightest—who should be having fun challenging the teacher, making that teacher move. The problem is not that everything is dramatically falling apart in the schools; it's that the schools are working in a passive, dull, mediocre way.

SHANKER: We're forgetting something essential about schools. Although the aims of education

certainly include the development of character, civic virtues, and so on, the public also pays its school taxes for quite a different purpose. The need to control children, to harbor them for a certain amount of time away from their working or otherwise engaged parents, tends to become the most important function schools perform. And this custodial function often conflicts with, even dominates, the others.

What are the purposes of summer camps? Teaching children to work with others, to enjoy the beauty of nature, and so on. Well, I once worked at a camp whose real purpose was to ensure that a camper could not escape and wander back to his or her parents at the main hotel. So keeping close track of the campers became our major purpose; they were no longer permitted to wander off and catch butterflies or look at trees or just stroll in the woods. What might have been the major benefits of camp were lost.

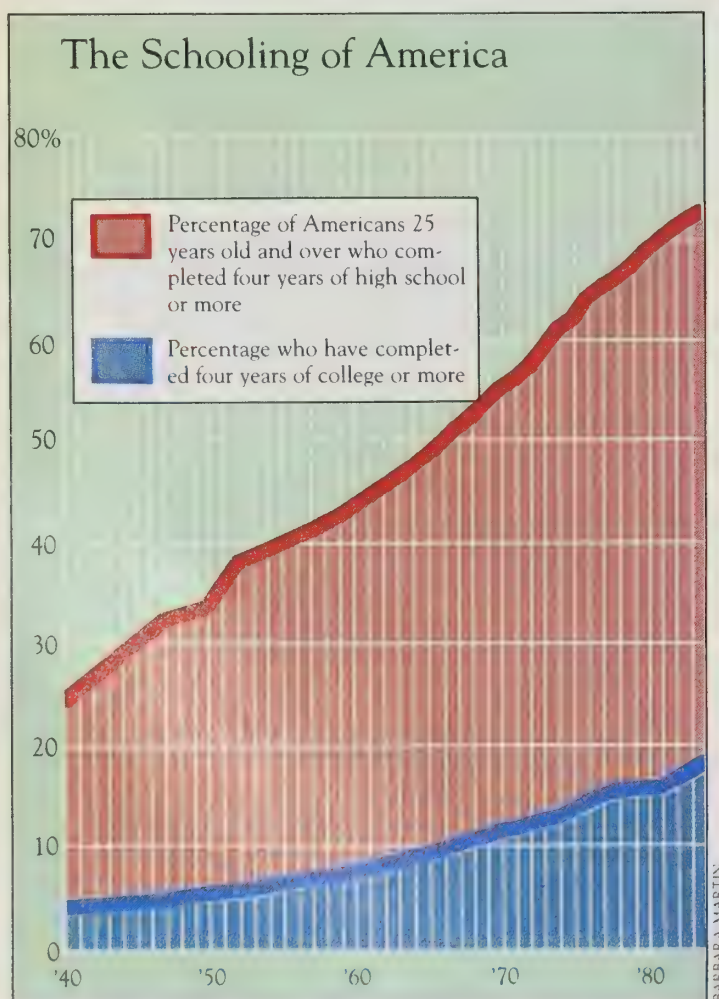
If we were to design a place whose sole purpose was to develop the qualities all of you listed, it might look nothing like an institution that, as its first priority, must ensure that three thousand kids get there at 8:30 in the morning, stay until 3:00 in the afternoon, and are reasonably well behaved for most of that time.

DENNIS LITTKY: One of my teachers did a fantastic month and a half of classes on questioning—teaching the kids how to analyze a subject and ask the right questions. The sessions were designed to teach critical thinking, and they were highly successful. But we got a huge amount of flak—from parents. They didn't want their kids pestering them with questions. We thought our job was somehow forcing these kids to use their minds; the parents thought we should take care of their kids during the day and eventually reward them with a diploma.

SHANKER: Insofar as a student is influenced at home, he is told to go to class, find out what the teachers want, and give it to them. Not because he'll become a good citizen or come to enjoy learning for the rest of his life or learn how to think critically, but to get that piece of paper and trade it in for a job.

BOYER: So a school becomes not a place of learning but an institution issuing certificates of upward mobility to those who conform to the rules.

DANNER: You educators seem to be in a rather embarrassing minority position here. You think of schools as places where people are taught how to think critically and how to become vigilant citizens, whereas most adults and students apparently believe the schools exist to keep kids out of trouble for a few years and help them get jobs.



Source: U.S. Census Bureau. As of 1981, 32 percent of Americans 25 and older had had at least some college education, compared with 17 percent of Canadians and 14 percent of Japanese.

SIZER: Well, some schools produce students who in fact *know* they're there to learn. Last year five students—two seniors, one junior, and two ninth graders from Dennis Littky's Thayer School—lectured to one of our education classes at Brown. These were tough kids, examples of the wonderfully complicated kind of classic kid who fights the system relentlessly and ultimately walks away from it—drops out. The Thayer people had taken time with these youngsters and had somehow managed to make them see a clear connection between their wish to get ahead and the larger intellectual and civic virtues of education. These kids spoke about school with the passion of converts at an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting.

LITTKY: What was different about these kids was that they became *committed* to learning. They stayed in school because they were given a lot of respect, and the time to talk about what they were studying and why they were studying it. It is crucial that a kid understand why he's learning something, almost as important as the fact that he does learn it. Sometimes I find myself watching a student who's not doing anything. I know if I told him, "Hey, go on and do this," he'd do it, but he'd just be following orders. Teachers must not only present material and help students understand it; they also must be patient enough to let students discover for themselves.

BOYER: But educators themselves have become less sure of what is worth knowing. Why should we expect a principal at a Long Island high school to be enlightened and clearheaded, to say nothing of a second-grade teacher, when the faculties at our universities endlessly debate what is necessary for a good education? There's no longer a single accepted core of knowledge.

KARP: We can go on and on about the complexity of knowledge, but when we get down to brass tacks we find more basic problems in our schools; one example is the systematic, protracted failure to teach reading—just one of those minor skills without which you can't achieve anything in this society. A student who can't read will be so far behind by the sixth grade that school will be a nightmare.

What about the teaching of history? Jefferson thought it was crucial that citizens learn history, so that they might "know ambition under all its shapes." Travel to any schoolroom in the country and you will not find ambition, let alone the disguises of ambition, taught this way. What you will find is something called "social studies," in which schoolchildren learn a great deal more about the Panama Canal than about Abra-

ham Lincoln, a great deal more about Betsy Ross than about freedom of the press. And how about the development of critical thinking in the classroom? Studies appear pointing out the failure of schools to develop critical thinking in students. Instantly, statewide standardized tests are mandated, multiple-choice tests guaranteed to wipe out any vestige of critical thinking.

SIZER: The degree to which the reform movement ignores the current concepts about learning is astonishing. It is doubly ironic that these educational reforms, supposedly based on a belief in the power of the mind, are in fact profoundly anti-intellectual and anti-scholarly. John Goodlad's seven-year study *A Place Called School* was published at the same time as many of these reports, but it's as if his work doesn't exist; it's as if certain common-sense notions about how schools are organized—that students, for example, can't engage their minds very well in 35-minute snippets of time, or that smaller classes allow for more individual attention—play no role whatsoever in many of the state reforms. I think the responsibility for this serious oversight rests primarily at the doors of our universities.

DOWN: H. Ross Perot—a man, I may say, of less self-doubt than any other human being I've ever met—declared to me rather heatedly the other day that all teachers colleges ought to be torched. Although that seems rather too strong a statement, I do think the present general practice of requiring aspiring teachers to go directly from a liberal arts college to a teachers college may be wrong. Perhaps a system in which teachers go through a clinical experience in a school, as doctors do in a hospital, and only then return to a teachers college, would be a better way to equip them with the skills they need to teach.

KRAKOWSKY: Americans teach pretty much the same way they did twenty-five years ago. But our student population has changed radically. *Everybody* goes to high school today, not just those who feel a strong motivation to go. In 1940, 24 percent of Americans over twenty-five had high school diplomas; in 1984, more than 73 percent did. That's a huge difference.

Meanwhile, the culture has changed enormously. We talk about developments in pedagogy: What about developments in sex? The sexual revolution has profoundly altered how young people think and behave, their expectations about school and about becoming adults. Walk into a high school and look at the way kids relate to one another in the halls; kids are standing outside classrooms grinding their hips together. What goes on in the halls *must* affect what goes on in the classroom.

BOYER: Kids are less willing to be institutionalized, to conform to certain specified behaviors, unless they are given what they consider acceptable reasons why. Through the influence of television and other media, students have become much more sophisticated, if not wiser. They are more skeptical and more distracted, less reverential and less willing to take direction. The problem is not only what to teach but also how to engage these young people.

One way to begin is to recognize the centrality of the teacher, to give more recognition and empowerment to the people who have to do the actual work. All of the regulatory mandates come to precisely nothing if we refuse to recognize that teachers matter most. Many high school teachers see 150 different students every day.

DOWN: Teachers often have no support services of any kind—no assistants, secretarial help, or private offices. Because they are the victims of everyone else's sense of priority, they are constantly interrupted during their classes. American schooling has become a sort of kaleidoscope of activities—announcements blasted over the public address system, constant messages from the administration, and of course the chaotic change in classes every hour—in which the psychology, not to say sanity, of the teacher is challenged at every turn.

KARP: But how did we get these horrifyingly bad conditions? We are the richest country in the world, yet we have very large classes. Goodlad's study shows that in the first three grades, the average class size is 27 students; in high school, it's 35. That's a national disgrace. We also have enormous schools. I went to one, and I'll never forget what it was like to be one of 5,000 students: gongs ringing, announcements blaring, guards at either end of a mobbed hallway. It was a prison. Citizens should not have to spend their youth becoming accustomed to prison life.

SIZER: The large high school is a product of the so-called efficiency movement, the pre-World War I fantasy that, following Frederick Taylor's industrial principles, saw the school as a place where certain rivets were hammered into the heads of indistinguishable units, each of which was called a child.

SHANKER: And since then, many dissertations and studies have been written "proving" that small classes make no academic difference. Publishing such studies used to be one way to get ahead in educational administration. Of course, common sense says that it makes a great deal of difference: kids will learn to write better, to organize

their thoughts better, and to think more critically, if they get more personal attention.

KARP: One would suppose class size to be absolutely fundamental in making teaching more bearable, in transforming custodialism into true instruction, in helping to encourage struggling students to think for themselves, giving them a chance to talk in class, to answer questions, and so on. Yet it is hardly mentioned in the recent reports.

SHANKER: It is a basic money issue. In any large American city, reducing class size by one or two students means spending tens of millions of dollars. That's why school boards would rather pay for reports saying that class size is irrelevant than put up the money to make classes smaller.

And where are the extra teachers going to come from? We are going to have to replace 1.1 million teachers during the next eight years. To begin to reduce class size, we might need 1.4 or 1.5 million. Hiring 1.5 million new teachers would mean that 55 percent of *all* students graduating from college in the top half of their classes would have to become teachers. The teaching profession would find itself competing directly with law and medicine to attract applicants.

Raising teachers' pay will not be enough to attract these people; the salaries will rise anyway because of market forces. We can no longer take advantage of a pool of female graduates and minorities who are forced into teaching because they can't get jobs elsewhere. Even reducing class size and eliminating some of teachers' more onerous burdens is not enough. Educated people today simply do not want to work in the kind of factory the traditional school has become, especially when they're treated like hired hands.

KARP: Among the things that will never happen as long as schools are considered instruments of economic growth is that the teacher will attain some kind of dignity. It is a simple fact that 90 percent of Americans have shitty jobs, and if you say that your profession is teaching people how to get low-life, terrible jobs, it is unlikely that the public will ever see true dignity in it.

SHANKER: Well, 90 percent of the people don't *think* they have shitty jobs, which is why I have such trouble unionizing them!

KARP: Perhaps the federal government should commission a report with an appropriately inflammatory title; they could call it *A Nation at Risk*. The subject would be the dehumanization and regimentation of students, the cynicism bred in the schools by the mobs pushing down the halls, the authoritarianism built into those commands

barked over public address systems. Suppose the real *A Nation at Risk* had pointed to the desperate necessity for a humane education, that it had emphasized the need for smaller classes, smaller schools, fewer interruptions, more teachers. Don't you think all the complicated factors you described that now prevent reform might be swept away?

SIZER: I think we have to figure out a way to reallocate priorities, both financial and human, within the existing school system. That means

simplifying the schools in order to get that personalization, which in turn means engaging in the politics of subtraction—a most difficult exercise and one the public schools have not often had to confront in this century.

Two ways to begin reducing student-teacher ratios within existing budgets are: first, simplifying administration, thus reducing the number of administrators; and, second, refocusing the curriculum around a core of essential intellectual skills and areas of study, and restricting programs that don't directly contribute to this core.

The Rudiments of Teacher Education

"That's your little mob in there," said Grimes; "you let them out at eleven."

"But what am I to teach them?" said Paul in sudden panic.

"Oh, I shouldn't try to *teach* them anything, not just yet, anyway. Just keep them quiet."

"Now that's a thing I've never learned to do," sighed Mr. Prendergast.

Paul watched him amble into his class room at the end of the passage, where a burst of applause greeted his arrival. Dumb with terror, he went into his own class room.

Ten boys sat before him, their hands folded, their eyes bright with expectation.

"Good morning, sir," said the one nearest him.

"Good morning," said Paul.

"Good morning, sir," said the next.

"Good morning," said Paul.

"Good morning, sir," said the next.

"Oh, shut up," said Paul.

At this the boy took out a handkerchief and began to cry quietly.

"Oh, sir," came a chorus of reproach, "you've hurt his feelings. He's very sensitive; it's his Welsh blood, you know: it makes people very emotional. Say 'Good morning' to him, sir, or he won't be happy all day. After all, it is a good morning, isn't it, sir?"

"Silence!" shouted Paul above the uproar, and for a few moments things were quieter. . . .

"I suppose the first thing I ought to do is to get your names clear. What is your name?" he asked, turning to the first boy.

"Tangent, sir."

"And yours?"

"Tangent, sir," said the next boy. Paul's heart sank.

"But you can't both be called Tangent."

"No, sir, I'm Tangent. He's just trying to be funny."

"I like that. Me trying to be funny! Please, sir, I'm Tangent, sir; really I am."

"If it comes to that," said Clutterbuck from the back of the room, "there is only one Tangent here, and that is me. Any one else can jolly well go to blazes."

Paul felt desperate.

"Well, is there any one who isn't Tangent?"

Four or five voices instantly arose.

"I'm not, sir; I'm not Tangent. I wouldn't be called Tangent, not on the end of a barge pole."

In a few seconds the room had become divided into two parties: those who were Tangent and those who were not. Blows were already being exchanged, when the door opened and Grimes came in. There was a slight hush.

"I thought you might want this," he said, handing Paul a walking stick. "And if you take my advice, you'll set them something to do."

He went out; and Paul, firmly grasping the walking stick, faced his form.

"Listen," he said. "I don't care a damn what any of you are called, but if there's another word from any one I shall keep you all in this afternoon."

"You can't keep me in," said Clutterbuck; "I'm going for a walk with Captain Grimes."

"Then I shall very nearly kill you with this stick. Meanwhile you will all write an essay on 'Self-indulgence.' There will be a prize of half a crown for the longest essay, irrespective of any possible merit."

From then onward all was silence until break. Paul, still holding the stick, gazed despondently out of the window. . . . By the time the bell rang Clutterbuck had covered sixteen pages, and was awarded the half crown.

—from *Decline and Fall* (1928),
by Evelyn Waugh

MCKENZIE: But can we guarantee that smaller classes would give us higher achievement—students who'd be able to think and articulate more effectively? In Japan, high school classes have about fifty students, yet learning goes on and there is little disorder.

BOYER: The Japanese have a very narrow, "content-managed" view of education. Some tasks can be accomplished quite well in large classes; introducing certain subjects, for example. But one might argue that the best way to help human beings learn to use their minds critically is not to pack fifty children into a room and talk at them without letting them speak. I have grandchildren in Japanese schools, and they literally go days on end without opening their mouths. They're in school to cover the material and then put it back on paper.

To produce individuals who are critical, you need to encourage involvement and irreverence. That needn't always mean more teachers. After ten years in school, students should be able to work in groups without the teacher always hovering over them. School could increasingly become a student-controlled environment where older children, for example, could work with younger ones. I imagine a school where the teacher plays more the part of a mentor.

Of course, this conflicts directly with the school's custodial function, which demands that the teacher and student be together in the classroom every minute. If that's the mentality, the number of teachers has to be increased if we are going to reduce class size. But that system makes kids dependent.

MCKENZIE: The teacher makes students dependent. It's partly the way we teach, the way we organize. We *want* dependency. In order to change it, we'd have to change the way teachers and principals—and parents—think.

LITTKY: I think that can be changed. A good principal can make a school an exciting place, and there are a lot of good principals. What too often happens is that no one is able to imagine other options. We have to stop worrying about where the kids are every minute and start thinking about how to design new ways of learning, how to mix things up, how to change schedules around.

SHANKER: Imagine that we had no schools, that the United States was a very poor country that for centuries had been sending its kids off to work in the mines or the fields at the age of three. All of a sudden we discover great wealth and are about to design a school system. What if somebody said: Let's build huge buildings and

divide them into classrooms that seat thirty-five or forty children apiece. Let's bring those kids in at 8:30 in the morning and make them sit in those seats until 3:00 in the afternoon, and during that time an adult will stand in front of them and talk. Well, someone else might reasonably ask: What makes you think these kids would sit still and keep quiet? And why would any adult in his right mind want to be locked up with them under such conditions?

We have this pervasive notion that even though those thirty-five kids are sitting in that classroom, bored, dozing, thinking about something else, this is nonetheless the way in which education *has* to take place.

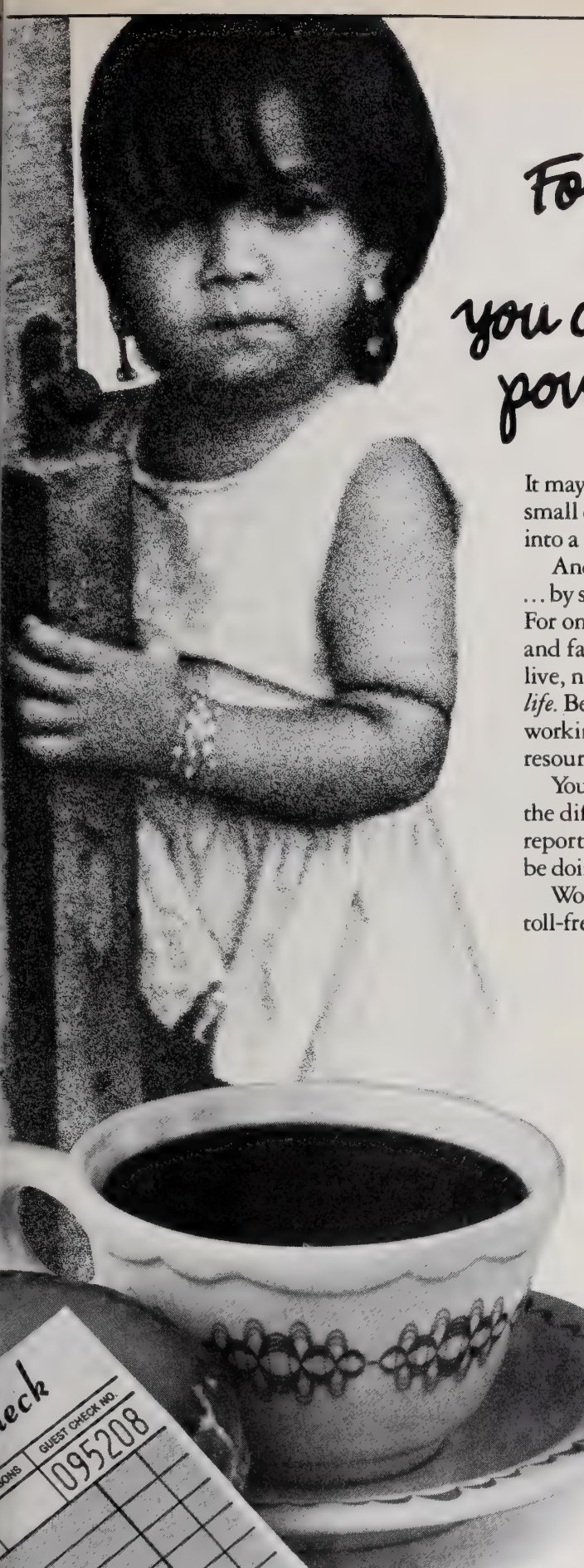
LITTKY: We can overcome that notion. At Thayer teachers and administrators spent about eight months discussing goals, getting down on paper what seemed important. We decided that we wanted our students to demonstrate a broader understanding of problem solving, speaking, writing, and economics; as for specific content, we wanted to instill an appreciation for the humanities, comparative cultures, and geography. Then we asked ourselves: how can we accomplish these goals?

First, students were asked for their views on rules, evaluations, and their own educational needs. The idea was to involve students from the beginning in *how* they would learn, and thus to improve the general climate for learning. Then we looked at the goals we had set and the resources we had, and tried to design new structures to maximize learning.

Two tactics we found to be effective were team-teaching, which allowed colleagues to think, plan, and work together; and integrating subjects. For example, a foreign language teacher and an English teacher have been working together to teach kids about the centrality of language. A social studies teacher and an English teacher are re-creating a town that once stood in the area by beginning an archaeological dig and by studying local town records.

Meanwhile, we increased the personal attention each student receives. Every Thayer faculty member acts as adviser to fifteen students, meeting with each once a month to discuss his or her progress in school. In addition, we've just begun a "mentor program" whereby seniors act as advisers to incoming seventh graders, helping them develop an involvement with learning. Older kids are playing an increasing role in educating our younger kids.

If we lack the resources to accomplish a particular task within the school, we look outside, placing students as apprentices in the local bank, hospital, and auto-body shop. They don't just learn practical skills. We also give their su-



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pervisors our list of goals. We ask them, for example: "While they're working here at the bank, can you try to help them with their oral communication skills?" This is not just vocational training; it's another place to teach kids.

Recently, I've been meeting with parents, giving them our list, and saying: "OK, you've got to help us help your kids learn these skills. If they begin to learn them at home, great; it makes our job a whole lot easier."

BOYER: I'm intrigued by the idea of having students discover that as they become more educated, they become capable of transmitting information, asking good questions, helping others understand ideas.

KRAKOWSKY: Aren't these the kinds of innovations that were put forward during the 1960s?

SHANKER: During the 1960s, the assumption was that every student would automatically find the right educational diet without any strong help or advice. Standards were "self-set." But at Thayer the teachers worked out a clear set of goals.

SIZER: At Thayer, the amount of time served—"seat time," as it's called—is delightfully irrelevant in awarding a diploma. What is relevant is whether a student can use these skills in imaginative ways. That's very un-sixties.

KRAKOWSKY: But look at the assumptions underlying the recent reform movements. First, the amount of time students spend doing schoolwork directly affects how much they achieve. Second, there's a certain necessary component of arduousness in the learning process. Third, people tend to respond to short-term needs and discomforts rather than to long-term advantages.

To convince the body politic that encouraging greater student participation and humanizing the school system would be more effective, the following questions must be confronted. How do you get kids to work harder when they prefer to work less hard? How do you convince them that in the long run hard work in school will give them a sense of well-being when in the short run they'd much rather hang out in the local mall than do geometry homework?

SHANKER: You get kids to work harder by rewarding hard work and failing the goof-offs, and by getting them involved in the learning process instead of lecturing to them all the time.

Many regents and state boards may feel that the 1960s proved the bankruptcy of academic pluralism. But the pluralism being advanced in this discussion is quite different; no one says that since everyone has an opinion about what's

worth doing, we should let students do what they want. We're saying that in order to achieve certain difficult goals, judgment has to be exercised at the level where the learning is actually done. We are asking only for a reasonable exercise of professional judgment, like that found in other professions. Fifteen lawyers might analyze the same case and all do a brilliant job, yet do it quite differently. In a field that depends for its results on the uncertain behavior of adults and children, room must be made for the exercise of professional judgment.

MCKENZIE: *Empowerment*—Ernie's word keeps coming back to me. We must empower students within the school, yes, but first we must empower teachers. So often folks like me find ourselves telling principals and teachers what to do rather than capitalizing on their tremendous intelligence and talent. My struggle is, first, to persuade principals to work with teachers, to talk about the curriculum and discuss broader goals; and, second, to encourage teachers to interact with students, to talk about what is supposed to happen in that classroom, to be unafraid to show enthusiasm for the subject they're teaching. We've got to unleash the tremendous energy of the people who work in our schools.

SIZER: That involves a great leap of faith. There has to be trust on the part of the superintendent and the principal. And there also has to be trust on the part of the local school board. In many cities, alas, there doesn't seem to be much trust.

SHANKER: The usual pattern is that school boards become uptight about any little innovation and they scream at the superintendent; the superintendent wants to make damn sure the school board doesn't make noise at the next meeting, so the rules and regulations are duly passed out.

An obvious tension exists between order and innovation. You can have order and have the closest thing to death. Every time a principal or teacher tries to do something that is a little different, he or she is taking a chance. If school boards are always afraid that the kids are going to get out of hand or the teachers are going to change something or the principal is going to try a new program, we'll never get changes.

DOWN: What is the appropriate role of school boards in a world where people who serve on them do so for their own "pragmatic" purposes, certainly not usually as advocates for children?

MCKENZIE: Even in my fifth year in the job, I believe a superintendent must *educate* the school board, sometimes at the risk of his or her tenure. In general, if you've had some successes you can

afford to take some risks. And above all you must be sensitive to the media, because they often write policy as effectively as the school board. The *Washington Post* is sometimes more effective than the school board.

Most of all, you want to make sure you always have room for thoughtful discussion instead of constantly reacting; you want to hold back that tide of opinion pushing you to react immediately, and to act when you understand better what the effects of a given reform will be. Remember, school board members generally are scared; they're under heavy criticism. In fact, many of them are delighted to see state legislatures taking steps they wouldn't have had the guts to take at the local level.

SIZER: But state boards of education and legislatures are even going so far as to specify the actual substance of some subjects. One of the darkest sides of this regulatory movement is the states' power to choose what ideas are appropriate for our youngsters. What astonishes me is the silence of the academic community about the states' easy assumption of power over ideas. In New York State the regulations apparently now require one approved sequence of mathematics courses and one history sequence. Where are the voices for intellectual pluralism in the schools when we need them the most?

KARP: Where are the voices of academics? List five wise comments about schooling and one stupid comment, and it is the stupid one that will invariably be picked up and used to justify "reforms." John Dewey said that a democratic education should teach every child to perceive the essential interdependence of an industrial society. So where was the first supposedly "Deweyite" school system established? In Gary, Indiana, a town formed a year earlier by the U.S. Steel Corporation. One of the early social studies projects assigned to kids in this huge smokestack community was "The City: A Healthful Place in Which to Live." The wise give us their smorgasbords of suggestions; the powerful pick and choose.

BOYER: The failure of academics to influence these reforms would be most ironic if they turned out to be "successful"; that is, if all students successfully completed the new requirements. People will take comfort in another unit of English—which could mean anything from Shakespeare to creative conversation—and kid themselves that the schools have been "fixed." The students will have remained ignorant; they will not be more responsible citizens; they will not be more creative; and therefore their own lives and their nation's future will be blighted because

we've chosen the wrong response to the right challenge.

SIZER: At least some people in authority at the state level are having second thoughts. The difference between the debate in California three years ago and the recently issued report of that state's Commission on the Future of the Teaching Profession is instructive. The new report is sophisticated; it accepts complexity; it takes into account some of what we know about teaching and learning.

SHANKER: In California they're talking about "education policy trust agreements," in which a faculty that develops a program designed to achieve the same goals as the state legislation will be permitted to ignore some regulations. This sort of change could be revolutionary.

BOYER: It may be one way to get the human dimension back into the reform movement, which represents the essential issue for the rest of the decade. Otherwise, in ten years we'll find ourselves looking back at one more rather intense but abortive effort to improve a system that should be humane. One could make an interesting comparison with the corporate renewal movement, the central theme of which is that to increase productivity, managers must discover the people who do the work; they can't mandate it from the board room. Business leaders are discovering that if they don't find a way to engage their employees, their companies won't be competitive. Is it too much to expect people in education to accept the same message?

SHANKER: We should realize that throughout most of its history the United States was populated by uneducated people who had a high regard for teachers and schools. I remember growing up in a working-class neighborhood in New York City in the 1930s. No one had gone to college; one or two people might have completed high school. During the summer people would sit in front of their apartment houses and parents would ask their kids to write a letter for them or read out loud the postcards they received. The schools were very highly regarded as local intellectual and cultural institutions.

Many of the problems we've discussed today—low regard for schools and teachers, in particular—are a product of our own success. We've simply educated everybody; that gap between the overwhelming majority of citizens and teachers is gone. Schools must mean something different to a society in which most people are educated. We're in the process of figuring out what. But we shouldn't forget that there are worse positions to be in. ■

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THE PROGRESSIVE

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WARMING TO THE COLD AND SNOW

The satisfactions of a New Hampshire winter
By Donald Hall

In New Hampshire we know ourselves by winter—in snow, in cold, in darkness. For some of us the first true snow begins it; for others winter begins with the first bruising assault of zero weather; there is yet another sort, light-lovers, for whom winter begins with dark's onset in mid-August. If we wake as we ought to at 5:30, we begin waking in darkness; and dawn turns throaty with the ululations of photophiliacs, noctophobics, some of whom are fanatical enough to begin lamentation late in the month of June—when dawn arrives at 4:32 A.M. and yesterday it arrived at 4:31:30. On June 22 my wife exchanges postcards of commiseration with a fellow in Michigan who is another amorist of light. Fortunately, this mountain has an upside as well as a downside. When in January daylight lasts half a minute longer every day, Jane's faint green leaves take color on, she leans south toward Kearsarge and the low, brief but lengthening pale winter sun; an observer can spy the faint buds that will burst into snowdrops in April, daffodils in April, tulips in May . . .

Some of us, on the other hand, are darkness-lovers. We do not *dislike* the early and late daylight of June, whippoorwill's graytime, but we cherish the gradually increasing dark of November, which we wrap around ourselves in the prosperous warmth of wood stove, oil, electric blanket, storm window, and insulation. We are partly tuber, partly bear. Inside our warmth we fold ourselves in the dark and the cold—around us, outside us, safely away from us; we tuck ourselves up in the long sleep and comfort of cold's opposite, warming ourselves by thought of the cold; lighting ourselves by darkness's idea. Or we are Persephone gone underground again, cozy in the amenities of Hell. Sheltered between stove and electric light, we hollow islands of safety within the cold and dark. As light grows less each day our fur grows thicker. By December 22 we are cozy as a cat hunkered under a Glenwood.

Winter starts in November, whatever the calendar says, with gray of granite, with russet and brown of used leaves. In November stillness our stone walls wait, attentive, and gaunt revenant trunks of maple and oak settle down for winter's stasis that annually mimics and presages death for each of us and for the planet. November's palette, Braque's analytic cub-

Donald Hall is poet laureate of New Hampshire. The Happy Man, a collection of his poetry, will be published by Random House in May. A longer version of this essay appears in Winter, a 152-page illustrated folio distributed by the University Press of New England for the Hood Museum of Art at Dartmouth College and published to coincide with the museum's current exhibition.

November snow is a
dreamy restitution of
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infancy

ism, static and squared with fieldstones, interrupts itself briefly with the bright-flapped caps of deer hunters and their orange jackets. Always it is modified by the black-green fir, enduring, hinting at permanence. Serious snow begins one November afternoon. Gradually, Mt. Kearsarge, south of us, disappears into white gauzy cloud, vanishing mountain, weather sign for all of us to its north. For one hundred and eighty years the people of the house have looked south at dawn's light and again at sunset to tell the coming weather, reliable in 1802 when the first builder put in the south windows, reliable still. When Kearsarge disappears, the storm comes closer. Birds gather at the feeder, squabbling, gobbling their weight. When they are full they look for shelter, and we do the same, or at least we bring wood from the shed to stack beside the old Glenwoods and the new Jøtul.

Every year the first snow sets us dreaming. By March it will only bring the grumps, but November snow is revenance, a dreamy restitution of childhood or even infancy. Tighten the door and settle a cloth snake against the breeze from the door's bottom; make sure the storms are firmly shut; add logs to the stove and widen the draft. Sit in a chair looking south into blue twilight that arrives earlier every day—as the sky flakes and densens, as the first clear flakes float past the porch's wood to light on dirt of the driveway and on brown frozen grass or dry stalks of the flower border. They seem tentative and awkward at first, then in a hastening host a whole brief army falls, white militia paratrooping out of the close sky over various textures, making them one. Snow is white and gray, part and whole, infinitely various yet infinitely repetitious, soft and hard, frozen and melting, a creaking underfoot and a soundlessness . . . But first of all it is the reversion of many into one. It is substance, almost the idea of substance, that turns grass, driveway, hayfield, old garden, log pile, Saab, watering trough, collapse barn, and stone wall *into the one white*.

We finish early in November the task of preparing the house for snow—tacking plastic over the low clapboards, raking leaves against the foundations as high as we can rake them. When the first real snow arrives, not dusting half inch but a solid foot, we complete the insulation, for it is snow that keeps us warm. After a neighbor's four-wheel-drive pickup, plow bolted in front, sweeps clean our U-shaped driveway, and after we dig out the mailbox for Bert's rural delivery, it is time to heap the snow over leaves and against plastic, around the house, on all sides of the house, against the granite foundation stones. Arctic winds halt before this white guard. When bright noon melts inches of snow away from the house, reflecting heat from the snowy clapboard, it leaves cracks of cold air for us to fill when new snow falls all winter long.

But November, although it begins winter, is only winter's approach, with little snow, and with cold that announces itself only to increase. The calendar's winter begins at the solstice, Advent's event: the child's birth who rises from winter to die and rise again in spring. November is autumn's burial, and the smoke of victims sacrificed is thanks for harvest and magic as we go into ourselves like maples for winter's bear-sleep. We make transition by way of feast and anticipatory snow, toward the long, white, hard hundred days of the true winter of our annual death. We wait for December

to feel the *cold*, I mean COLD, like thirty-five degrees below zero Fahrenheit. Seldom does it stay *cold*, or COLD, for longer than a week, but we are ready now for snow.

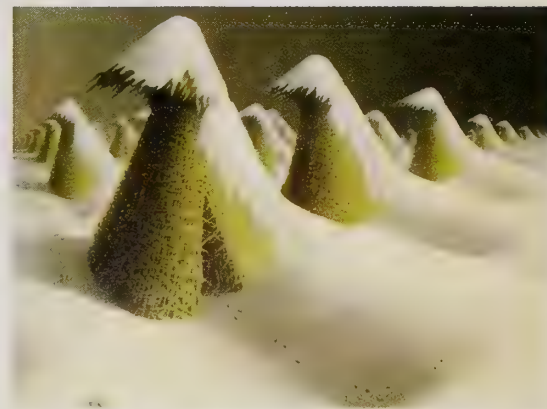
One year the first great snow came Christmas Eve after the family had struggled to bed. When we lit the tree in the morning, the day was thick and dark past the windows, and as we opened our presents the snow deepened in yard and hayfield outside, and on Christmas Day, all day, the great plows of state and town kept Route 4 clear. Snow stopped at three in the afternoon, and when Forrest rolled in to plow the driveway in the early blue twilight, Jane heaped slices of turkey between homemade bread to comfort him in his cab as he drove over the countryside digging people out.

The next morning was cold, thirty below, cold enough to notice. January is the coldest month, in fact, although many would argue for February. Usually our cold is dry, and it does not penetrate so much as damp cold. December of 1975, our first full winter here, I tried starting the Plymouth one morning with normal confidence in the old six and without cold-weather precautions; I flooded it. When I looked at the thermometer I was astonished to find it minus seventeen degrees, for my face and forehead had not warned me that it was *cold*. I had lived in Michigan, where the winters were damp, and Ann Arbor's occasional zero felt harsher than New Hampshire's common twenty below. Later that winter we did not complain of the mildness. In January of 1976 morning after morning was thirty below; one morning on the porch the thermometer read thirty-eight degrees under—a temperature we did not equal again until 1984. My grandmother had just died at ninety-seven, and she had spent most of her late winters going south to Connecticut. The house had grown unaccustomed to winter, the old heavy wooden storm windows broken, no central heat, and no insulation. Jane and I had never lived without central heat. Now we had a parlor Glenwood stove for heating, two kerosene burners in the kitchen, and on occasion an electric oven with the door left open. This twelve-room house, in January of 1976, dwindled to a one-room house, with a kitchen sometimes habitable. Working at the dining room table, twenty feet from the living room's Glenwood, I felt chilly. At the time, we were too excited or triumphant to complain. We were camping out; we were earning our stripes. The next summer we added aluminum combination storms and screens together with some insulation; we added two more small wood stoves, one for each study so that we could each work despite the winter. My grandparents survived with only two wood stoves because they hustled around all day; in our work we sat on our duffs and required extra stoves. When February came we learned we had passed our initiation, for it had been the coldest January since New Hampshire started keeping records more than a hundred years earlier. In all my grandmother's ninety-seven Januarys she had not known so cold a month.

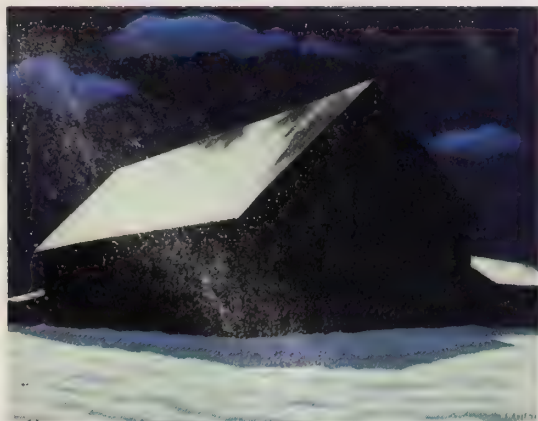
My grandfather worked all day without any heat except for the bodies of his cows. When he sat at morning and evening between two great steaming black-and-white Holstein hulks, pulling the pale thin tonnage of blue milk from their cud-chewing bodies, he was warm. I can remember him, on my winter visits to the farm as a boy, scurrying into the house for a warm-up between his other daily chores, rubbing his hands together, opening the drafts of one of the wood stoves and looming over it for a moment. Early and late, he moved among cold sheds and unheated barns. In the cow barn, he fed the cattle hay, grain, and ensilage, and provided his horse Riley with oats and hay and water. He let the Holsteins loose to wander stiff-legged to the old cement watering trough next to the milk room, from which he first removed a layer of ice. Their pink muzzles dipped one by one into the near-freezing water. And he fed the sheep in sheep barn and sheep yard. From the sheep's trough he dipped out water for the hens, who lived next door to the sheep, and carried feed for his hens from the grain shed beside the cow barn.

He would start these chores early, most days of deep winter, rising at 4:30, perhaps three hours before the sun, to do half the daily chores of feeding and watering, of milking and readying milk for the trucker, because the special daily chores of winter were the year's hardest. The pains of minus twenty were exacerbated by pains of hard labor. To chop wood for next year's stove the farmer stalked with his axe into his wood lot after chores and breakfast, and often marched far enough so that he carried with him his bread and butter, meat and pie, and thermos of coffee for dinner. Setting out with a great axe, usually working alone, the farmer chopped the tree down, trimmed branches, cut the trunk into four-foot sections, and stacked it. Later he would hitch oxen to the sledge and fetch the cordwood downhill for cutting in the barnyard to stove-length pieces, and for splitting.

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*Sometimes the
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Maybe ten cord of a winter for the house, more for the sugaring in March.

In January he harvested another winter crop—the crop that people forget, when they think of the needs of an old farm—which was the harvest of ice, cut in great oblongs two or three feet thick from Eagle Pond, ox-sledged up to the icehouse in back of the cow barn's watering trough, packed against warm weather six months hence. Each winter the farmer waited for a cold stretch, augering through the pond ice to check its thickness. Then he cut checkerboard squares with his ice saws. He kept himself heavily mitted not only against cold and wind rattling over the open desert lake but also against the inevitable clasp of near-frozen water. A crew of them—neighbors cooperated to fetch ice—sawed and grappled, lifted and hauled hard work and cold work. In the icehouse they stacked layers of ice, thickly insulated with sawdust, to last from the earliest warmth of April through hot spells of June and the long summer hay-days of July and August through autumn with its Indian summer until the ice froze again. In the hot month my grandfather brought one chunk a day downhill from the icehouse, great square balanced with ice tongs on his shoulder, to the toolshed behind the kitchen where my grandmother kept her icebox, drip drip. Most ice went to cool the milk, hot from the udders of Holsteins, so that it would not spoil overnight in the hot summer. July and August, I was amazed every time we dug down through the wet sawdust in the cool shade of the icehouse to find cold winter again—packed silvery slab of Eagle Pond preserved against summer, just as we hayed to preserve for the winter cattle summer's hay. On the hottest days when we returned sweaty from haying, my grandfather cracked off a little triangle of ice for me to suck on. Every January when he dug down in the icehouse to bury his crop of new ice, he found old ice underneath it; after all, you never wanted to find yourself all out; some years, there might be hot days even in November, when you would require a touch of ice. One long hot autumn, he found at the bottom of the ice shed, further than he ever remembered digging, a small coffin-shaped remnant from times past, ice that might have been five years old, he told me; maybe older . . .

By tradition the hard snow and heavy cold of January take a vacation for the eldritch out-of-time phenomenon of January thaw. Sometimes the January thaw comes in February, sometimes it never arrives at all, and on the rarest of occasions it starts early and lasts all winter . . . Mostly the January thaw lives up to its name. Some strange day, after a week when we dress in the black of twenty below, we notice that we do not back up to the fire as we change our clothing. Extraordinary. Or at midday we pick up the mail in our shirt sleeves, balmy at forty-two degrees. (It is commonplace to observe that a temperature which felt arctic late in August feels tropical in mid-January.) Icicles drip, snow slides off the south roof in midday sun, and mud season takes over the driveway. Snow melts deeply away from clapboard and plastic. Or the January thaw comes with warm rain. ("If this was snow we'd have twelve feet. . . .") And if warm rain pours for three January days, as I have known it to do, Ragged Mountain's melt floods our driveway, snow vanishes from all hayfields, and water drowns the black ice of Eagle Pond. Our small universe confuses itself with false spring. Bears wake perplexed and wander looking for deer corpses or compost heaps, thinking that it's time to get on with it. I remember fetching the newspaper one morning at six o'clock (I pick up the *Globe* outside a store nearby which does not open for customers, slugabeds, until eight o'clock) on the third day of a warm rain. Chugging through deep mud in my outboard Nissan, I pulled up at the wet porch to see a huge black cat rooting about in perennials beside the walk, a black pussycat with white spots . . . Oh, no . . . Therefore I remained in the front seat, quietly reading the paper, careful not to make a startling sound or otherwise appear rude—until the skunk wandered away.

Until we replaced rotten sills three years ago, a family of skunks lived in

our root cellar every winter. We never *saw* them, but we found their scat; we found the holes by which they entered and exited; we confirmed their presence by another sense. In the spring they sometimes quarreled, possibly over the correct time and place for love, and we could hear them snapping at each other, and, alas, we discovered that skunks used on each other their special skunk equipment: once a year in February or March we threw our windows wide open. On one occasion, Ann Arbor friends visited in March, dear friends notable for the immaculateness of their house in a culture of unspotted houses. When we brought them home with their skis from the airport, and opened the door, we discovered that our root cellar family had suffered a domestic disagreement; therefore we opened all downstairs windows, although it was of course fifteen below. As we prepared to take our friends upstairs to their bedroom, where the air would be purer,

we opened the doorway upstairs to discover a dead rat on the carpet, courtesy of a guardian cat. Welcome to the country.

January thaw is dazzling, but it is a moment's respite. If this were January in England we would soon expect snow drops; here we know enough to expect replacement battalions of snow's troopers following on coldness that freezes the melt, covering it with foot upon foot of furry whiteness and moon coldness. We return to the satisfactions of winter, maybe even to the deliverance and delirium of a full moon.

In New Hampshire the full moon is remarkable all year long, because we suffer relatively little from garbage-air and even less from background light. The great cloudless night of the full moon is werewolf time, glory of silver-pale hauntedness whenever it happens—but in winter it is most beautiful. I set the internal alarm, maybe three or four nights in a row, and wander, self-made ghost, through pale rooms in the pewter light while the moon magnifies itself in bright hayfields and reflects upward, a sun from middle earth, onto shadowy low ceilings. High sailing above, higher than it has a right to, bigger, the February full moon, huge disc of cold, rides and slides among tatters of cloud. My breathing speeds, my pulse quickens; for half an hour I wander, pulled like a tide through the still house in the salty half-light, more asleep than awake, asleep not in house or nightshirt in 1985 but in moon, moon, moon . . . What old animal awakens and stretches inside the marrow of the bones? What howls? What circles, sniffing for prey?

It's no winter without an ice storm. When Robert Frost gazed at bent-over birch trees and tried to think that boys had bent them playing, he knew better: "Ice storms do that." They do that, and a lot more, trimming disease and weakness out of the tree—the old tree's friend, as pneumonia used to be the old man's. Some of us provide life-support systems for our precious shrubs, boarding them over against the ice; for the ice storm takes the young or unlucky branch or birch as well as the rotten or feeble. One February morning we look out our windows over yards and fields littered with kindling, small twigs and great branches. We look out at a world turned into one diamond, ten thousand carats in the line of sight, twice as many facets. What a dazzle of spinning refracted light, spider webs of cold brilliance attacking our eyeballs! All winter we wear sunglasses to drive, more than we do in summer, and never so much as after an ice storm with its painful glaze reflecting from maple and birch, granite boulder and stone wall, turning electric wires into bright silver filaments. The snow itself takes on a crust of ice, like the finish of a clay pot, that carries our weight and sends us swooping and sliding. It is worth your life to go for the mail. Until sand and salt redeem the highway, Route 4 is quiet; we cancel the appointment with the dentist, stay home, and marvel at the altered universe, knowing that midday sun will strip ice from tree and roof and restore our ordinary white winter world.

Another inescapable attribute of winter, increasing in the years of postwar affluence, is the Ski People, cold counterpart of the summer folks

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*My grandfather
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tree every day,
wearing a wooden
yoke across his
shoulders*

who have filled New Hampshire's Julys and Augusts ever since the railroad came in the 1840s. Now the roads north from Boston are as dense on a February Friday as they are on a July; and late Sunday afternoon Interstate 93 backs up from the tollbooth. On twenty thousand Toyotas pairs of skis ride north and south every weekend. At Christmas vacation and school holidays every hotel room fills all week with families of flatlanders. They wait in line at the tows, resplendent in the costumes of money, booted and coiffed in bright petrochemical armor. They ride, they swoop, they fall, they drink whiskey . . . and the bonesetter takes no holiday, on a New Hampshire February weekend, and the renter of crutches earns time and a half. Now that cross-country rivals downhill, the ski people grow older and more various; tourism, which rivals the yard sale as a major North Country industry, brings Massachusetts and New York money for the thin purses of the cold land. And by the fashionable areas—much of Vermont, and the Waterville Valley in New Hampshire's White Mountains—restaurants and boutiques, cute shops and quiche cafés buzz like winter's black flies.

The snow machine breaks trails for cross-country, and it is also the countryman's ski outfit. Few natives ski, though some have always done, and in our attic there are wide heavy wooden skis from the time of the Great War on which my mother and her sisters traipsed all winter, largely doing cross-country but perfectly willing to slide down a hill. Old-timers remember the horse as ski tow, pulling adventurers uphill.

The motorcycle roar of snow machines, from a distance indistinguishable from chain saws, interrupts the down-quiet of midweek evenings, as kids roar along disused railroad tracks and over the surface of frozen lakes. Mostly kids. The older folks, men mostly, park their bob-houses on thick ice of winter lakes, saw holes in the ice, light a fire, warm themselves with a pint of whiskey, and fish for the wormless perch of winter. Like deer hunting in November, of course, this fishing is not mere sport; it fills the freezers of ten thousand shacks, trailers, and extended farmhouses. On Eagle Pond just west of us we count six or a dozen bob-houses each winter, laboriously translated by pickup and pushed or slipped across the ice to a lucky spot. Most springs it seems one fisherman waits too late. How many little houses, some with tin stoves flaking away, raise a freshwater Davy Jones's condominium on the bottom of Eagle Pond?

After the labor of cordwood and ice in the old days, in March as the winter ended, followed the great chore of maple sugaring. It still arrives, though without so much labor. Usually it comes in March, one stretch, but on occasion the conditions for sap turn right for two weeks in February, go wrong for twenty days, then right again—a split season of sugaring. Right conditions are warm days when the snow melts followed by cold nights when it freezes. Nowadays people suction sap from the sugarbush with miles of plastic tubing. In the old time you pounded the spigot into the tree—several of them in a good-sized three-hundred-year-old maple—and hung a bucket from each for the sap to drip into. My grandfather trudged from tree to tree every day, wearing a wooden yoke across his shoulders; long pails hung from the ends of it, narrow on top and wide on bottom, for collecting sap from each bucket. He emptied these yoke pails into a great receptacle sledged by an ox—oxen were especially useful in the winter, slow but unbothered by snow—and when he filled this great sledge kettle his ox pulled it to a funnel and pipe whence the sap flowed downhill to a storage tank behind the sap house.

Gathering sap was a third of the work, or maybe a quarter. There was cordwood to cut, and to burn under the trays boiling the sap down. Someone had to tend the fire day and night, and to watch and test the sap on its delicate journey to syrup. In 1913 my grandfather corked five hundred gallons at a dollar a gallon, big money in 1913, with the help of his father-in-law Ben Keneston, cousin Freeman, and Ansel the hired man. When we remember that it takes about forty gallons of sap, boiled down, to make one gallon of syrup, we begin to assess the labor required.

But the sweetness of the task was not only the cash crop. With honey from the beehive next to the barn and the hollyhocks, my grandfather and grandmother grew and produced their own sweetening. With the cash from syrup—sometimes from wool and baby lambs—they bought land and paid taxes. Often their tax was little or nothing, for in the old days many farmers paid their taxes by doing road work—scraping and rolling the dirt roads, filling in with hardpan, and in winter rolling down the snow on the road to make it fit for the runners of sleighs, taking on a mile of Wilmot's Grafton Turnpike.

March was always the month for blizzards. Still is. It is the time when we all tell ourselves: *We've had enough of winter*. Old folks come back from Florida and Hilton Head; younger ones, fed up, head off for a week where the weather performs like May or June in New Hampshire. Every morning the *Globe* measures a word from Florida: *baseball* . . . In New Hampshire tantalizing melt is overwhelmed with four feet of snow, drifts to twelve feet . . . We comfort each other when we use the form of complaint for our boasting, that, even if we lost the old outhouse yesterday, or the '53 Buick that the chickens use for summer roosting, what comes quick in March goes quick in March, and three or four days from now it'll melt to reveal the lost Atlantis of the family barnyard. Of course three or four days later, we find another four feet.

Of course it snows in April, every year, but you cannot call it winter anymore. Snow sticks around, in the north shade, most years until early in May, but it is ragged and dirty stuff, and we overlook it as we gaze in hopeful amazement at this year's crop of daffodils. Every year the earlier daffodils fill with snow, bright yellow spilling out white crystals, outraged optimism overcome by fact. And the worst storm I have driven through, after ten New Hampshire winters, occurred a few years back on the ninth day of May.

But annual aberration aside, March is the end of winter, and the transition to spring is April's melt. One year not long ago we had an open winter, with very little snow, *no snow* we all said; we exaggerated a little, for we had an inch here and an inch there. The winter was not only dry but mild, which was a good thing, for an open winter with cold weather destroys flowers and bushes and even trees, since snow is our great insulator. As it was, in our open winter we suffered one cold patch—twenty below for a week—and in the spring that followed, and in the summer, we discovered winter kill: a few rosebushes and old lilacs, plants and bulbs that had survived for decades, didn't make it that year. When spring came without a melt, when mild days softened with buttery air and the protected daffodils rose blowing yellow trumpets, we felt uneasy; all of us knew: lacking the pains of winter, we did not deserve the rapture and the respite of spring.

Our annual melt is the wild, messy, glorious loosening of everything tight. It is gravity's ecstasy as water seeks its own level on every level, and the noise of water running fills day and night. Down Ragged Mountain the streams rush, cutting through ice and snow, peeling away winter's cold layers. Rush, trickle, rush. Busy water moves all day and all night, never tired, cutting away the corrupt detritus of winter. Fingers of bare earth extend down hillsides. South sides of trees extend bare patches, further every day. Root-patterned rivulets melting gather downhill to form brief streams. Dirt roads slog, driveways turn swamps, cars smithereen transmissions. Rural delivery, which survives ten thousand blizzards, sticks in the mud of April.

Then it dries. Last snow melts. Trees bud green. Soft air turns. Who can believe in winter now?

All of us. We know that winter has only retreated, waiting. When the bear comes out of its winter sleep, winter itself goes into hibernation, sleeping off the balmy months of peeper-sing until the red leaf wakes it again and the white season returns with the New Hampshire by which we know ourselves. ■

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everything tight.*



TANKED

Test-Driving the Army's M1

By Fred Reed

To an observer on one of Fort Hood's flattened prominences, the Abrams M1 tank might seem a dark mote below a high plume of dust, a glint of periscopes, a small furor lost in the vastness and pastels of central Texas. Not even the grandest of tanks can intimidate a landscape. By day and night the armor rumbles across this land, seen only by tankers. Armor is a private trade.

From low in the turret in the gunner's seat, the tank (depending on what it is doing at the moment) is a terrific clatter of tracks, a howl of big turbine, a shriek of hydraulics, or a welter of strange oscillating noises of no obvious origin. Everything vibrates. Talking is absolutely impossible except on the intercom, where it is relatively impossible. There were, in the tank with me, the tank commander, a driver, and a loader. But in a tank, one is very alone.

The effect was almost nautical. Stuffy air, smelling of paint and oil, and heavy machinery filled every available space. There were turret controls, the primary sight, an auxiliary sight, switches, hydraulic lines, cables, the machine gun, and most notably the breech of the main gun inches to my left. Intermittently, we lurched sharply sideways. A tank steers by the simple-minded process of slowing down one of its two tracks—with the subtle result one would expect. There is a certain directness about a tank, a lack of understatement. One knows intuitively that Proust would not have wanted one.

In the strange isolation born of dimness and
Fred Reed writes frequently on military matters.

cacophony, I braced my forehead against the browpad and peered through the round eye of the gunner's main sight. A glowing pink reticle floated slowly, deliberately across the land; pale green Texas drifted by in the eerie clarity of good optics. The stabilization system held the turret rock-steady despite the bucking of the tank. I laid the empty gun on a distant steer—Fort Hood is situated on open range—not from any hostility toward cattle but because some limbic instinct wants to aim at living things. Beneath a huge sky we careened on, with me, two gyroscopes, a laser rangefinder, a remarkably precise turret drive, a fire-control computer, and a 105-mm high-velocity gun fixedly watching a cow.

The public attributes a great many qualities to tanks that they do not have. It is easy to think of a tank as a sort of terrestrial torpedo boat, dashing rapidly and invincibly about and blowing things up. Unfortunately, some who harbor this notion are armor officers, who tend to be frustrated cavalry officers and believe a tank to be an intractable but noble form of horse—which is one reason why in war, tanks are so often seen in flames.

In fact, tanks are big, hard, solid, fragile, unreliable, temperamental, and vulnerable. When possible, they are carried to a battle site on enormous trucks called tank transporters in the hope that they will function when they arrive. They break easily, bog down at the slightest provocation, and cannot go very far without something going wrong. They fall into holes and can't get out. They are a superlative pain in the neck.

Tanks ought to be obsolete, but they are not.

civilians said tanks were obsolete when I was in high school with the Marines in the late 1960s, and later as I followed them through three Middle Eastern wars as a correspondent for various publications. Yet they were always there, always dangerous, and always decisive. As a military writer, I watch them carefully today and see no change.

The voice of Sergeant San Miguel, the tank commander in the turret with me, roared from the headphones of my CVC helmet (the initials stand for something like Combat Vehicle Crewman). The army could never bring itself to call a headset a headset. "You gotta TC an M1 different from an A3." TC, Tank Commander, is both a noun and a verb, and an M60A3 is an older tank than the M1. "In A3s you stay high out of the hatch, but in M1s you keep low. You gotta be careful about your face." He demonstrated, lowering his seat until only the top of his head cleared the steel coaming of the hatch. "You gotta think about your teeth," he said. "You can smash them."

Tanks are dangerous to their crews, and much effort goes into avoiding injuries. They are also brutally uncomfortable. After a few hours in the hatches, you ache—unless you are nineteen and too dumb to know when you are uncomfortable. Fort Hood is uneven, pitted, ravined country. Tanks, except for the M1, which has a limousine's suspension, do not race across rough country. They pick and baby their way, like an automobile on a badly rutted road. The driver cowers as he reaches a declivity, and the tank—*whoops!*—pitches downward, checks sharply at the bottom, accelerates, rocks back to the horizontal. Each step throws you against the hatch coaming unless you brace against it. At high speed, you have to resist with muscular tension, bend your knees, sit back hard, press your arms against the side. The world rocks u-p-p-p-p, tips sharply over, down, thump, roar of engine, bump of upslope, surge, hour after hour.

The M1 is a feline tank, quick, agile, with a smooth, honeyed ride—for a tank. This means that the crews hot-rod M1s over rough ground—being, after all, American kids—so you still get thrown around. The beast will easily fly entirely off the ground over hummocks, landing with a sinuous ripple of tracks. Somewhere the army is said to have a photograph of an M1 firing in midair.

We pulled into the firing range. The range-control people were on a low hill behind us, working from an armored personnel carrier fitted with radios. A dozen dirty M1s clattered about, squeak-squeaking, rattling, turbines howling like mournful lost vacuum cleaners. Tanks are exciting for about an hour, after which they are obtuse tractors that need fixing.

They are also incredibly ugly and throw up a lot of dust. For the next several hours we did endless minor maintenance. The M1 seems to need a lot of it. Like yachts, tanks never work perfectly all at once.

"She's a sweet tank," a driver told me, "but, you know, just like a woman." Fickle, demanding, fussy.

The sun was hot. A constant wind from the hills desiccated without cooling. I leaned against the turret and waited. From somewhere down the line came the sharp crack of firing tanks, the putt-putt of their machine guns. I wasn't sure what we were waiting for. In the army, waiting is intransitive, without an object.

I watched the crews, aware of the yawning gap of twenty years. These days they are smart, competent, and cheerful, which is astonishing to one who remembers the dregs of the late 1970s. And they can use their tanks. Yet there is a terrible innocence about them. It is a curious paradox that reporters go to more wars than soldiers do. I wondered whether the junior officers, who are conscientious, or their men really understand the business they are in. They have never looked inside a gutted tank. They were children during the Vietnam War.

From *The Sharp End*, an excellent book about soldiers in World War II:

A tank that is mortally hit belches forth long searing tongues of orange flame from every hatch. As ammunition explodes in the interior, the hull is racked by violent convulsions and sparks erupt from the spout of the barrel like the fireballs of a Roman candle. Silver rivulets of molten aluminium pour from the engine like tears. . . . When the inferno subsides, gallons of lubricating oil in the power train and hundreds of pounds of rubber on the tracks and bogey wheels continue to burn, spewing dense clouds of black smoke over the funeral pyre.

Not the stuff of recruiting posters. These men do not know of it, not really. Armies don't read. Even the officers have never seen the horror of a burning tank. Fire is the hideous, unspeakable nightmare of armor. So many things burn in a tank: ammunition, fuel, hydraulic fluid vaporized by 1,500 pounds of pressure. The crews don't always get out. Hatches jam, the wounded can't move, sheer panic and agony prevent escape.

The M1 uses fire-retardant hydraulic fluid and a Halon gas fire extinguisher, which are said to greatly reduce the likelihood of fire.

One hopes they work.

The gun is the soul of a tank. The M1 is computerized, electronic, and designed for accuracy at long ranges and for firing on the move. The wisdom of this design can be argued on complex

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grounds; yet the Israelis, presumed to know something of tanks, have remarkably similar equipment on their own Merkava. So do the Germans.

Firing is quite easy, although there are plenty of buttons. Before battle the gunner should enter into the keyboard on the turret wall to his right the bore wear, the barometric pressure, and the temperature of the air and of the ammunition—all of which influence the strike of the round at long range. There is a gadget to offset the droop of the gun as it softens slightly in the sun. Sensors automatically account for crosswind and for the cant of the turret in case the tank is parked on a lump. Some of this works, some doesn't. At normal ranges, it doesn't matter.

Next, depending on what he is firing at and whether it is day or night, the gunner sets various switches mounted in boxes of industrial appearance and labeled in abrupt, technical, *Götterdämmerung* language: NORMAL MODE DRIFT. AMMUNITION SELECT/SABOT/HEP/BH/HEAT. FIRE CONTROL MODE. EMERGENCY/NORMAL/MANUAL. POLARITY WHITE HOT/BLACK HOT. The words reek of Wagnerian drama and insulation. I found myself with wild visions of Beowulf standing in dented armor, high in the cold hills of Denmark, holding a calculator from Hewlett-Packard and figuring azimuths.

There is a peculiar appeal, perhaps original to the late twentieth century, to being low in the cramped bowels of a tank, secure behind the armor and surrounded by all manner of fierce, cryptic controls. Major weapons always seem to me to be as much civilizational Rorschach blots as reasonable solutions to problems. Beneath a superficial rationality, all of them—tanks, fighter planes, submarines—are too obviously the toys I wanted when I was eleven. They call powerfully to the male's love of controllable complexity, and are too much fun for coincidence. They too readily offer a romantic the gray, adrenal satisfactions of doom. And soldiers, God knows, are romantics. Few of us have room to psychoanalyze others. Still, there is the feeling that if tanks were in decorator décor, pink and baby blue with satin trim and leopard skin, and the switches said BIG BOOMY GUN and LITTLE PUTT-PUTT GUN, war might stop.

Anyway, you set AMMUNITION SELECT to SABOT. This prepares the computer to fire a thing like a heavy metal arrow at terrific velocity. In the sight, the ominous circular pink reticle hangs in space. A pair of handgrips, universally called Cadillacs by the troops, raise the circle or move it sideways. Squeezing the grips turns on the turret stabilization so that the bucking of the tank does not affect the gun.

You put the reticle on the target, press the la-

ser button to feed the range to the computer and squeeze the trigger. There is a jolt, as if a giant boot had kicked the tank. Outside the noise is terrific, but inside it isn't loud. The cartridge case ejects onto the floor with a clatter.

Modern tanks can hit each other a mile away.

Earlier, in the dust and heat of Fort Hood, I had watched as Sergeant San Miguel tried to start the tank. The turbine cranked around with a rising howl and sighed to a stop. An abort. He tried again. No go. She wasn't going to start.

He called another tank over and jump started ours successfully. Yep, batteries. Many of the ailments of tanks are depressingly similar to those of the family car. We pulled the armor cover from the back deck and discovered the two batteries had been rebuilt badly. There was nothing to do but wait for new ones.

I chatted briefly with a couple of soldiers about Killeen, the town just outside Fort Hood. Tankers see an awful lot of Killeen, and an awful lot of Germany. Killeen is the usual nasty little strip of burger joints, beer halls, motorcycle stores, and loan shakeries—all engaged in the patriotic business of separating a GI from his paycheck. Signs blare NEED MONEY? SEE HONES JOHN, THE CASH SPIGOT. Denny's, Roy Rogers, McDonald's, Arby's—all the way stations on the road to coronary occlusion.

I was told that Killeen has improved in recent years. For example, the prostitutes have been chased away to Austin. I said I was glad to hear this, being sure that several thousand single men would respond with gratitude. "Ain't but about one hooker left. She's so ugly I wouldn't take her to a dogfight if I thought she'd win."

The principles of tank gunnery find perfect expression in the age-old military prescription "Do unto others, but do it first." The armor may help, but no one depends on it. The tank that doesn't fire first is likely to have a finned arrow of depleted uranium, moving at a mile a second, come through the turret in a burst of metallurgically complex finality.

When a tank fights in what the military engagingly calls a target-rich environment, the result is a terrifying controlled ballet as the loader slams 40-pound rounds into the breech, while the gunner desperately floats the pink circle onto an enemy tank that is trying to do the same thing to him: boom, load, load goddammit. . .

The Soviets have experimented with an autoloader which unfortunately displayed democratic tendencies, promiscuously stuffing crewmen into the gun along with ammunition. ("Once more unto the breech, dear friends. . .") This

s said to have been corrected.

Once, while in the jumbled rock country of the Golan Heights covering the aftermath of a war, I drove along a winding road cut into a hill. The curves were so sharp that it was impossible to see more than a short distance around the hill. Suddenly, a Soviet-made tank loomed into view; there was a neat hole at the base of its turret. Farther around the turn was another dead tank and, farther still, yet another. As nearly as I could tell, Israeli and Syrian tank columns had met unexpectedly, and the Israeli lead tank had fired first and loaded fast. The Syrians apparently had not realized that they were in a fight.

Earlier, I had passed a small plain, green against the high crags and rocky hills. A Syrian tank army seemed to stream across it, almost pretty, pennants flying from aials—the tanks had been dead for a week. Where tanks had paused to take on ammunition, great piles of cardboard cannisters and splintered crates lay in

sodden piles. Nobody thinks of war in terms of trash. There is lots of it.

In peace, the tanker's life is the curious combination of boredom and resignation to lunacy that has always characterized militaries. The army is ridiculous in ways beyond civilian comprehension, and tanks are ridiculous even by army standards. Attending a military exercise in Korea, I witnessed the guarding of a bridge by a tank. The exercise was hopelessly unrealistic, as most are, being intended to show our resolve to come to the aid of Korea if need be. It was mid-afternoon. Mountains sloped sharply to paddies frozen to steel, and a frigid wind raced up the valley. We guarded the bridge by parking beside it, pointing the gun in the presumed direction of the imaginary enemy, and pawing through C rations for the edible parts.

The day dragged on. For a while we stood in the hatches and watched in awe as some Korean kids played in freezing water. Next we made

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wretched C-ration coffee and lay on the ground with our heads against the tracks and talked. As a pillow, a tank is flawed. Then we watched some soldiers building a barbed-wire enclosure to fence in nonexistent prisoners.

From the driver's compartment came a lugubrious wail from Hoover, the driver: "Heater's broke."

With night falling in a Korean winter, that was a knell. The tank commander responded with the natural leadership of a good NCO: "Hoover, fix that goddamn thing or you're on guard for a week!"

Hoover tried. The heater began to emit thick black smoke but no heat. The sun sank behind the mountains, and the temperature began to fall in earnest. Smoke poured from the hatches of our 58-ton smudge pot. We leaned overboard, caught in a coldly burning tank, coughing like consumptives, Korean kids staring in stark wonderment. . . .

From war movies it is easy to imagine that fighting in a tank is something like Luke Skywalker's exhilarating rush into the entrails of some death star. This sentiment killed many men in World War II and still kills, there being a profound tendency for tankers to regard themselves as diesel cavalymen at Balaklava. Given the capacities of antitank weaponry, tankers who regard themselves as cavalry usually meet the same fate as those who charged with the Light Brigade.

In fact, the first element of ground combat, armored or not, is not élan but exhaustion—grim, aching weariness that actually hurts, that saps the will to resist, turns fingers to rubber, makes a standing man blank out for a second and catch himself falling. Eyes go gritty, armpits get raw from stale sweat, and the mind has trouble with simple things.

Then, in armor, there is the paranoia, the weird sensory deprivation that swathes a tanker in his own dim world of nerves. He can hear nothing above the racket of the tank, except through the intercom. An infantryman hears small-arms fire, shouts, crackling of bushes, his own breathing. A tanker hears none of this, only the voices of the other crewmen hissing and roaring metallically from the headset and the voices of other tanks over the radio. But even these have an odd disembodied quality. They don't come from anywhere in particular, for example. All voices seem to hang six inches behind one's skull.

When the tank is buttoned up, with the hatches down for protection, it is almost blind. The driver, low to the ground (almost lying down in the hull of an M1), can see nothing at all in dense vegetation. The gunner has only the

narrow field of his sight to connect him to outward existence; the loader sees nothing. The tank commander is slightly better off, but not much. Behind every bush there may be an antitank rocket that will explode through the side armor and make mush of all within.

And so tanks, the ones that survive, anyway, are diffident, timid things. Except perhaps on flat desert, they advance fearfully, trailing the infantry that has to screen the hedges, kill the rocket men, root out mines. Tanks stay under cover whenever possible, dislike open ground, dash from shelter to shelter like frightened fawns. This is why the army chose the turbine engine for the M1, trading fuel economy for acceleration. A bold charge of massed armor, racing across open terrain with streamers flying, leads to many flaming tanks.

A preferred way to use tanks is to put them in holes with just the turret showing. Another is to stay on what the army calls the reverse slope of hills—meaning the other side—climb into sight to fire quickly, and reverse back down. It is almost embarrassingly ungallant.

The tank remains crucial to war, yet one somehow feels that it shouldn't. The mood of a tank, if you will, is not suited to the times. The thing belongs in an age of blast furnaces and raw national force, in an epoch of dreadnought navies when guns that a man could crawl into flung projectiles weighing a ton. The tank is a characteristically Soviet weapon—crude, brutal, but effective. One imagines tanks crawling like dark beetles from roaring factories deep behind the Urals.

Tanks are heavy machinery at its heaviest and simplest in a time when respectable weapons abound in microcircuitry, frequency-agile radar, focal-plane arrays, and near-sentient electronics. Modern tanks have many of these gewgaws and sometimes use them well, but they are essentially an encrustation of glitter. Remove the accretion of advanced whatnots, and the tank is still a hard object with a large gun. No matter how silly tanks may seem, no matter how archaic and unreliable, when one heaves out of the smoke and comes at you, you have a problem.

One must never think that because tanks are something of a blunt instrument, no thought goes into them. A tank is a cosh, but a highly engineered cosh. Open a book on tank design at random and you are likely to find a swarm of second-order partial differential equations. Lethal details are fussed over. For example, engineers give careful attention to the best ratio of length to diameter of long-rod penetrators—the "arrows" fired by the main gun. X-ray flash radiographs stop the penetration in mid-act for

amination. The mechanics of plastic deformation are considered with great mathematical sophistication. The engineers are quite concerned about maximizing behind-armor effects, BAE, a technical term that encompasses burning and mutilation of the crew. Pressure transducers measure the "overpressure" as the tank is hit to see whether the lungs of the enemy will be ruptured, a desirable effect if you can get it. The probability of flash burns and their likely severity is studied. This paragraph is from a report on an anti-armor warhead tested at Aberdeen Proving Ground, Maryland, but could have come from the labs of any civilized nation:

The pressure transducer was the Kistler type 6121 piezo-electric gauge. This gauge, having a frequency response of 6 kilohertz, was used to measure air-shock pressures generated in the compartment. The incapacitating effects of temperature were assessed using the burn criteria presented in figure 7.

I once lay across from a pair of scorched tanks at the Naval Support Activity hospital in Annapolis. I couldn't see them because my face was bandaged, but we talked. They had been hit with a rocket, they said. It didn't penetrate, so the crew, having no idea where it came from, began to fire at random, this being the embodiment of American strategy. Unfortunately, a hydraulics line had burst, and the fluid had ignited. Two tankers got out. The others stayed behind, screaming considerably. This is sometimes called secondary or delayed behind-armor effects.

The fear a tank inspires in infantrymen is hard to grasp. A tank is far faster than a man—the M1 is good for 45 mph on good ground—and doesn't get tired. The infantryman knows that it will run over him to save ammunition. Unless he is beside it and has exactly the right weapon, there is nothing he can do about it. He knows this. And if you haven't heard a big gun close up, you cannot imagine what a shattering thing it is. Seasoned troops who know a tank's limitations will stand up to one in reasonable terrain. Others will run in blind, squalling panic.

Once, late at night, I was out on the rolling dunes of Camp Pendleton with a platoon of infantry. The night was foggy, the moon a glow through dripping mist. We were in good spirits, listening to the soft swish of waves. Then we heard it: *squeak-squeak-squeak*.

Tanks. They weren't supposed to be anywhere near infantry at night, but somebody had slipped. I could feel unease go through the platoon. The squeaking grew in volume over a deep rumble of diesels, growling and dying, growling and dying as the crews rocked them over the dunes. We couldn't localize it; in the fog the

sound seemed to come from everywhere.

We all thought the same thing: My God, they're going to run over us. They wouldn't even notice until they found the meat in the tracks. The roaring grew and grew, and with it came the seeds of panic, a panic that didn't know where to run. The fog shuddered with belching exhaust and—*whumph!*—they rose over the dunes and stood there, idling, growling, waiting. . . .

Three A.M., Fort Hood. Down the hill from me the tanks were firing into the blackness. Armies don't stop at night. There was no moon. The wind still souged through the brush. From other ranges around us came distant detonations, streaks of fire across the sky, the brilliant white light of magnesium mortar flares dangling under their parachutes. From the invisible tanks low on the slope erupted violent yellow blasts and the cherry streak of main-gun tracers flashing across the unseen land. Behind us a spotting tank called on the radio, "Target . . . target . . . target . . ." The troops can shoot these days.

I waited for a lull and asked whether I could look at the thermal sights that allow firing in the dark. People and tanks are hotter than other things. The thermals pick up the heat and, in principle, allow fighting at night. They are also complex, delicate, and, it seems, prone to breakdown. A lot of them were burning out.

We made sure the tanks weren't going anywhere for a moment and walked down the hill with a flashlight. The night was pleasant, the company good; whatever one's political delusions, GIs are likable. For men who enjoy being outside and are not driven by ego, tanks are not a bad field of endeavor. We found the step and hauled ourselves up the slab side-armor and lowered ourselves through the hatches. The inside was dim with battle lights, and a pile of hot shell casings lay on the floor.

The sergeant turned on the refrigeration, and we waited for the noisy little unit to cool down the thermal sensors. After ten minutes I crawled into the gunner's seat and peered through the lens. Nothing. The field was a meaningless jumble of flicker and snow. We slued the sensor head, and suddenly I was looking at clear, white silhouettes of troops. The effect was strange: The surrounding land didn't exist because it wasn't hot enough, so targets appeared to hang in fuzzy nothingness. But they were shootable.

I walked back up the hill and lay on the bleachers. The radio blared and chattered. A tank had slipped sideways into a hole and thrown a track. The men repaired it. The flickerings behind the neighboring hills continued. The red streaks flared from the dark tanks, hour after hour. ■

Seasoned troops who know a tank's limitations will stand up to one. Others will run in blind, squalling panic

WHAT GETS IN

Disclosure and the sec

By May 15, each member of Congress is required by law to submit an annual Financial Disclosure Statement to the clerk of his or her chamber; that is, the House or the Senate. "Principal" assistants to the lawmakers must do the same. What is to be disclosed on forms like this one is a vast array of detailed information about income and wealth and debt, their sources and scope. The Ethics in Government Act of 1978 was voted into law in the wake of the scandal involving alleged political payoffs to members of Congress by agents of the South Korean government. Those who pushed for the new law—its strongest proponents were recently elected, post-Watergate Democrats—wanted to direct harsh light into shadowy places, wanted to give citizens a truer picture of those who represented them, wanted ultimately a Congress free of favor, dirty dealings, and the power of the stuffed envelope. The disclosure forms have provided journalists and campaign teams with strange and sometimes important information. But the limits and laxity of both the law itself and the Congress that enforces it have assured that members need be little more open or honest than before.

The best way to receive honoraria is to get on the right congressional committee—that is, one that writes tax laws. Those in a position to grant a tax break can expect steady booking on the lecture circuit, whatever their oratory skills; after all, the groups signing them to speak care mostly that lawmakers *listen*. In 1984 members of the House and Senate received \$5.2 million for their speeches, writings, and appearances, according to disclosure statements filed by May of last year. One-fifth of this total, or \$1.08 million, was made by members of tax committees. Senator Robert Dole, the Kansas Republican and tax whiz, made \$115,929 in honoraria in 1984, tops in the Senate. Leading the House was Ways and Means Committee Chairman Dan Rostenkowski, the Illinois Democrat; he made \$93,000 in honoraria, almost double the amount (\$49,899) made by Representative Jack Kemp, the New York Republican, who ranked number two. Members of the House (leadership excluded) are subject to an outside income cap of \$21,710; whatever they make that exceeds the cap goes to charity, and toward a tax deduction.

Gregory A. Fossedal is a contributing editor of Harper's. He is a media fellow at the Hoover Institution at Stanford University.

UNITED STATES
Committee

ETHICS IN GOVERNMENT ACT

FORM A—For use by Members, officers, and employees

(Full Name)

(Mailing Address)

Check the appropriate box and fill in the blanks.

☐ Member of the U.S. House of Representatives

☐ Officer or Employee—Employing Office _____

Note: Please read instructions carefully; identify each sheet by showing source and page number. None, so indicate.) Please type or print.

A. The source, type and amount of income (including honoraria) received during calendar year 1984. Exclude in part I-B below.

SOURCE

B. The source, type, and category of value of property received during calendar year 1984 which exceeds \$100 in more than \$1,000; B—\$1,001–\$2,500; C—\$2,501–\$100,000.

SOURCE

A. The source and a brief description of property received from any source during calendar year 1984.

SOURCE

B. The source, a brief description, and value of property received during calendar year 1984.

SOURCE

C. The source and a brief description of property received during calendar year 1984.

SOURCE

IN CONGRESS

by Gregory A. Fossedal

FINANCIAL DISCLOSURE STATEMENT FOR 1984

(Office Use Only)

☐ Check if amended Statement.

Attach additional sheets if needed. Complete all parts. (If receiving \$100 or more in value received from any source during the year, do not include here income reported)

TYPE	AMOUNT

Capital gains received from any source during the year, as follows: Category A—not over \$50,000; F—\$50,001–\$100,000; G—over \$100,000

TYPE	CATEGORY

Entertainment aggregating \$250 or more in value

BRIEF DESCRIPTION

More in value received from any source during the year

DESCRIPTION	VALUE

Gifts received from any source during calendar year

BRIEF DESCRIPTION

Members of Congress have, in this little box, a very valuable safety hatch. Those who find themselves fearing investigation by, say, the House Ethics Committee for, say, failing to disclose one or another source of income can quickly and quietly file a new, "amended" statement. In 1984, for example, Representative Stephen Solarz (Dem.; N.Y.) amended his financial reports for the years 1979 through 1983 to disclose a previously undisclosed blind trust—one that pushed the value of his family's trust holdings from Category E (\$100,001–\$250,000) to Category F (over \$250,000). Representative Berkley Bedell (Dem., Iowa) has updated previous forms to include as much as \$465,000 in previously undisclosed bank and real estate holdings, and more than \$250,000 in bonds. A number of legislators began filing amendments late in 1984 after the controversy over Geraldine Ferraro's failure to disclose her husband's income.

Representative Nick Rahall II (Dem., W. Va.) needed 207 "additional sheets" to describe his business transactions with Shearson Lehman/American Express, Smith Barney, and Wheat First Securities. Then there was Representative David Bonior (Dem., Mich.), who kept paperwork to the minimum. He claimed no outside income, no honoraria, no gifts, holdings, or liabilities, no agreements, no transactions of any kind.

In this Age of Reaganism, gifts with a Western touch have proved popular. In his 1984 disclosure statement, Representative Bob Smith (Rep., Ore.) owned up to receiving a \$700 belt buckle from the Order of the Antelope. The University of Texas bestowed upon Representative J. J. Pickle (Dem., Tex.) a bronze statue of a cowboy valued at \$3,600. And for cool nights on the range, Representative Ron Wyden (Dem., Ore.) now has an Indian blanket (\$100), courtesy of the Urban Indian Council. Yet among the gifts disclosed there are still hints of eras gone by. The Eisenhower era, for example. Representative Richard Schulze (Rep., Pa.), on the form he filed last May, was careful to list golf equipment provided him for participating in the Kemper Open. Very careful. Included under gifts: a bag tag worth \$1.20.

Wall Street Journal reporters found last fall that Representative Fernand St Germain (Dem., R.I.) had bought five International House of Pancakes restaurants, using \$1.3 million in loans from Rhode Island lending institutions, with little or no cash down. He also benefited from land deals in Florida arranged by the chair of a savings and loan association. St Germain happens to be chairman of the House Banking Committee. Neither transaction was fully reported. St Germain's failure to disclose is under investigation.

This "Yes," known as the spousal exemption box, has been perhaps the leading cause of trouble for lawmakers making disclosures. It was big trouble, most notably, for vice-presidential candidate Geraldine Ferraro. Ferraro, as a Democratic congresswoman from Queens, checked "Yes," claiming that the income of her husband and children was entitled to be exempt from disclosure. Resulting controversy over the appropriateness of the exemption led to an investigation of the business dealings of her husband, John Zaccaro (later convicted of falsifying information in two different real estate transactions). Since Ferraro was a part owner and officer of many of her husband's enterprises, contributed money to several bank accounts held jointly with her husband and children, and filed a joint income tax return for one of the years checked in the box, her use of the exemption would appear to have been a prima facie violation of the statute. The House Ethics Committee later recommended not to reprimand Ferraro, but it did cite her for a "technical violation" of the law—after the November 1984 election.

NOTE: For Parts III, IV, and V below, indicate Category
C—\$15,001–\$50,000; D—\$50,001–\$100,000; E—\$100,001–\$1,000,000

The identity and category of value of any interest in the production of income, which had a fair market value of \$100,000 or more at the end of 1984.

IDENTITY

The identity and category of value of the total liabilities of the individual, as of the end of 1984.

IDENTITY

A brief description, the date, and category of value of any interest in real property, or in stocks, bonds, commodities, or other assets, which had a fair market value of \$100,000 or more at the end of 1984.

BRIEF DESCRIPTION

The identity of all positions held on or before the end of 1984, as proprietor, representative, employee, or officer of any organization, any labor organization, or any other entity.

POSITION

A description of the date, parties to, and terms of any contract, during period of government service, continuing participation in an employment contract, or other contract, which had a fair market value of \$100,000 or more at the end of 1984.

DATE

A. Are you aware of any interests in the production of income of a dependent child which you have not reported?

B. Do you, your spouse or dependent child have any interests in the production of income whose holdings were not reported to the IRS?

NOTE: Any individual who fails to file this report in accordance with the requirements of § 1001.

Signature

more than \$5,000; B—\$5,001-\$15,000;

made or business, or for investment or year.

CATEGORY

\$10,000 at any time during calendar year

CATEGORY

g calendar year 1984 which exceeded \$1,000

DATE

CATEGORY

ar year as an officer, director, trustee, partner, ship, or other business enterprise, any nonprofit

GANIZATION

respect to: future employment; leave of absence employer other than the U.S. Government; and former employer.

TERMS OF AGREEMENT

ident child or property transactions by a spouse or dards for exemption? (See Instructions) YES NO

al interest in a trust or other financial arrangement or other excepted trust? (See Instructions) YES NO

who knowingly and willfully fails ons (2 U.S.C. § 706 and 18 U.S.C.

Date

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Members of Congress need not state the specific dollar value of their holdings; there are six broad "categories of value," and a legislator need only state which of them a particular piece of real estate or investment portfolio fits into. Broadest of all categories is the highest: Category F simply requires that an asset be listed as worth "over \$250,000." This has over the years made for some misleading understatements. Ted Kennedy, for instance, has most of his money held in a trust, and thus does not even appear on the list of millionaires. (At least fifty-three members of Congress reported assets of more than \$1 million in 1984: thirty-two Republicans, twenty-one Democrats.) And Senator John D. Rockefeller IV, who is believed to be worth about \$150 million, claimed assets of \$4.1 million "and above." The House investigation of Fred Richmond (Dem., N.Y.) showed just how much the disclosure statement can conceal. In 1978 Richmond reported his holdings in Walco National Corporation as "over \$250,000"; his holdings were "over \$250,000" by about \$16 million.

Representative George Hansen (Rep., Iowa) checked the "No" box for spousal exemption and got into trouble for that. He was sentenced in June 1984 to no more than fifteen months in prison and fined \$40,000 for failing to disclose four business transactions, three involving his wife. In July 1984 he was reprimanded by the House.

Members and their top aides who file false reports "knowingly and willfully" may be banished from Congress and tossed in jail, although this is anything but likely. Only in Hansen's case has a charge stemming directly from false disclosure led to a jail sentence. And the House Ethics Committee did not even take up the Hansen case until forced to do so by House rules—Hansen was reprimanded after his felony conviction under a general false-statements statute. Since 1978, inquiries by the House Ethics Committee have led to only twelve formal investigations. Some of these cases involved committee follow-ups of already existing civil or criminal investigations—the Abscam bribery case, for instance. It might be time to investigate the way the House Ethics Committee goes about its work, or doesn't. Such an investigation might soon surface. The report on Ferraro's disclosures was leaked, violating the Ethics Committee's secrecy rule. And it has been reported that the strategy that produced the report was discussed by Ethics Committee members in a meeting with Tip O'Neill's general counsel. If this is true, it would be another violation.

BEWARE OF THE DOG!

Thurber, Rex, and the making of a hero

By Vicki Hearne

Dorothy Parker once said of James Thurber's animals that "it is best to say but little . . . one goes all weak with sentiment." Dorothy Parker is not the only person to have said something foolish about Thurber, but she is perhaps the most interesting. I find myself moved to write about the idiotic things that have been said about Thurber by Parker and other, duller critics largely because I keep having the feeling that the world is going to hell in a handbasket—this and a feeling that we need a hero, a champion of the imagination. Thurber was capable not only of making a life and an art out of the American heroic tradition but, astonishingly, of revising that tradition to include dogs.

Thurber claimed that nothing of any significance happened to him until he moved to Connecticut and began raising Scotties at the age of thirty-three. In the opening of his famous piece "The Admiral on the Wheel," he writes of the sort of thing Scotties are capable of:

When the colored maid stepped on my glasses the other morning, it was the first time they had been broken since the late Thomas A. Edison's seventy-ninth birthday. I remember that day well, because I was working for a newspaper then and I had been assigned to go over to West Orange that morning and interview Mr. Edison. I got up early and, in reaching for my glasses under the bed (where I always put them), I found that one of my more sober and reflective Scotch terriers was quietly chewing them. Both tortoiseshell temples (the pieces that go over your ears) had been eaten and Jeannie was toying with the lenses in a sort of jaded way.

Chewing up glasses is a formidable task for a dog, and I have never heard of any but the gamest of terriers taking it on. Lesser dogs go for slippers and books; Scotties, pit bulls, and the like typically despise such easy game and go for glasses, can openers, the metal apparatus in your car that moves the seat back and forth, or the

foundations of the house. And Thurber's Jeannie, even more impressively, was accomplishing this quietly and without fanfare, "... toying with the lenses in a sort of jaded way."

One must remember that Thurber had only one eye, the other having been destroyed in a boyhood accident, when he was struck by an arrow while playing cowboys and Indians—and remember, too, that in the remaining eye he had only partial vision without his glasses. So when he calls Jeannie "one of my more sober and reflective Scotch terriers," it is possible to think he intends the word *reflective* in some simply minded ironic fashion—which he does not intend at all. This is one of the many places Thurber dogs figure as emblems of power and thought, both human and canine.

Dogs and reflectiveness are both to be respected in Thurber. The glasses incident appears again, in "In Defense of Dogs, Even, After Fashion, Jeannie." He doesn't blame her for the act but says, "Under the bed is no place for glasses. If I had put them on the dresser, Jeannie would never have eaten them, mainly, of course, because she couldn't reach that high but that is beside the point."

It is beside the point because this story is a parable about what it is to be serious about life and art. In this parable, you are blind because that which you have bred and authored and loved has chewed up your glasses—and you go forth anyway, and you go forth without whining about it, which is exactly what Thurber seems to have done.

Even in biographies written by those who seem bent on playing Find the Writer's Blemish, Thurber's gallantry comes through. But biographers do say astounding things like this: that the loss of Thurber's eye in that archery accident accounted for his genius. For instance, from Charles S. Holmes's biography: "The psychological impact of the injury was more significant than the physical. . . . In compensation he cultivated his already crowded fantasy life. . . . Some

Vicki Hearne is a contributing editor of Harper's.

ing of the intense competitiveness which marked his character throughout his life obviously derived from this childhood injury. . . ." It follows from this that the way to nurture genius is to maim young children interestingly. If Thurber's eye troubles explain anything, it is maybe) his habit of writing short pieces, and the difficulty he had in seeing.

Actually, astrology gives us a much better Explanation of Thurber than psychology does. Thurber was born under the sign of Sagittarius, which rules, among other things, archery. The placement of the sun is what governs a man's health, so a man born with any afflictions related to the sun in Sagittarius is going to be vulnerable to health problems associated with arrows. I don't have an ephemeris handy for December 8, 1894, the date of Thurber's birth, but if I had I would surely find Uranus, the planet of misunderstood geniuses, in the constellation Scorpio, which rules erotic thought—since his brilliant visions of the wars and comedies of the sexes are so persistently misunderstood.

Which brings me to this: Thurber revised the American heroic tradition to include not only dogs but also women. For this (and much else) he is one of my feminist heroes.

His men do not get depressed when they discover that women are not necessarily eternally twenty-two, suntanned, sinewy, and obedient. They are too busy being depressed about things like war and psychology and bad writing.) A great deal of Thurber's art is a celebration of the contrary, difficult, stubborn, bitchy, powerful possibilities of the female in Western tradition. His women, at their best, are virtually never in danger of succumbing to the Cinderella Complex and are not about to let their men settle comfortably into the Peter Pan Syndrome. What he finds wrong with women and men as twentieth-century America presented them to him is remarkably like what feminism at its best found wrong with them. It took Thurber a while to parlay this knowledge into art, but the point is that he did manage it.

When I call Thurber a feminist, I mean that his work lends comfort. It stays and succors me at moments when new versions of the ideally sweet, supportive, and harmless woman come my way at unexpected moments. You know the sort of thing; it goes like this:

Women writers cooperate with and are grateful to the books of their predecessors. The masculine tradition is that anxiously suspicious and competitive one so ably and anxiously described by Harold Bloom; women, by contrast, support and nourish each other's writings. The male tradition of triumphant and anti-social excellence is alien to the feminine literary intelligence.

Although I opened my essay with an example of the foolishness of Dorothy Parker, it now amuses me to imagine her response to the suggestion that she should write cooperatively and gratefully—and makes me wish for her gift of witty dismissal. For I am unhealthily afflicted with the impulse to *argue*. Fortunately, I am not alone. There is Thurber, with his wonderfully combative women. I just reach to my bookshelf, open *Thurber's Dogs*, and find "Canines in the Cellar," a tale about one of Thurber's role models, his mother. The occasion is a pending visit from old Aunt Mary, whom our heroine, Mame Thurber, dislikes and does not nourish. Aunt Mary in her turn hates the Thurber family's dogs, which gives Mame an idea:

[M]y mother spent the afternoon gathering up all the dogs of the neighbourhood, in advance of Aunt Mary's appearance, and putting them in the cellar. I had been allowed to go with her on her wonderful forays, and I thought that we were going to keep all the sixteen dogs we rounded up. . . .

The big moment finally arrived. My mother [asked] if the old lady would be good enough to set down a plate of dog food in the kitchen at the head of the cellar stairs and call Judge and Sampson to their supper. . . . [W]hen the door opened and they could see the light of freedom and smell the odor of food, they gave tongue like a pack of hunting hounds. Aunt Mary got the door halfway open and the bodies of three of the largest dogs pushed it the rest of the way. There was a snarling, barking, yelping swirl of yellow and white, black and tan, gray and brindle as the dogs tumbled into the kitchen. . . .

When the last one had departed and the upset house had been put back in order, my father said to his wife, "Well, Mame, I hope you're satisfied." She was.

Now that's a heroine! I identify with her, I emulate her. I want to live up to Mame Thurber. Mame's summoning of dogs in the battle against senselessness and oppression is a typical maneuver in Thurber and one that ought to be taken seriously.

It is possible today to read about how Thurber should have stuck to humor and not have tried to get involved with ideas. About his art, W. H. Auden said in 1940 that "it would be as impertinent as it is unnecessary for me to praise Mr. Thurber's work; everyone knows and loves it." It may still be impertinent to praise Thurber, but it is no longer unnecessary.

Thurber himself claimed that he wrote humor "because it might do some good," and in one interview he said cunningly, "Some people even think I make jokes about dogs. For God's sake, anybody who looks at my drawings with enough observation should be able to see that dogs play the part of intelligence. . . . Typical of the stu-

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pidity of our own species was my [cartoon] woman who said, 'If I rang the wrong number, why did you answer the phone?' That seems typical of the female intelligence, though I do get intelligent letters from women. Notice the despair and resignation of the dog in that picture . . . I think we are in a terrible state. . . . I say these things and people just talk about my 'charming dogs' . . ."

I think that managing to believe Thurber in this and other passages entails understanding that Thurber was as serious about women as he was about art, and maybe even as he was about dogs. The cartoon in question does capture my own sense of the kind of stupidity one is most likely to find in women, for whatever reason, just as so many of his stories and cartoons capture the particular forms of stupidity one is most likely to find in men, for whatever reason. There is a lot of stupidity around; noticing it with such uncanny intelligence and wit is evidence not of a pathology of spirit but of a capacity to care about the mind.

Pieces like "An Outline of Scientists" really bother the critics, who are taken in by Thurber's canny refusal to flash his intellectual ID card. "An Outline of Scientists" opens by giving its own occasion, the writer's having been "laid up by a bumblebee." The bumblebee was, at that time, an icon of natural science, so when he goes on to say that "it was the first time in my life that anything smaller than a turtle had ever got the best of me, and naturally I don't like to dwell on it," the clear implication is that science is smaller than a turtle, and also that it has the power to get the best of us.

To amuse himself while laid up by the bumblebee, he reads through four impressive volumes called *The Outline of Science, a Plain Story Simply Told* and describes his perplexities as he tries to follow the simply told explanations of the general theory of relativity. These days relativity is losing its hold on the imagination as an emblem of the perfections of the mysteries of science, but in 1937, the copyright date of *Let Your Mind Alone*, the volume Thurber's piece appears in, both "relativity" and "Einstein" were unsurpassable nouns. The description of perplexity Thurber gives is as fine a description of the way the rhetoric of Oppression Through Allegories of Theory goes as I know of. It reminds me of my attempts to follow, at the age of seventeen, the arguments in volumes such as Bertrand Russell's *The ABC of Relativity* without developing dark and impolite theories about the author.

Thurber does go on to develop dark and impolite theories after he reads this paragraph in Chapter XXXVI, "The Story of Domesticated Animals":

There are few dogs which do not inspire affection many crave it. But there are some which seem to repel us, like the bloodhound. True, man has made him what he is. Terrible to look at and terrible to encounter, man has raised him up to hunt down his fellow man.

Nearly twenty years later, Thurber's "Let's Hear the Gentle Bloodhound!" appeared in *Thurber's Dogs*; it is there that he gets around saying, "It pleases me no end that this passage in its careless use of English, accidentally indicates the human being: 'Terrible to look at and terrible to encounter, man. . . .'" I don't know if this fine piece is one of the examples of what some critics call his decline into seriousness or not. In any case, in bed with a bumblebee sting and the science books, he saw that

Accompanying the article was a picture of a dignified and mournful looking bloodhound, about as terrible to look at as Abraham Lincoln, about as terrible to encounter as Jimmy Durante.

Poor, frightened little scientist! I wondered who he was. . . . Some of the chapters were signed, but this one wasn't, and neither was the one on the Einstein theory. . . . I had the strange feeling that both of these articles had been written by the same man. I had the strange feeling that *all* scientists are the same man. Could it be possible that I had isolated here, as under a microscope, the true nature of the scientist? It pleased me to think so; it still pleases me to think so. I have never liked or trusted scientists very much, and I think now that I know why: they are afraid of bloodhounds. They must, therefore, be afraid of frogs, jack rabbits, and the larger pussycats. . . . Out of my analysis. . . . I have arrived at what I call Thurber's Law, which is that scientists don't really know anything about anything. I doubt everything they have ever discovered. I don't think light has a speed of 7,000,000 miles per second at all (or whatever the legendary speed is). Scientists just think light is going that fast, because they are afraid of it. It's so terrible to look at. I have always suspected that light just plodded along, and now I am positive of it.

A critic writing in a saner mood than most says of this piece, "Because scientists do sometimes fail to understand a bloodhound, the reader's heart lifts up. . . . [Scientists] too can be routed. . . ." This is right as far as it goes. But Thurber does not say merely that science *can* fail in this or that particular; his is rather an assault on the intellectual foundation of scientific thought—its claim to "objectivity." It of course follows from the claim of objectivity—the realists', or "god's-eye," view—that a scientist *qua* scientist is no one in particular. Such a claim, of course, is identical to Thurber's claim that "*all* scientists are the same man." This creates a knotty problem indeed, one that, I can cheerfully report, our logicians and philosophers are beating their heads against (so I don't have to). What is interesting to me is the rest of the implicit meta

ysics of this passage, the underlying proposition being that to be objective, to be no one in particular, is to be too frightened to know anything about anything.

Thurber's dislike of scientists carried over to the social sciences. He just couldn't stand the theoretical generalizing. He once said of writers such as himself:

It is difficult for such a person to conform to what Ford Madox Ford in his book of recollections has called the sole reason for writing one's memoirs: namely, to paint a picture of one's time. Your short-piece writer's time is not Walter Lippmann's time, or Stuart Chase's time, or Professor Einstein's time. It is his own personal time, circumscribed by the short boundaries of his pain and embarrassment, in which what happens to his digestion, the rear axle of his car, and the confused flow of his relationships with six or eight persons and two or three buildings is of greater importance than what goes on in the nation or in the universe.

Thurber, that is, is someone in particular.

This someone in particular is famous—or infamously, nervous and jumpy and given to morbid rrors in the night, at least when faced with scientific and social advances. But he is not frightened of bloodhounds!—which is to say, on

Thurber's own account, not frightened of what may turn out to be demonic, human thought. To remember, he claims that in his work "dogs play the part of intelligence. . . ." And dogs and intelligence are things that people who are anonymous—are no one in particular—are frightened of.

Thurber battled for space in which he at last, and maybe a few others (he was no evangelist), could be someone in particular. He was passionate enough about the importance of rejecting the individual imagination to lay aside humor and fulminate, in a letter to Malcolm Cowley, then the literary editor of the *New Republic*, about "a desire to subject the individual the political body, to the economic structure, to put the artist in a uniform so like the uniform of the subway conductor that nobody would be able to tell the difference. It is this desire to regiment and discipline art—the art of writing and

the art of living—that some of us are afraid of. . . . [W]e need someone to say, listen, you sons of bitches, hands off—keep your noses in your economic and political dishes or we'll knock them off!"

It is intelligence, figured as a Thurber hound, that can say, effectively if temporarily, "Hands off!" to the intruders into one's particularities in conducting the art of writing and of living. And here we get, I think, the most important clue to Thurber's refusal to argue in his prose. (What he did in letters and bars is another matter, and none of our business.) Instead of debating with the scientists on their "own grounds" about the temperament of the bloodhound, he closes "An Outline of Scientists" this way:

I can understand how that big baby dropped the subject of bloodhounds with those few shuddering

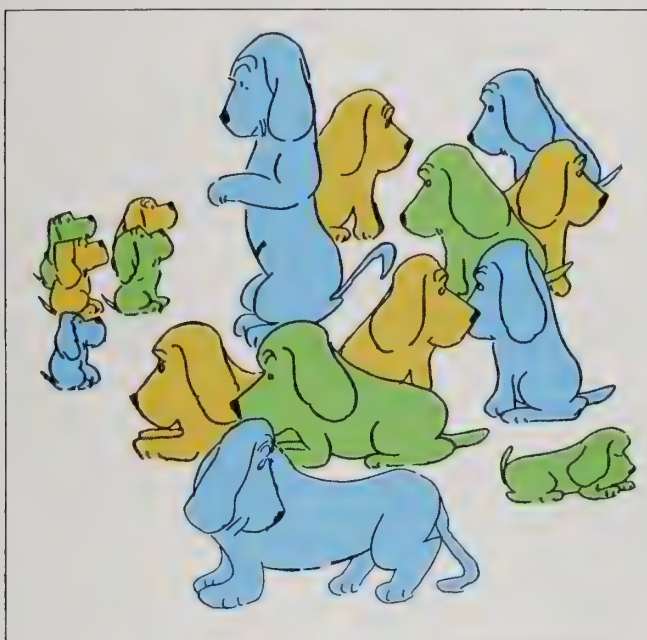
sentences, but I propose to scare him and his fellow-scientists a little more about the huge and feral creatures. Bloodhounds are sometimes put on the trail of old lost ladies or little children who have wandered away from home. When a bloodhound finds an old lady or a little child, he instantly swallows the old lady or little child whole, clothes and all. This is probably what happened to Charlie Ross, Judge Crater, Agnes Tufverson, and a man named Colonel Appel, who disappeared at the battle of Shiloh. God only knows how many

thousands of people bloodhounds have swallowed, but it is probably twice as many as the Saint Bernards have swallowed. As everybody knows, the Saint Bernards, when they find travellers fainting in the snow, finish them off. Monks have notoriously little to eat and it stands to reason they couldn't feed a lot of big, full-grown Saint Bernards; hence they sick them on the lost travellers, who would never get anywhere, anyway. The brandy in the little kegs the dogs wear around their necks is used by the Saint Bernards in drunken orgies that follow the killings.

I guess that's all I have to say to the scientists right now, except *boo!*

Science, philosophy, and the Daughters of the American Revolution have all, to the best of my knowledge, failed to refute Thurber's *boo!* This has to do, I think, with his deep understanding of heroes and with the source of that understanding in his passionate reading of adventure stories. His humor, like all genuine humor, depends not on his being too smart and

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rooms

sophisticated to believe anything but rather on his caring so deeply about the heroic possibilities of the human in a certain tradition—our tradition. But it is in the dog stories that, to me at least, the possibilities of the quest, the heroic, are clearest. In the piece called “A Snapshot of Rex,” we learn of a bull terrier (“An American bull terrier—none of your English bulls”), a dog of the breed that nowadays is usually called the pit bull. Rex was a dignified and powerful dog who seems to have been inspired by any task if it just had sufficient—well—*taskness* to enable him to use himself fully, to bring his heart and mind alive. Rex

never started fights. I don't believe he liked to get into them, despite the fact that he came from a line of fighters. He never went for another dog's throat but for one of its ears (that teaches a dog a lesson), and he would get his grip, close his eyes, and hold on. He could hold on for hours. His longest fight lasted from dusk until almost pitch-dark, one Sunday. It was fought in East Main Street in Columbus with a large, snarly nondescript that belonged to a big colored man. When Rex finally got his ear grip, the brief whirlwind of snarling turned to screeching. It was frightening to listen to and to watch. The Negro boldly picked the dogs up somehow and began swinging them around his head, and finally let them fly like a hammer in a hammer throw, but although they landed ten feet away with a great plump, Rex still held on.

The two dogs eventually worked their way to the middle of the car tracks, and after a while two or three streetcars were held up by the fight. A motorman tried to pry Rex's jaws open with a switch rod; somebody lighted a fire and made a torch of a stick and held that to Rex's tail, but he paid no attention. In the end, all the residents and storekeepers in the neighborhood were on hand, shouting this, suggesting that. Rex's joy of battle, when battle was joined, was almost tranquil. He had a kind of pleasant expression during fights, not a vicious one, his eyes closed in what would have seemed to be sleep had it not been for the turmoil of the struggle.

Rex isn't a bad model for a hero, but someone may be wondering how one distinguishes between Rex and the more hysterical types who are rattling their nuclear and rhetorical toys as a way of distracting our attention from their vanity and greed. This isn't as hard as it looks, I think. Rex did not draft armies and direct them from air-conditioned conference rooms; he put no one's life but his own on the line—and he never started fights. The story ends like this:

One of his three masters was not home. He did not get home for an hour. During that hour the bull terrier fought against death as he had fought against the cold, strong current of Alum Creek, as he had fought to climb twelve-foot walls. When the person he was waiting for did come through

the gate, whistling, ceasing to whistle, Rex walked a few wabbly paces toward him, touched his hand with his muzzle, and fell down again. This time he didn't get up.

It should by now be easy enough to see why Thurber would be aggravated when people called his dogs “charming.” Thomas Malo might feel the same about readers who call Lancelot or King Arthur “charming.” And should a misguided fan of Dorothy Parker want to invoke some handy term of dismissal for the story of Rex by calling it a “tear-jerker,” or saying something about “going all weak with sentiment,” then I'd find myself reminded of a remark by Wallace Stevens, who said that “sentimentality is the failure of feeling.” If there are any authenticated instances of a failure of feeling

on Thurber's part, I haven't been able to find them.

Too many of Thurber's readers don't manage to inherit him. This may be because to inherit Thurber is to inherit him whole—dogs, women and all, and with them the need to understand that all of his heroes are more often ridiculous than they are glorious. For to really understand the hero is to understand the failure of the hero and manage to love it anyway.

His women, for example, are often dangerous, ridiculous, stupid, relentlessly difficult, “mortal enemies.” And, as we have seen, dogs in Thurber are dangerous, ridiculous, once in a while stupid, relentlessly difficult, and sometimes his mortal enemies, as in the story of “The Dog That Bit People.” Muggs was an Airedale “big, burly, choleric dog, he always acted as if he thought I wasn't one of the family. There was a slight advantage in being one of the family, though he didn't bite the family as often as he bit strangers.” To try to get the best of Muggs was as hopeless as we know it is for the husband in *My Women and Dogs* to try to get the best of the implacably obnoxious wife to whom the husband says, “I assume that you regard yourself as omniscient. If I am wrong, correct me!”

Muggs, like Mame Thurber, could and would get to you whether or not you were reading him as a sweet doggie who only wanted to please. Thurber's women get to his men and to the reader, whether or not we think it's safe to pat them on the head and go all weak with sentiment. I think I would like to end by revealing that when Muggs died, there was written “in indelible pencil” over his grave a single line, “*Cautionem.*” This is usually translated into English as “Beware of the dog,” and certain authorities tell me that its meaning may be ambiguous, though it may carry the connotation “Take care of the dog” or “Be careful with the dog.” It quite pleases me to believe this. *Boo!*

LETTERS

Continued from page 7

high enough, that the breadth and depth of education are insufficient. Many of these respondents place too much emphasis on measuring a high school according to where students get into college. None of the letter writers seems to have picked up on the observation that, by experience, test scores do not adequately measure the quality of the curriculum or the ability of high school graduates to use the English language and to reason. Rather than defending current practice, these writers should take more seriously the possibility that things could and should be better. We are not doing all we can to provide the best high school education for our children, especially in social circumstances where the financial constraints are not overwhelming.

Jane Cushman confirms that either by mandate or by virtue of some other authority, there are a lot of little pieces thrown into the class day. Again, social studies in the ninth grade is hardly enough history. Cushman is wrong if she thinks I was making some sub rosa case for private schools. And I never intended to criticize teachers in my critique of accreditation. Cushman has more faith in the written portions of the achievement tests, and I suspect we differ on the definition of what a good written argument is.

Peter Oliver needs to read more accurately. I was referring to the teaching of the basic science "germane" to public issues such as defense and medical care. As to Oliver's comments about the state of inner-city schools, I think he is right. I, too, do not believe that there will be a trickle-down effect. My point was to indicate that even in affluent areas where the kinds of issues Oliver raises do not exist, there is much to be done. The funding for our schools, particularly those schools that serve the rural and urban poor, is a far more pressing issue, but it was not the subject of the annotation.

The letter from Judy Kilgore does not address the central point of the annotation—the troubled state of American high schools. The particu-

lar school from which the transcript came was not the subject of my annotation. The specific high school and the individual were camouflaged specifically because I did not attempt a critique of a particular high school or student. Kilgore misunderstood as well my point that adding fractional courses to a student's schedule detracts from the central agenda of academic education. Kilgore also thinks a good high school can be judged by which colleges students get into. The level of achievement demonstrated by those students who have taken advanced placement courses in English does not mesh with Kilgore's claims. Among the most common experiences encountered by those of us who teach freshmen in America's best colleges is the inability of high school graduates with advanced placement English courses to write strong critical essays and to read texts closely and critically. And what happens to those students who don't take advanced placement courses? Part of my critique pointed out that history, philosophy, and important non-literary texts are all too absent from the core curriculum of high school students.

Michael Chimes is ill-informed. Every Bard graduate must complete one year of course work in the Natural Sciences and Mathematics Division. Furthermore, I don't think there was anything flip about the annotation. An annotation, by its very nature, is selective and pointed. One year of history in the ninth grade is not sufficient. It is perfectly realistic to ask for more. The issue is not whether the Constitution is taught (which no doubt it is), but whether it is remembered and understood. Does the way it is taught encourage that recollection?

I regret that these readers misunderstood my intent. The problem that all teachers in colleges and high schools face has to do with what is taught, how it is taught, and what can be done to ensure that the important parts of an education are retained for a lifetime. Students could do and learn much more, particularly in affluent high schools that have the opportunity and the environment to provide a first-rate education. Despite the grade Cushman so kindly gives

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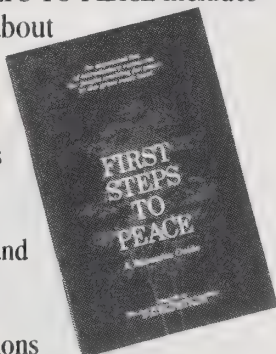
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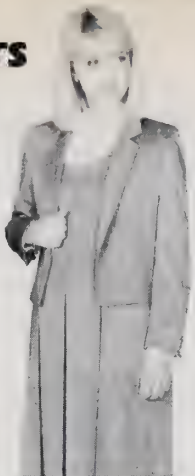
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me, I can take solace in the fact that the piece seems to have provoked some outrage and debate—which is what it was for. The crucial matter is that the debate continue and that the scrutiny remain intense regarding the quality of the curricula and teaching in American public high schools. Rather than be angry with me, I suggest that these letter writers take a more serious look at their high schools and what could be done. They might have been far more angry if I had done what they think I tried to do, which was to write an exposé of a particular high school. No matter what the shortcomings at any school, there are always good teachers and students who learn. But that in itself is no defense of the inadequate state of the American high school.

February Index Sources

1 Cleveland Clinic Foundation; 2 Mount Sinai Medical Center (Cleveland); 3 U.S. Census Bureau; 4 "Gay and Bisexual Fathers," by Dr. Barbara Keating and Kelley M.L. Brigman (Mankato State University, Minn.); 5, 6 National Committee for Adoption (Washington, D.C.); 7 Louis Harris and Associates (New York City); 8, 9, 10, 11 Harper's search; 12 U.S. Department of Energy; 13 J.D. Power and Associates (Westlake Village, Calif.); 14 Morgan Stanley Company (New York City); 15, 16 Saturday Letter magazine (New York City); 18 U.S. Department of Labor; 19 A.F. C.I.O. (Washington, D.C.); 20 New York Stock Exchange; 21 New York Times; 22 Newsweek Advertising Information source Center (New York City); 23, 24 W. Averell Harriman Institute for Advanced Study of the Soviet Union (Columbia University); 25, 26 Harper's research; 27 District of Columbia telephone directory, 1985; 28 Rand Corporation (Santa Monica, Calif.)/the U.S. State Department; 29 U.S. Senate Select Committee on Intelligence; 30 Commission (New York City); 31 Cun Line (New York City); 32 Gallup International Ltd. (London); 33 Ada County Election Office (Boise, Idaho); 34 Gallup Organization (Princeton, N.J.); 35, 36 Face magazine (London); 37 Beijing International Golf Club; 39 Triple F Corporation (Alberta, Canada); 40 Department of National Defence (Ottawa, Canada).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 38

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 79.

CLUES

A. Prince in the *Arabian Nights* who married the beautiful Peri-Banou

195 43 47 137 125

B. N. Am. goatsucker related to the whippoorwill

124 77 25 140 197
167 8 154 160

C. Tropical Am. timber tree with extremely heavy wood

15 90 149 107 32 190 55 98

D. Unenjoyable tasks

157 95 181 29 63 7

E. W. Indian plant whose rhizome yields a nutritious starch

135 143 165 34 40 3 159 189
112

F. A trisaccharide sugar

20 115 1 184 172 88 28 80
153

G. Restated (old material) in a new form

127 61 109 31 76 155 36 86

H. Barbarous; unfeeling

24 201 52 123 66 21 82

I. U.S. evangelist (1918-)

139 131 170 26 87 188

J. Extraordinary; wonderful; reverential

59 194 39 146 113 171 6

K. People like the Grossmiths' Charles Pooter

79 2 27 99 129 138 105 196

L. Dusky

72 30 11 117 91 5 174

M. Magistrate in anc. Greece

67 111 94 120 164 38

N. Way out; means of evasion

204 142 180 70 104 156 9 187

O. The air is "a foul and pestilent congregation of _____," says Hamlet

62 145 17 78 14 134

P. Halley and Galileo, e.g.

122 103 185 64 13 175 158 35
83 54 133

Q. Halt, quit, cease

162 50 147 202 51 60

R. Nasty, obscene

46 116 163 200 152 33 41 10
176

S. Eng. stage and screen star, born Reginald Carey (full name)

182 23 177 58 85 100 114 110
75 148 49

T. Numskull, like Pinocchio, perhaps

57 48 81 130 161 22 191 168
198 179

U. Anc. and picturesque city, central Iran

183 108 169 93 45 96 16

V. Bye-bye! ta-ta! (hyph.)

166 71 37 56 69 126 151 19

W. Program comprising NRA, TVA, etc. (2 wds.)

136 118 144 12 132 53 121

X. Formerly

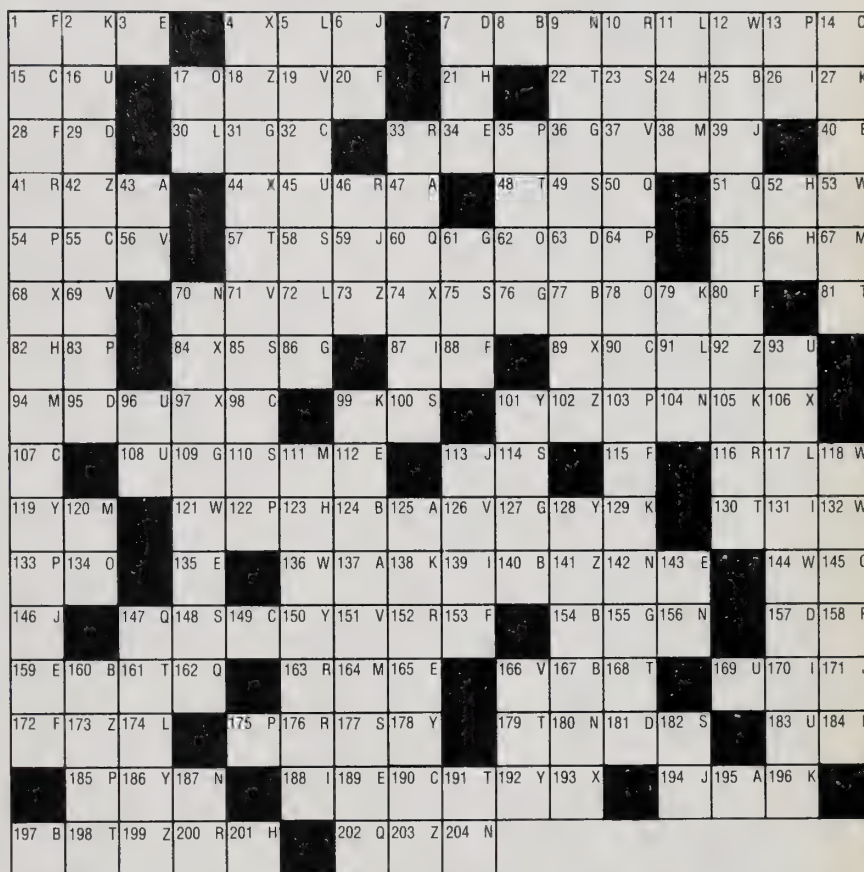
89 193 106 4 44 84 97 68
74

Y. Was greatly agitated (by anger, excitement, etc.)

119 128 150 178 186 192 101

Z. Genus of the geranium family, with beaked fruit (hyph.)

73 42 18 92 199 65 141 102
173 203



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SOLUTION TO THE JANUARY PUZZLE

NOTES FOR "MISPRINTS"

The word misprinted in each clue is given in parentheses, with the correct letter capitalized.

ACROSS: 1. BA(N)Ker, anagram (teller); 6. S(.T)ACKS (poKer); 11. A-PORT (shIP); 12. INSANE, "in seine" (looN); 13. BREAKN(anagram)-(ch)ECK (Rapid); 14. BELOW, anagram (Lives); 16. (r)EGRET (winGs); 17. B(oar)-ESEECH(anagram) (Beg); 18. RATTa(n), reversed (fRa-grant); 19. SL(O)UG-HS (quaGs); 22. B(R)OILER (Oven); 23. A-URA(l...S (Airs); 26. IGNOBLE, anagram (berth); 31. DAF(reversal)-E...Y (daFt); 32. MOLAR, two meanings (Matter); 33. GESTATION, anagram (borN); 35. CR(E)AM (dRub); 36. BILL-OW (Wave); 37. EX-CIS-(reversal)-E (taXes)X.

DOWN: 1. BABBLE, "Babel (tell); 2. IN(V)ERT (flIP); 3. KRAUT, anagram (rUde); 4. INKWELL, anagram (peN); 5. ESPAL(i...ER), reversed (sLIp); 6. PIECE, "peace" (PlayeR); 7. ASK-E-W (aWry); 8. CATHEDRAL, anagram (Housing); 9. S(K)EET, anagram (Trap-); 10. BER(...T)H, anagram (Bunk); 15. WATERFOW(anagram)-L (biRds); 20. W(R)EATHE(r) (Weave); 21. OUTBACK, anagram (bush); 22. BEDLAM, anagram (Bad); 24. S(A)CARF, reversed (sCuffle); 25. S(CH)EME, anagram (Have); 27. GARB(reversal)-O (loner); 28. OR-GAN(reversal) (winD); 29. MISER, hidden (Mean); 30. TO(o)-TAL(l) (lot).

SOLUTION TO JANUARY DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 37). (JOSEPH) NOCERA: MAKING CAPITALISM MORAL. Most people have come to equate capitalism with big, impersonal corporations and... out-and-out greed, but... capitalism is morally neutral; it can work good or ill depending on the nature of the enterprise and the ground rules the society lays down.

—From the *Washington Monthly*, September 1985

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 38, Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. Entries must be received by February 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the March issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 36 (December) are M. F. Blackstone, Laramie, Wyoming; Jane W. Galbraith, Redwood City, California; and Eric W. Paine, Union Lake, Michigan.

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A	N	O	R	T	E	I	N	S	A	K	E
B	V	E	C	K	N	E	C	K	T	E	R
B	E	W	O	W	A	C	E	E	R	E	T
L	R	A	T	E	P	E	S	E	E	C	H
A	T	T	A	L	S	L	O	U	D	H	S
B	R	E	I	L	E	R	A	U	R	F	S
E	G	N	O	B	L	E	T	A	R	C	
D	A	F	R	Y	I	A	B	O	L	A	R
L	R	O	G	E	S	T	A	T	I	O	E
A	B	W	A	D	E	H	C	A	E	A	M
B	I	L	L	O	R	E	K	C	I	S	E

PUZZLE

Hearts & Embraces

by E. R. Galli and
Richard Maltby Jr.

Each clue consists of a normal two-part cryptic clue plus a definition (only) of the word to be entered in the diagram. This entry word is either the heart (such as RAGE in couRAGEous) or the embracing letters (such as WAIL in WAssail) of the normally clued answer. There are nineteen of each variety. The definition of the entry—always a single word—may be placed at the front or end of the clue, or between the other two parts. Lengths of both answers to each clue are given in parentheses.

Two conventionally clued answers are proper nouns; the entries at 20A and 26D are not in all dictionaries. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The answer to last month's puzzle is on page 79.

Across

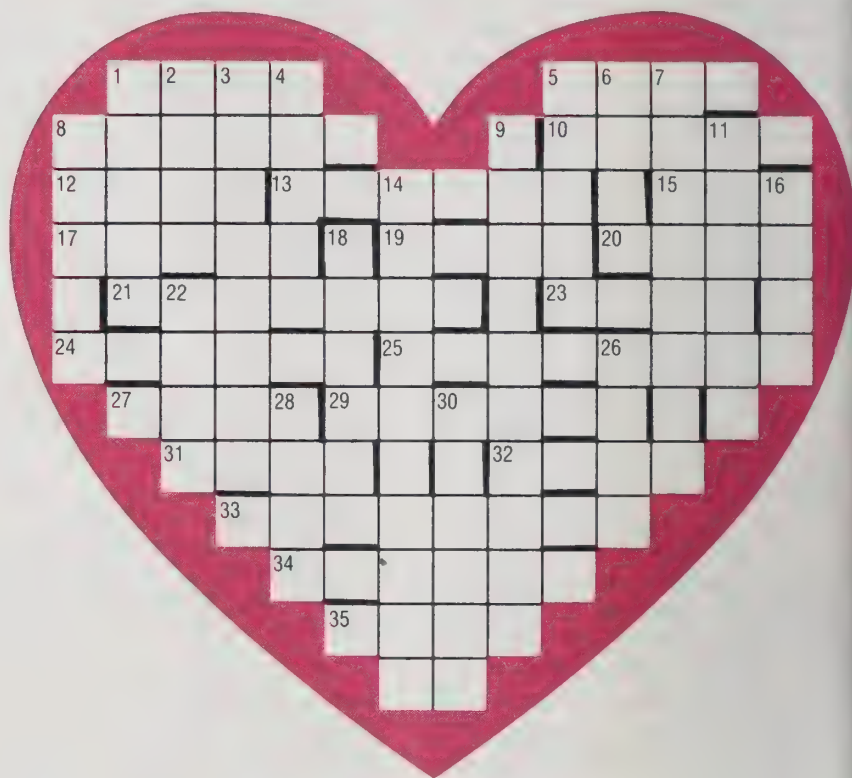
1. Arrange a single about love songs—it's refined (8/4)
5. Conservative lets female inside; radical splits (6/4)
8. Potentially, Queen Di's horsey, with a lot of glitter (8/6)
10. Irish extremist desolate, molding Italian cheese (9/5)
12. Cute silk shifts, for lasciviousness, most fortunate (8/4)
13. Fowl broods? No, it paces, holding back headings (8/6)
15. Make a picture navy and pale green (5/3)
17. Escort calmly tees lady off (8/4)
19. Witty response in liturgy—priest upset about nothing (7/4)
20. Crave church shelter first, sucker (5/4)
21. A railroad that is located between two streets remains brightest (on a clear night) (9/7)
23. Playful chance... heavens, after payday? (6/4)
24. Renounce coward—note crazed trance (8/6)
25. Happens to receive, quietly, permit and finishes contests (9/8)
27. Desiring place with protection, approaching US Prohibition (8/4)
29. Robots as mutant forms with two eggs, fruit (10/6)
31. Reagan's losing initial inherent support (8/4)
32. Knight (member of Parliament) left during tea, right after spree (7/4)
33. Foolishly, I sent not a dime deposit... treason (13/8)

34. They explain flatware is sterling at first, with punches for each issue (13/6)
35. Fast food in town... brush a germ off (10/4)

Down

1. Quash acts designed to make bigfoot dumpy (9/5)
2. Dismiss advanced position construed to top US (7/4)
3. High-brows erasing holy gift involving strange rite (12/8)
4. Suffer ringlet incorporated in stitch (3,4/5)
5. These salesmen are successful... failure scores, pitifully, about 50 (7/5)
6. Wicked abuse goes back through *Deliverance* (6/4)
7. Ranger? Weatherman? Provider of foster care? (10/8)
8. Vicious Red slew senior joiners (7/5)
9. Suggesting I'm in it somehow, going out with girls, is frightening (12/10)
11. Footman misplaced cable about critical bad reputation (5,3/6)
14. Premature part of the psyche, dear, includes functional half of scar (12/10)
16. Alcoholic drinks and causes brush off—yes, in a way (8/4)
18. Stoned flat bread, lightly flattened, crept? (3-1-6/6)
22. Experts audition a choir's collects (8/4)
26. I alone could be, like the wind, auroral (6/4)
28. Most gripping of the French poems: "Tending toward diffidence" (6/4)
30. Too smart, perhaps, about one kind of engine block, they impel autos (10/6)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Hearts & Embraces," Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. Entries must be received by February 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. Winners' names will be printed in the April issue. Winners of the December puzzle, "And One to Grow On," are Ashley Cole, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Elizabeth M. Ernst, Annandale, Va.; and Ann Johnstone, Aylmer (Que), Canada.



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A Taste for Porn in a City of Women
By Philip Weiss

MASSÉ
A story by Leigh Allison Wilson

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LETTERS

Drug Problems

As chairman of the U.S. House of Representatives' Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control, I read with interest the forum "What Is Our Drug Problem?" [*Harper's Magazine*, December 1985]. While I concur with many of the observations made by the participants, I find some of the rhetoric and alternatives to be defeatist.

It is true that the trafficking in and abuse of narcotic and psychotropic substances have increased. Despite record seizures of illegal substances by enforcement agencies, record quantities remain a threat to our citizens. Yet the short-term inability to control the problem does not justify proposals to abandon current policies. Although our drug problem has grown, this has been in the face of our best law enforcement efforts rather than because of them.

In short, our current policies have had a marginal deterrent effect. There is no telling how big the addict population and the supply of drugs would be if drugs were to become legal. Arguing, in a different context, for capital punishment, Ernest van den Haag has asserted that the burden of proof lies with death penalty opponents to demonstrate that capital punishment produces no marginal return. Applying his argument to narcotics control, the burden of proof rests with those, like Arnold Trebach

and himself, who seek to legalize these substances. They have no proven their position.

That is not to say our current policies are wholly adequate. What is needed is a public policy that will result in a reduced supply of drugs as well as a reduced demand for them. This means federal, state, and local education, treatment, and prevention programs that are well designed and adequately funded; cooperative and appropriately funded law enforcement efforts; and effective use of diplomacy and foreign aid to support countries attempting to control narcotics production and trafficking and to induce those that are not to do so. If both supply and demand are reduced in a balanced fashion, there will be less likelihood of increased consumption and/or increased availability.

A demand-reduction strategy encompasses treatment, prevention, and education. I find it noteworthy that the forum participants agreed that there is a need for education, although they disagreed as to what the content of that education should be. I strongly disagree with Trebach's argument that we must begin teaching people the responsible use of mind-altering substances. The more we learn about the long-term effects of using drugs, even marijuana, the more we come to understand that no drug can be labeled harmless. The aim of federal policy is not to frighten adolescents, as Lester Grinspoon suggests, but to provide informed and up-to-date medical evidence, which supports the conclusion that the only sane and responsible approach to so-

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

al and recreational drug usage is to
no.

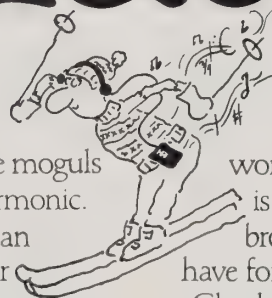
That law enforcement is part of the
supply-reduction strategy is evident,
it is also part of the demand-re-
duction strategy. In drawing the line
between what is and is not permissi-
ble, criminal law is directed toward
not only the lawbreakers but the law-
abiding. The message communicated
by the law in this century is that rec-
reational drug use is not acceptable
behavior. This message is consistent
with our traditions. Legalizing sub-
stances such as cocaine, marijuana,
and heroin would send a message to
young people that drug use is so-
cially acceptable and will not harm
them. This message is not only incon-
sistent with our traditions but also un-
wise. Thus, the "moral educative"
function of criminal law dictates the
continued proscription of drugs.

Moreover, I believe it is naive to
think that if there were a relaxation
of legal restraints on drugs, the crimi-
nal world would go away or be satisfied with
non-threatening pursuits. Even van
der Haag, in his work on the death
penalty, acknowledges that there are
always non-deterrables. Should we
change our laws to allow certain be-
havior because some people are not
deterred? I think not.

Reduction of demand is necessary
but not sufficient; there must also be a
reduction in the supply of narcotics.
Supply is most vulnerable to eradica-
tion where it originates as an agricul-
tural crop. While the Reagan Admin-
istration has claimed to be waging a
war against drugs, it is, in fact, the
Congress that has voted to cut off all
aid, other than anti-narcotics and hu-
manitarian aid, to countries such as
Peru and Bolivia—countries that
have ignored their obligation to the
Single Convention on Narcotic
Drugs, which requires that they wipe
out illicit crop cultivation.

On a recent seventeen-day trip to
Latin America, the Select Commit-
tee met with top officials of seven na-
tions—Colombia, Ecuador, Peru,
Bolivia, Brazil, Argentina, and Uru-
guay. The leaders of these countries
told us that if we do not move quickly
to help them, their countries will fall
into the hands of the drug traffickers
or fall prey to anti-democratic forces,

Ski Strauss



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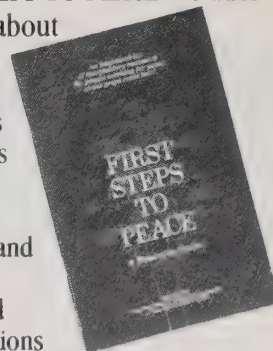
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which can appear to be a stable alternative in the chaos created by the traffickers. We need to use diplomacy more effectively and to allocate adequate resources to help the producer countries eliminate illicit cultivation.

It is time to escalate the war on drugs, not to capitulate by legalizing these substances. To support this effort, I have proposed three initiatives. First, I have introduced the State and Local Assistance Act of 1985. It provides for grants to state and local governments to assist them in drug law enforcement and drug abuse treatment. Second, I have proposed a new U.N. initiative whereby the industrialized democracies, under the auspices of the U.N. Fund for Drug Abuse Control, would work with the source nations to develop plans to rid them of their illicit crops. Once such plans have been developed, the industrialized nations would contribute funds and technical assistance for law enforcement, rural development, and crop substitution. Third, I have introduced legislation that would deny

most-favored-nation status to drug-producing nations that are not complying with their drug control obligations.

We must continue to fight to curtail drug trafficking and end this threat to our national security and well-being. It is time to act assertively and effectively, rather than to fall victim to despair or to be victimized by utopian proposals.

Representative Charles B. Rangel
Washington, D.C.

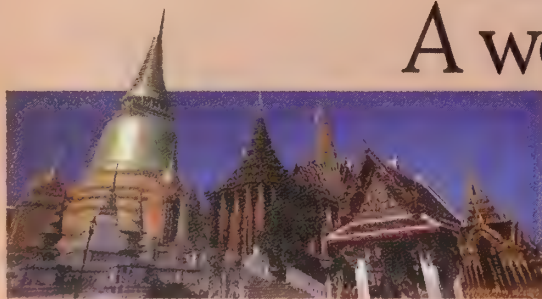
After fifteen years of "wars on marijuana," it is obvious that wars cannot solve social and health problems. There are alternatives to these wars that would not result in marijuana being sold in candy stores.

With regard to marijuana, two practical forms of legalization have been worked out. The first, "limited legalization," allows adults to possess and cultivate marijuana for their own use. This has been the law in Alaska since 1975 and has worked well. It

will also be voted on next November in Oregon. The advantages of the system are that it undercuts the black market and allows people to spend thousands of dollars they currently spend for marijuana on other products. At the same time it allows the government to send a message that the sale and commercial cultivation of marijuana are illegal—and allow enforcement resources to focus on those areas.

The other alternative is regulation and taxation. A model bill for this type of system has already been drafted. It is modeled on alcohol policy with some major differences: no advertising allowed and no marijuana bars or public use of marijuana. The system would allow the government to control the sale of marijuana. This would result in licensed rather than criminal retailers, purity and potency labeling, and the eventual weakening of organized crime. It would also raise between \$10 and \$15 billion in annual tax revenues. This money could be spent on education and discourage

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ent programs especially aimed at
r youth.

evin Zeese
Washington, D.C.

evin Zeese is national director of the Na-
tional Organization for the Reform of Mari-
nua Laws (NORML).

Anyone who gets his or her infor-
mation from the field rather than
om lab tests or ideologies knows that
illions of Americans take drugs for
illions of reasons; getting "high"
n mean anything from sheer hedo-
stic fun to a serious spiritual quest.
nquestionably, there's a downside,
it drug use does not equal drug
use. Human consciousness is al-
ways searching for what William
mes called "the great Yes," since
ost of the time life tells most people
No." As our great pragmatist, James
ould no doubt have laughed at the
ecidedly misguided, ineffectual poli-
es that tyrannical puritans like Ru-
olph Giuliani would have us believe
e really best for us.

History shows us that when mil-

lions of Americans want something,
they'll do anything to get it—even to
the point of deciding that the law is
wrong and that it needs changing. In
fact, until a series of laws were passed
in 1914–1936, Americans had un-
controlled access to what we now call
"controlled" substances.

Whenever Americans have heard
that their government "knows best,"
they have reached for their rights—
and that's what millions of our citi-
zens are telling authorities by their
daily decisions.

John Howell
New York, N.Y.

John Howell is editor in chief of High Times
magazine.

Libertarians will find much support
in the forum on drug problems for
their contention that the most dan-
gerous addiction in any society is the
addiction to government power. The
seductive "gateway" drug in this anal-
ogy is paternalism, which, once toler-
ated, progresses to ever increasing

doses of coercion and may lead to the
ultimate abuse, totalitarianism.

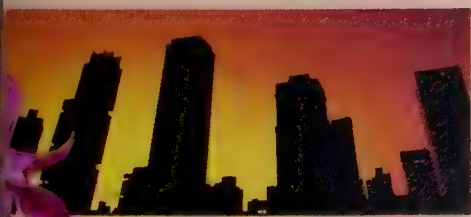
People who produce, distribute,
sell, buy, and use drugs are engaging
in mutually voluntary transactions
and doing as they see fit with their
own bodies. Those activities, at least
among adults, are none of the govern-
ment's damned business. In their ag-
gressions against such people, it is the
drug law enforcers who are commit-
ting truly criminal acts. Isn't it about
time that we abolished the goon
squad and encouraged Rudolph Giu-
liani and his colleagues to find useful
work?

Allan Walstad
Johnstown, Pa.

If you had a forum on abortion,
your panelists would hardly confine
themselves to the economic and
medical aspects of the subject. At
least one panelist would be commit-
ted to the proposition that women
have a right "to control their own
bodies." Your forum on drugs, while

Continued on page 77

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NOTEBOOK

Pictures at an exhibition

By Lewis H. Lapham

War hath no fury like a non-combatant.
—C. E. Montague

Reading the newspaper accounts of the Reagan Administration's wish to take arms against Colonel Muammar el-Qaddafi, the scourge of international terrorism, I see in my mind's eye an American naval officer somewhere in Washington standing in front of a large and handsome map of the eastern Mediterranean. His uniform is as impeccably starched as his self-assurance. In his hand he holds an elongated baton with which, tapping lightly, he points out fleets, distances, force levels, cities, troop and helicopter landings, roads, estimated times of arrival and departure. He speaks in a calm but rapid voice to an audience of senior officials seated in comfortable leather chairs. The few reporters present take elaborately polite notes. Every now and then the briefing officer pauses to accept questions from anybody to whom his portrait of Operation Eagle Feather might lack a subtlety of nuance, color, or perspective. A lieutenant commander suggests a touch of aircraft in the upper left-hand corner; a captain thinks the composition might be improved by the addition of two or three squares of Israeli armor.

For about twenty minutes it is almost possible to believe that the diagrams being deployed and redeployed across the unresisting surface of the map have something to do with reality. The trace elements of belief vanish when it becomes apparent that the briefing officer, a man in his early thirties, probably never has suffered the indignity of combat. Nor is it likely that he has met a terrorist, watched a child bleed to death, or seen any of the terrain that he so artfully describes. The reflection prompts me to remember President

Carter's bungled expedition into the Iranian desert, President Reagan's mismanaged invasion of Grenada, the long list of expensive American weapons that don't work, the shambles of the military communications system through which it can take five hours for a message marked "urgent" to travel forty miles.

Before the briefing comes to its triumphant end—the operation a success, Qaddafi dead, America unbound, etc.—I know that I have been looking at another exhibition in the Pentagon's Gallery of Abstract Expressionism. The resident academicians talk about "American credibility in the world," about pride, symbolism, and the sending of signals; about perceptions, analogies, and the effects on Arab or Guatemalan opinion. Sometimes the conversation can get pretty refined. Early in January I heard a government official say of the Libyan state that he was depressed by "the quality of the regime." Listening only to the tone of his voice, it would have been possible to assume that he was talking about a second-rate wine or a Hyatt hotel gone to seed in a town no longer attractive to conventions of art dealers. The official wasn't concerned about Libya's capacity to harm the United States; its army was small and ill-equipped, its mineral assets not worth the cost of a first-class embassy. What troubled him was the squalor of Colonel Qaddafi's aesthetic.

The practitioners of the old gunboat diplomacy usually had a palpable object in view—oil, slaves, tin, bananas, the safety of the British consul, the amputation of the insolent pasha's right hand. The new forms of gunboat diplomacy have to do with words instead of things, with the symbol of power rather than its practical applications. Like the ancient Chinese diplomatists, the adepts in

Washington mean to give rather than to take, to project images of their own magnificence rather than to seize the spoils of war.

Anybody still in doubt on this point can refer to the collected works of Admiral James D. Watkins, the chief of naval operations and the author of the nation's maritime strategy published by the U.S. Naval Institute. The admiral suggested that the event of a conventional war between the United States and the Soviet Union, the American Navy might decide to eliminate the Russian submarine fleet. He presented a list of things to be done during the opening phases of the hostilities, among them "Destroy the Soviet Navy; both important in itself and a necessary step for us to realize our objectives."

The statement is so patently and gloriously abstract that it might easily have been entitled "Ink on Paper, No. 5." Given the proven incompetence of American military services, the Navy has about as much chance of destroying the Soviet Navy as it has of winning the Battle of Trafalgar. But this, of course, isn't the point, and to say something stupidly literal-minded about the admiral's maritime strategy would be like looking at one of Picasso's horses and asking why it has a blue head.

The admiral's gift for images brings to mind the story, preserved within the oral tradition of the British Foreign Office, of Captain Hornsby and his gunboat.

In the 1880s, when England was still an empire and Lord Salisbury the prime minister, a sultan somewhere in Africa committed an unspeakable offense against the canons of civilized behavior and the sovereignty of the British crown. Summoning Captain Hornsby of the Royal Navy, Lord Salisbury instructed him to sail up the heathen river and deliver to the su-

a stern remonstrance. The captain asked what he was to do if the sultan refused to accede to the ultimatum. After a long and ponderous silence, Lord Salisbury, mumbling in the approved diplomatic manner, said: "Well, yes, I see . . . well, you'll not have to steam away, won't you." The captain took his gunboat to the sultan and proceeded upriver to the sultan's compound. Knowing that if the sultan resorted to a test of arms he had no hope of victory, the captain made a brave show of noisily running up his guns. He went ashore with as much pomp as he could muster, attended by flags, drums, and smartly dressed marines. The sultan listened judiciously to the news from London. "And what happens, Captain," he asked, "if I reject this singularly interesting communication?"

The captain bowed and unobtrusively placed his hand on the hilt of his sword.

"Although I assure your highness that I would do so with profound regret, I would have no choice but to carry out the second part of my instructions."

The sultan went as pale as it was possible for him to do and promptly capitulated to the British demand. Upon his return to London, Captain Hornsby was promoted to the rank of admiral.

That was long ago and in another country, but the illusions of power still govern the world, possibly more so than in the reign of Queen Victoria. In the arenas of foreign policy the substitution of words for things blurs the distinction between the reasons of state and the uses of publicity. The distinction was never particularly clear, but the speed of modern communications makes it increasingly difficult to tell the difference between substance and event.

The sophisticated act of terrorism is a form of high technology. The terrorist who fires a machine gun into a crowd at an airport counts on the complicity of network television; within an hour of committing the atrocity, he holds as hostage the rage and despair of an audience large enough to wreck a government. The band of guerrillas hiding out in the mountains bears comparison with the

research team housed in a module six miles south of San Jose, California. In both instances the smaller cadres of energy and purpose enjoy a tactical advantage over the vulnerable complexities of the larger economic or political structures.

The apostles of the new information order have been making this point for twenty years, but their teaching hasn't yet been adequately impressed upon the public understanding. If American foreign policy comes down to a matter of delivering images instead of air strikes and artillery shells, then the current means don't correspond to the current ends. The old gunboats have become too dangerous and too expensive. The cost-benefit ratios make as little sense as the tortuous explanations subsequently offered to Congress. If the United States must send the Navy against every thug clever enough to play an anarchist music with the orchestra of the media, then the

country must bankrupt itself with continuous performances in the theaters of the news. Not only must American Marines defend the principles of nineteenth-century democratic capitalism; they must also employ a nineteenth-century military technology better suited to a world that still was protected by the filtering agents of distance and time. The problem is less political than aesthetic. No matter how heavily armed, the gunboats cannot match the firepower of the television cameras.

Better a series of stately exhibitions at the Pentagon. The current show of conceptual art appearing under the rubric of "Star Wars," and representative of the California school of nuclear abstraction, offers as fanciful a display of omnipotence as has been seen in Washington in many years. The better critics understand the work as a set of contemporary images that depend for their effects on exquisite juxtapositions of space and line. ■

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Name

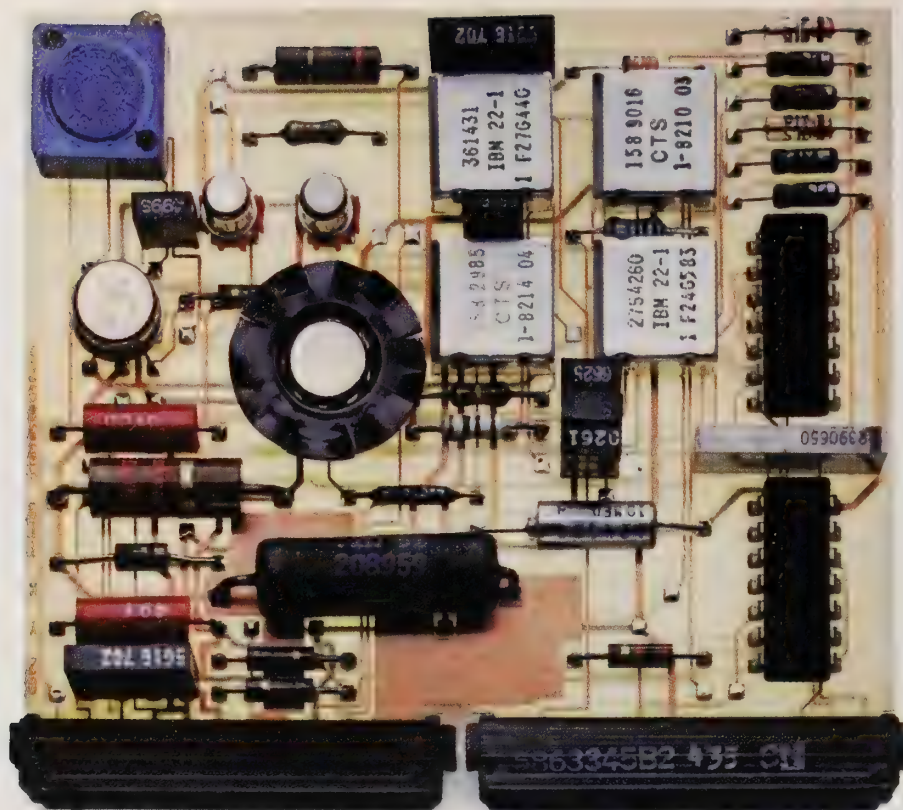
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Native American Craft.

In the shadow of the Ozark Mountains, 100 skilled craftsmen assemble printed circuit boards. They work for Cherokee Nation Industries in Adair County, Oklahoma. IBM has been a customer of theirs since 1973.

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Cherokee Nation Industries is just one of the more than 30,000 suppliers nationwide, some small, some not so small, that IBM depends on.

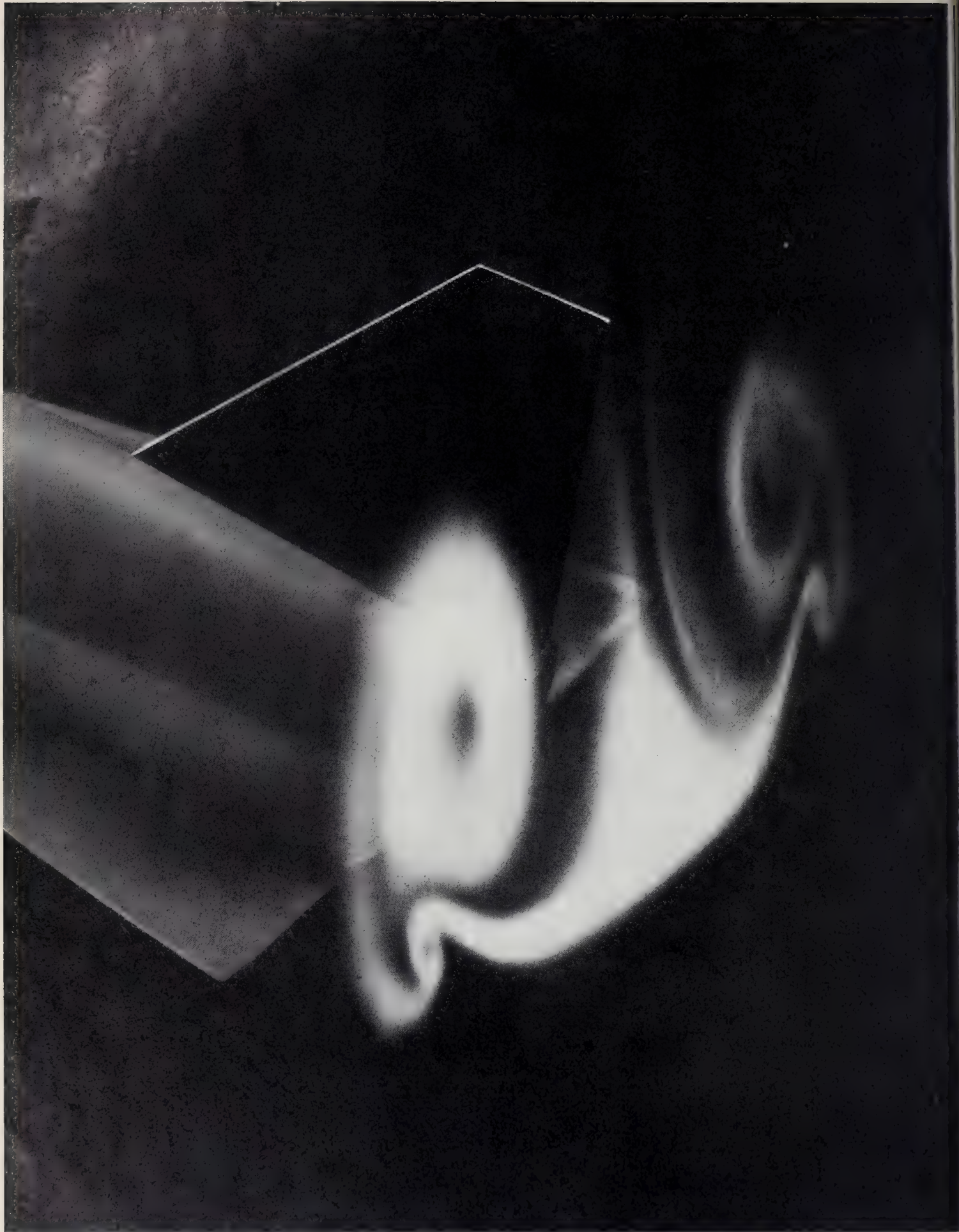
All of them share our commitment to quality and fine craftsmanship. And those are some of the most important things any company can supply.

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HARPER'S INDEX

- Percentage of its income a family of four living at the poverty level paid in federal taxes in 1980 : 1.9
Percentage such a family will pay in 1986 : 10.4
- Percentage of families living below the poverty line in which at least one member is employed : 60
Average percentage change in a woman's standard of living in the year after a divorce : -73
Average percentage change in a man's standard of living : +43
Average fee charged by a surrogate mother : \$10,000
Chances that a child born out of wedlock was deliberately conceived : 1 in 5
Chances that a child born to a married couple was deliberately conceived : 3 in 5
Percentage of adults who say they were told the facts of life by their mother : 21
By their father : 5
Average number of people a satisfied car owner tells about his car : 8
Average number of people a dissatisfied car owner tells about his : 22
- Percentage of the intelligence collected by U.S. agencies that is acquired by technical means : 85
Percentage that is acquired by agents : 15
Number of Russians who subscribe to the *New York Times* : 7
- Number of senior Soviet officials who have been removed since Gorbachev came to power : 80
Average number of East Germans who emigrated each year from 1974 to 1983 : 9,000
Number who emigrated in 1985 : 18,752
Estimated number of white South Africans who emigrate each month : 3,000
Amount South Africa spends annually for lobbyists in the United States : \$2,000,000
Percentage of contributions by pro-Israel PACs that went to Democrats in 1983 and 1984 : 80
In 1985 : 45
- Percentage of all bills Congress passed in 1985 that established commemorative days, weeks, or months : 36
Percentage of Americans who own running shoes but don't run : 70
Percentage of Americans between ages 6 and 17 who cannot pass a basic fitness test : 64
Percentage change, since 1971, in per capita consumption of green peas : -27
Broccoli : +160
Percentage of *Vogue* readers who wear size 12 or larger : 49
Percentage of women who wear the wrong size bra : 75
Percentage of Americans who think they look younger than their age : 57
Percentage increase in cosmetic surgery since 1981 : 61
Number of people who took a Dale Carnegie course last year : 118,416
Cases of bubonic plague in the United States in 1985 : 17
Number of Americans who freeze to death each year : 500
Number of U.S. pet cemeteries : 400
Percentage of Americans who say they approve of using monkeys in medical experiments : 69
Percentage of Americans who say they believe "most" or "all" of what Ronald Reagan says : 67
Who say they believe "most" or "all" of what Dan Rather says : 81
Amount Pat Paulsen has raised for his 1988 presidential campaign : \$57

Figures cited are the latest available as of January 1986. Sources are listed on page 77.



The art of aerodynamics. Airflow patterns, visible through advanced laser techniques applied by Northrop. To further the science of flight.

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READINGS

[Essay]

IN THE NAME OF THE GOOD

From Life and Fate, by Vasily Grossman, published this month by Harper & Row. Translated from the Russian by Robert Chandler. When Grossman (1905–1964) submitted his novel about Stalinist Russia to a Soviet publisher in 1960, he was informed by Mikhail Suslov, the party ideologist, that there was no question of the novel being published for another 200 years. The manuscript was confiscated, but a copy was recently smuggled abroad by Vladimir Voinovich, the émigré writer.

Few people ever attempt to define “good.” What is “good”? “Good” for whom? Is there a common good—the same for all people, all tribes, all conditions of life? Or is my good your evil? Is what is good for my people evil for your people? Is good eternal and constant? Or is yesterday’s good today’s vice, yesterday’s evil today’s good?

Have people advanced over the millennia in their concept of good? Is this concept something that is common to all people—both Greeks and Jews—as the Apostle supposed? To all classes, nations, and states? Even to all animals, trees, and mosses, as Buddha and his disciples claimed? The same Buddha who had to deny life in order to clothe it in goodness and love.

The Christian view, five centuries after Buddhism, restricted the living world to which the concept of good is applicable. Not every living thing—only human beings. The good of the first Christians, which had embraced all mankind, in turn gave way to a purely Christian good; the good of the Muslims was now distinct.

Centuries passed and the good of Christianity split up into the distinct goods of Catholicism, Protestantism, and Orthodoxy. And the good of Orthodoxy gave birth to the distinct goods of the old and new beliefs.

At the same time there was the good of the

poor and the good of the rich. And the goods of the whites, the blacks, and the yellow races . . . More and more goods came into being, corresponding to each sect, race, and class. Everyone outside a particular magic circle was excluded.

People began to realize how much blood had been spilled in the name of a petty, doubtful good, in the name of the struggle of this petty good against what it believed to be evil. Sometimes the very concept of good became a scourge, a greater evil than evil itself.

Good of this kind is a mere husk from which the sacred kernel has been lost. Who can reclaim the lost kernel?

But what is good? It used to be said that it is a thought and a related action which lead to the greater strength or triumph of humanity—or of a family, nation, state, class, or faith.

People struggling for their particular good always attempt to dress it up as a universal good. They say: my good coincides with the universal good; my good is essential not only to me but to everyone; in achieving my good, I serve the universal good.

And so the good of a sect, class, nation, or state assumes a specious universality in order to justify its struggle against an apparent evil.

Even Herod did not shed blood in the name of evil; he shed blood in the name of his particular good. A new force had come into the world, a force that threatened to destroy him and his family, to destroy his friends and his favorites, his kingdom and his armies.

But it was not evil that had been born; it was Christianity. And what did this doctrine of peace and love bring to humanity? Byzantine iconoclasm; the tortures of the Inquisition; the struggles against heresy in France, Italy, Flanders, and Germany; the conflict between Protestantism and Catholicism; the intrigues of the monastic orders; the conflict between Nikon and Avvakum; the crushing yoke that lay for centuries over science and freedom; the Christians who wiped out the heathen population of Tasmania; the scoundrels who burned whole

Negro villages in Africa. This doctrine caused more suffering than all the crimes of the people who did evil for its own sake . . .

In great hearts the cruelty of life gives birth to good; they then seek to carry this good back into life, hoping to make life itself accord with their inner image of good. But life never changes to accord with an image of good; instead, it is the image of good that sinks into the mire of life—to lose its universality, to split into fragments and be exploited by the needs of the day. People are wrong to see life as a struggle between good and evil. Those who most wish for the good of humanity are unable to diminish evil by one jot.

Great ideas are necessary in order to dig new channels, to remove stones, to bring down cliffs and fell forests; dreams of universal good are necessary in order that great waters should flow in harmony . . . Yes, if the sea were able to think, then every storm would make its waters dream of happiness. Each wave breaking against the cliff would believe it was dying for the good of the sea; it would never occur to it that, like thousands of waves before and after, it had only been brought into being by the wind.

Many books have been written about the nature of good and evil and the struggle between them . . . There is a deep and undeniable sadness in all this: whenever we see the dawn of an eternal good that will never be overcome by evil . . . whenever we see this dawn, the blood of old people and children is always shed.

I have seen people being annihilated in the name of an idea of good as fine and humane as the ideal of Christianity. I saw whole villages dying of hunger; I saw peasant children dying in the snows of Siberia; I saw trains bound for Siberia with hundreds and thousands of men and women from Moscow, Leningrad, and every city in Russia—men and women who had been declared enemies of a great and bright idea of social good. This idea was something fine and noble—yet it killed some without mercy, crippled the lives of others, and separated wives from husbands and children from fathers.

Once, when I lived in the northern forests, I thought that good was to be found neither in man nor in the predatory world of animals and insects but in the silent kingdom of the trees. Far from it! I saw the forest's slow movement, the treacherous way it battled against grass and bushes for each inch of soil . . . First, billions of seeds fly through the air and begin to sprout, destroying the grass and bushes. Then millions of victorious shoots wage war against one another. And it is only the survivors who enter into an alliance of equals to form the seamless canopy of the young deciduous forest. Beneath this canopy the spruces and beeches freeze to death in the twilight of penal servitude.

In time the deciduous trees become decrepit; then the heavyweight spruces burst through to the light beneath their canopy, executing the alders and the beeches. This is the life of the forest—a constant struggle of everything against everything. Only the blind conceive of the kingdom of trees and grass as the world of good . . . Is it that life itself is evil?

Good is to be found neither in the sermons of religious teachers and prophets nor in the teachings of sociologists and popular leaders nor in the ethical systems of philosophers . . . And yet ordinary people bear love in their hearts, are naturally full of love and pity for any living thing. At the end of the day's work they prefer the warmth of the hearth to a bonfire in the public square.

Yes, as well as this terrible Good with a capital G, there is everyday human kindness. The kindness of an old woman carrying a piece of bread to a prisoner, the kindness of a soldier allowing a wounded enemy to drink from his water flask, the kindness of youth toward age, the kindness of a peasant hiding an old Jew in his loft. The kindness of a prison guard who risks his own liberty to pass on letters written by a prisoner not to his ideological comrades but to his wife and mother.

The private kindness of one individual toward another; a petty, thoughtless kindness; an unwitnessed kindness. A kindness outside any system of social or religious good. Something we could call senseless kindness.

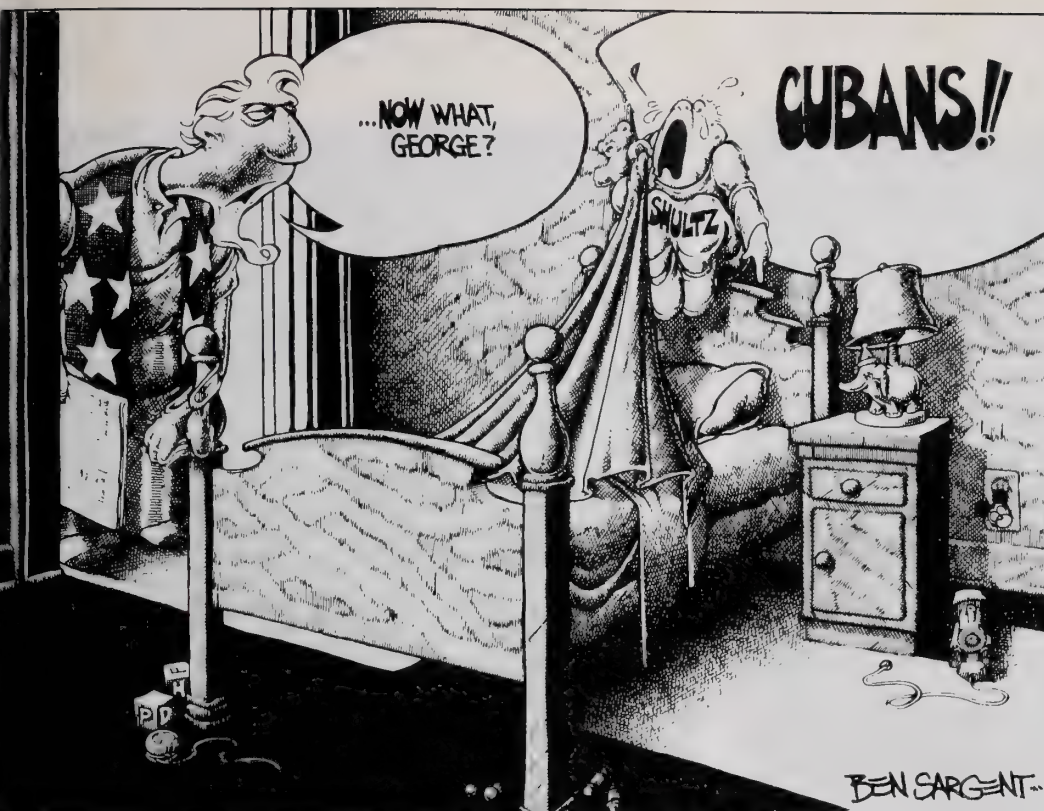
[Lesson Plan]

HAVE YOU EVER OWED A BAR BILL?

From the lesson plan for the "Polygraph Examiner Training Course" taught at the U.S. Army Military Police School at Fort McClellan, Alabama. The school trains lie-detector examiners for all federal agencies except the CIA. This lesson plan was used from February 1984 to November 1985; it was suspended after a General Accounting Office survey found that examiners were being taught to ask questions not strictly limited to security matters, as federal law requires. Under a new executive order, some 150,000 government employees will be subject to random polygraph exams.

OBJECTIVES OF THE EXAMINATION

The requesting office should be contacted by the examiner in order to determine what type of assignment is involved in the examination. It stands to reason that a person assigned to a high-



From the Austin American-Statesman.

ly sensitive position such as in our embassy in Moscow would very definitely receive a more extensive examination than a clerk in a motor pool.

ADVISEMENT OF RIGHTS

The examinee should be advised of his applicable constitutional rights by the examiner.

The examinee will also be informed that he is not suspected of any particular offense but that the examination is part of a "routine background check."

The examinee will also be told that other objectives of the examination are to determine any sympathy for or participation in Communist activities, and to determine if any incidents in the examinee's life might leave him open to blackmail.

ORGANIZATIONS

Ethnic organizations. The examinee may belong to organizations as a direct result of his ethnic background. In many cases, his parents or close relatives may also belong to them. This area should be explored with care, not only because these organizations may have Communist or Fascist motivations, but also because the subject may resent deeply any supposed bias or tactlessness on the part of the examiner. Typical among ethnic organizations would be Polish-American clubs, Japanese community clubs, etc. In some cases, the examinee's parents may

have enrolled him in Communist or Fascist ethnic organizations merely because the organization operated a life insurance program.

Racial organizations. Many persons belong to or have made financial contributions or contributions of their time to racial pressure groups. Since many of these organizations have been infiltrated by Communists, or are motivated by Fascist principles, participation in such groups should be discussed thoroughly. It is also mandatory that the examiner exert the utmost tact and delicacy to avoid offending the subject. In general, Negroes may be expected to have belonged to groups such as the NAACP.

Political organizations. Membership in either of the two major political organizations or affiliated organizations will not be discussed during the interview. Other organizations will be discussed and the degree of activity of the examinee will be determined. Membership in minor political parties and splinter organizations will be reviewed with the examinee. Any work for a foreign political or military organization must also be covered fully. This would include membership in organizations attempting to restore a former government or king, caring for refugees, or sending propaganda into a foreign country.

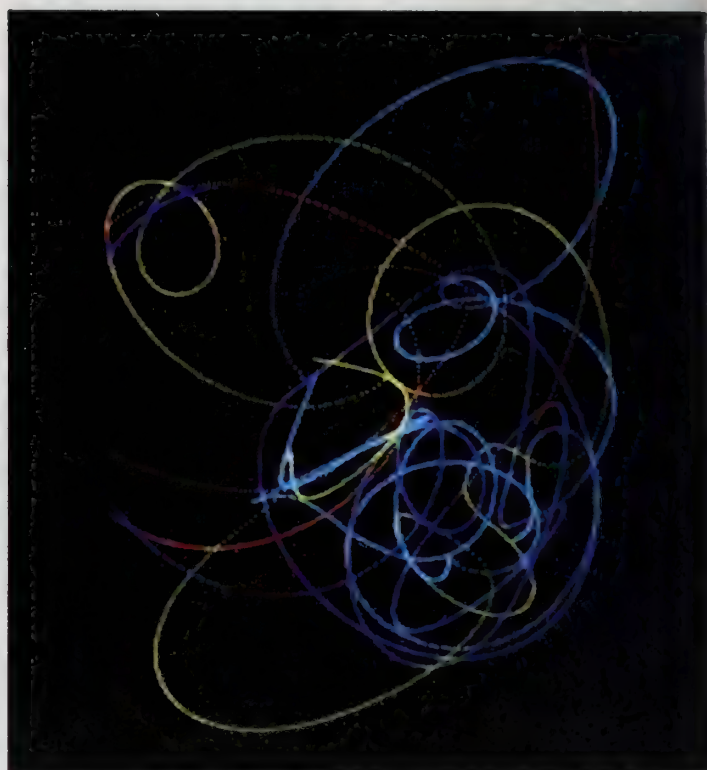
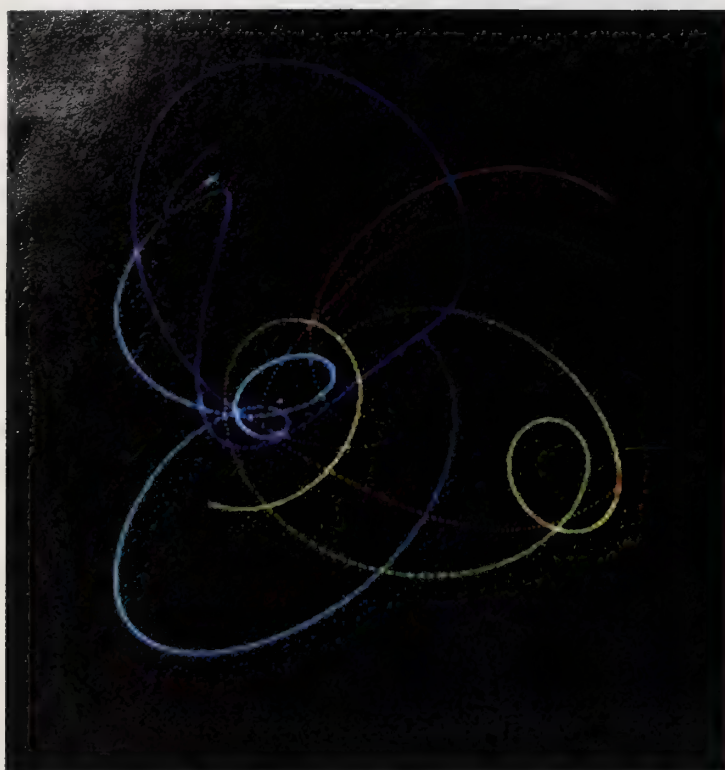
PERSONNEL SCREENING QUESTION POOL

Have you ever had a mental breakdown?

Have you ever been confined to a rest home?

[Computer Simulations]

STAR DANCES



From "Computer Recreations," by A. K. Dewdney, in the January issue of *Scientific American*. Dewdney, a computer scientist, wrote a program to simulate the movement of star clusters over a century. Each star's motion is governed by the gravitational force of neighboring stars.

Have you ever thought of committing suicide?
Have you ever used any drugs illegally?
Have you ever associated with persons addicted to the use of drugs?
While under the influence of alcohol have you ever done anything you are ashamed of?
Have you ever resided with anyone other than your immediate family?
Do you have any friends who live in a foreign country?
Do you have any foreign pen pals?
Do you know of any reason why you should not have this job?
Have you ever brought discredit to a company?
Have you ever used a company vehicle for private purposes?
Do you owe anyone any money?
Have you ever owed a bar bill?
Have you ever falsified an application for credit?
Do you know anyone who would not give you a good character reference?
Have you ever assisted in the commission of an immoral act?
Are you a name dropper?
Have you ever belonged to a hobby group?
Have you ever been tempted to steal from an employer?

Have you ever belonged to a group which supported any foreign activity?
Have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?
Have you ever belonged to any group which refuses to swear allegiance to the United States?
Do you correspond with anyone in a Communist-controlled country?
Have you ever subscribed to any anti-American publications?
Have you ever condemned our constitutional form of government?
Have you ever been sympathetic to the theory of communism?
Have you ever engaged in a sexual act with another male (female)?
Do you desire to engage in unnatural sex acts?
Do you desire to continue engaging in unnatural sex acts?
Have you engaged in sex acts with animals?
Have you ever received sexual stimulation in a crowded area?
Do you receive sexual satisfaction through means other than bodily contact?
Do you have a normal sex life?
Have you ever done anything for which you could be blackmailed?

Have you ever revealed classified information to unauthorized persons?

Do you believe you would be a good security risk?

Do you believe in background security investigations?

[Testimony]

WHY STAR WARS SOFTWARE WON'T WORK

Adapted from testimony delivered by David Lorge Parnas before the Senate Armed Services Subcommittee on Strategic and Theater Nuclear Forces in December 1985. Parnas, a professor of computer science at the University of Victoria in Canada, resigned from a Strategic Defense Initiative advisory panel last June.

I am a computer scientist specializing in software engineering. I have had twenty-five years of software construction experience, including fourteen years as a consultant to the Department of Defense and its contractors. The Strategic Defense Initiative Organization appointed me to the advisory panel on computing research in support of battle management. I resigned from the panel for two reasons: I believe (1) that no defense system of the sort being considered by SDIO can ever be trusted, and (2) that investing effort in an untrustworthy system is not in the country's best interest.

The "business end" of SDI consists of a variety of sensors and weapons. The sensors will produce vast amounts of raw data that computers must process and analyze in order to direct the weapons. Computers must detect missile firings, determine the source of the attack, and compute the attacking trajectories. Computers must discriminate between threatening warheads and decoy objects.

Software is the glue that holds such a system together, and in such systems software is always the weak link. Although adequately reliable software can be written, it becomes reliable only after extensive use in the field. Theory tells us that this is not the result of careless or inexperienced design, but the result of the complexity of the mathematical functions involved.

In strategic defense, there will be no opportunity to modify the software during or after the first battle: it must work the first time. Further, realistic testing of the integrated hardware and software is impossible. Neither component test-

ing, simulations, nor small-scale field testing would reveal all serious defects in the software.

In addition to the problem of sheer complexity, there are other software problems that are unique to SDI. The system is necessarily based on assumptions about enemy capabilities and plans—including target selection, decoy characteristics, and attack schedules, among many others—in which we can have little confidence or certainty. In addition, there are enormous theoretical and practical problems in keeping a space-based, real-time computer system—with its various components in orbit around the earth—operational under a coordinated attack.

Those who argue that SDI software can succeed have not responded to either the theoretical or the empirical aspects of my argument. For example, they state—correctly—that effective SDI software is not impossible, but they do not explain how we could gain confidence in it. They propose vague "new" architectures but do not show how those architectures can overcome the problems inherent in SDI. Other counterarguments made by SDI proponents include:

"SDI is still a research project—new breakthroughs may be found."

The difficulties inherent in designing SDI software are fundamental. The breakthrough required is nothing short of a revolution in math-

[Television Transcript]

AN EXERCISE IN TACT

From Nightline, November 21, 1985. Bob Dornan is a Republican representative from California.

TED KOPPEL: Please identify yourself first, if you would.

REP. DORNAN: Bob Dornan, from the arsenal of democracy, the state of California. Now, I'd like to ask Mr. McNamara, the man who's come out of shameful and deserved obscurity, the man who gave us strategic hamlets, escalated response, gradualism—

KOPPEL: Congressman Dornan, would you get to your—

DORNAN: MIG sanctuaries, body counts, and free-fire zones—

KOPPEL: Congressman Dornan, would you please be good enough to get to your question, and let's limit the personal attacks.

DORNAN: All right. The man who gave us 58,022 dead in Vietnam tells—

KOPPEL: Do you have a question, Congressman?

[Budget]

PLAY MONEY

"Georgetown University Revenues Attributable to Patrick Ewing," by Gregg Leslie, in the January 1986 issue of Regardies, the Washington monthly.

ATTENDANCE (home games only)

Annual average before Ewing	57,739
Average during Ewing's years	158,336
Difference	100,597
(x \$11, the average ticket price)	\$1,106,567
(x four years)	<u>\$4,426,268</u>

TELEVISION

Number of nationally televised games during Ewing's years	18
Estimated number that would have been shown without Ewing	6
Approximate payment from the networks for each game*	\$150,000
(x 12 games)	<u>\$1,800,000</u>

NCAA TOURNAMENT

Money given to Final Four schools by NCAA	\$750,000
Number of times GU reached the Final Four during Ewing's years	3
Total tournament revenues	<u>\$2,250,000</u>

PROMOTION

Annual sales of T-shirts, hats, etc.**	\$200,000
Assuming that only half is due to the increased prominence of the basketball team	\$100,000
(x four years)	<u>\$400,000</u>

ADMISSIONS FEES

Average number of applications per year before Hoyas won 1982 NCAA championship	8,600
Applications in 1983	9,725
Applications in 1984	11,128
Total increase	3,653
(x \$30, the application fee)	<u>\$109,590</u>

ALUMNI AND DEVELOPMENT

Fund raising for 1981 (pre-Ewing)	\$22,500,000
Average annual fund raising during Ewing's years (including 1985)	\$31,000,000
Difference (x four years)	\$34,000,000
Assuming that only 10 percent was due to success of basketball team***	<u>\$3,400,000</u>

TOTAL \$12,385,858

EXPENSES

Approximate value of a four-year scholarship	<u>\$48,600</u>
--	-----------------

NET PROFIT \$12,337,258

*based on Atlantic Coast Conference figures **according to Business Week ***fund was growing substantially pre-Ewing, but GU officials admit basketball "had an effect"

ematics. Speaking mathematically, what we need is a new way of representing arbitrary discrete functions. Currently, the representations required for SDI software are too complex for any human being to understand. SDIO is not sponsoring any work to solve this problem, nor are any miracles likely.

"We can't know what we can't do until we try."

Both theoretical arguments and overwhelming empirical evidence tell us that we can't do it. No attempt should proceed unless errors in these arguments can be found.

"An extensive testing program will overcome these problems."

Again, all theoretical and empirical evidence says it will not. Experienced scientists know that testing can show only the presence of bugs, not their absence.

"Artificial Intelligence will solve the problem."

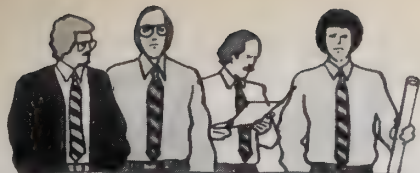
Most AI programs are less reliable and harder to verify than standard programs.

"Those who claim SDI cannot be built are politically motivated."

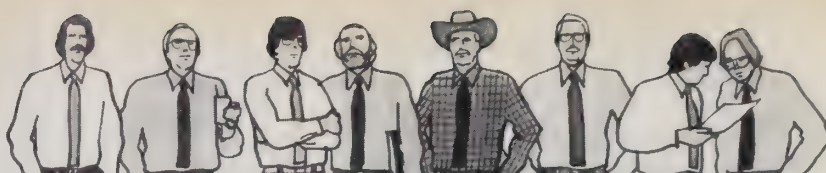
I know of no political reason to be against a shield that would protect us from nuclear weapons. Any possible political objection was removed when President Reagan offered to share the technology with the Soviet Union. The only reason to oppose SDI is the belief that it will not achieve what President Reagan wants it to achieve.

In discussing my ideas and conclusions with people in the military software community, I have found no one who argues with my technical conclusions. Instead, people told me the program should be continued, not because it would free us from the fear of nuclear weapons but because the research money would advance the state of the art in our field. I am sure that among the many SDI projects there are some with scientific merit. However, in my twenty years of experience, I have found that the Department of Defense often funds research because a proposal makes grandiose claims, not because the approach has any scientific merit. It frequently overfunds projects in the naive belief that more money means more progress. Such research usually produces low-quality results. As a scientist once remarked, "Overfunded research is like heroin: it leads to addiction, weakens the mind, and furthers prostitution."

I do not claim that SDI would have to be perfect, but it needs to be trustworthy. My car is far from perfect, but I trust it to do its job. I do not demand perfection, merely a high probability that the product is free from catastrophic defects. There are many military software applications in which we can achieve such confidence. A space-based missile defense is not one of them.



SILK COLLEGE STRIPES



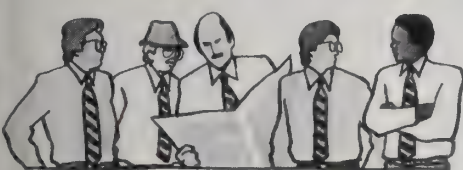
COTTON SOLID KNITS



LINEN SOLIDS



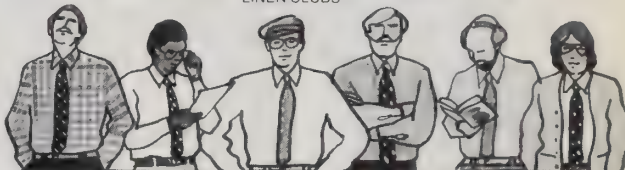
LINEN CLUBS



SILK REPP STRIPES



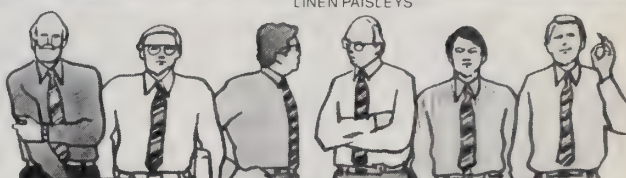
MADRAS PLAIDS



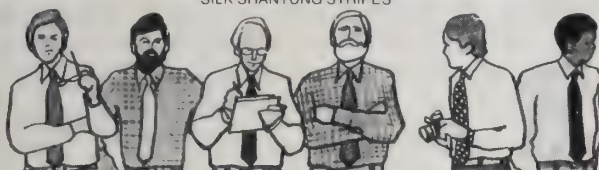
LINEN PAISLEYS



SILK SHANTUNG STRIPES



SILK REPP BRIGHT STRIPES



SILK NEATS



SILK SHANTUNG NEATS

Choose from a riotous assortment of 63 knit and handmade ties from Lands' End.

Starting at \$8.50 and not one over \$18.50.

With the exception of our knit ties (shown in living color in our latest catalog), every other tie on this page is handmade. And as you might expect from Lands' End, only natural fibers are used.

Our prodigious assortment represents solid value, all the way from the \$8.50 price tag on our cotton knits to the \$18.50 one on some of our fancier silk specimens. Hit our catalog in the right month, and our assortment skies to a grand total of 102 ties!

Consider that these ties have premium linings to assure shape. Seams and detailing are impeccable. And the patterns in our imported silk foulards from England owe their veracity to costly, painstaking hand-screen printing.

Even the "keeper", that so quickly unravels from the backs of most ties, is firmly stitched to stay on ours.

So much for what *we* can say here about our ties. Let's talk for a moment, now, about what *our ties*

say about *us*.

**Once we choose an item,
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It covers every item we sell, with no ifs, ands, buts, or maybes. We think you'll enjoy doing business with Lands' End, Direct Merchants. We know we'll enjoy doing business with you.

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[Profile]

A FIELD GUIDE TO THE YAKUZA

From "Strategic Assessment: Asian Organized Crime," a manual distributed recently by the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service to its agents. The section below is meant to help INS agents identify members of Japanese crime organizations.

The Yakuza (pronounced YAH-koo-zah) is a term that applies to more than 2,000 Japanese criminal organizations that have a total membership of 100,000 persons. Yakuza members trace their roots to Banzuiin Chobei, a Japanese Robin Hood of the seventeenth century. Chobei recruited his "soldiers" from among social outcasts like himself, and many wore tattoos marking them as criminals.

The original bands fought for their leader, and they began the custom of cutting off a fingertip if a mission failed and offering it to their master as an apology. When these soldiers weren't fighting, they often played cards—a game known as *hana-fuda*, which is similar to blackjack. The object was to draw three cards and come close to but not exceed nineteen. If a player drew as his cards an eight, nine, and three—which can be pronounced in Japanese as *ya, ku, za*—he had a worthless hand; the Yakuza of today call themselves "worthless" persons, social outcasts.

In Japan the Yakuza is involved in a variety of crimes including prostitution, pornography, and extortion of large corporations and/or their employees. The Japanese police estimate its annual income to be in excess of \$5 billion. Hence, the Yakuza seems to have money to spend and is coming to the U.S. to invest, launder, and set up new operations. One of the biggest concerns of the Organized Crime Commission is the possibility of a link between the Yakuza and the Mafia.

The following is provided as a guide to help determine, at the time of an alien's application for admission into the U.S., if he may be a Yakuza member.

FINGERS: Approximately 40 to 50 percent of the Yakuza have severed portions of one or more fingers. Normally, the left pinkie is severed to the first joint or the knuckle. If the individual is left-handed, the right pinkie would normally be severed. In some cases individuals have severed portions of more than one finger. These individuals have been observed with severed portions of both pinkies or severed portions of the pinkie

and ring finger of the same hand. Normally, if an individual is missing a portion of or a complete middle finger, index finger, or thumb, it is likely the result of an accident or surgery, and cannot be considered indicative that the individual is a Yakuza member.

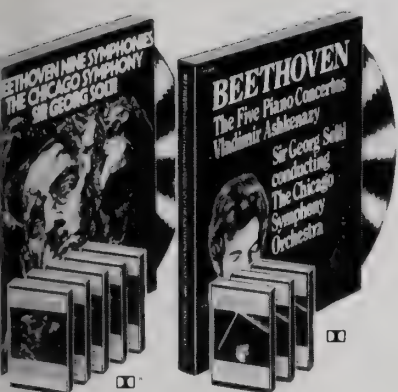
TATTOOS: Approximately 60 to 70 percent of the Yakuza have some form of tattoo, ranging from ornate tattooing of the complete torso to small tattoos underneath the eyebrows. The typical Yakuza encountered entering the U.S. bears tattooing covering the entire rear torso from the waist area over the shoulders and extending down the front torso to the breastbone and midway down the upper arms. The configuration of the tattooing on the chest area allows the individual to wear open-neck shirts without exposing the tattoo. These ornate tattoos are multicolored and usually consist of pictures of carp, flowers, dragons, or demon faces.

HAIR STYLE: Traditionally, Yakuza members could be identified by their sporting of shaven heads or short, flat-top-style crewcuts. Recently, they have overwhelmingly adopted a hair style known in Japan as a "punch perm," which is a short, curly, Afro-style permanent.

DRESS: Many Yakuza appear to have an affinity for white, often wearing a combination of a white suit, sports jacket, or golf jacket with white slacks, white shoes, and a white knit or dress shirt. Others wear loud sports jackets with dark shirts and gaudy ties.

BEHAVIOR: Although the majority of upper-echelon Yakuza cannot normally be distinguished from the average Japanese tourist or businessman, middle- and lower-echelon Yakuza are often identifiable through behavioral characteristics. Yakuza often walk with authority or strut/swagger in the same manner as a police officer, wrestler, or other individual with a sense of physical prowess or self-assurance. Many Yakuza, occasionally even upper-echelon members, will display an attitude of arrogance or defiance, sometimes manifested by the refusal to answer an officer's questions, an argumentative posture, and in some cases even loud verbal outbursts or tirades directed at the officer or his interpreter. This type of behavior is in contrast to that of normal Japanese, who respect authority and usually remain silent or ask and answer questions in a quiet voice. Yakuza have also been observed to exhibit an attitude of arrogance or brashness in dealing with other Japanese tourists, such as abruptly moving to the front of a line of people awaiting Customs or Immigration inspection, or berating an ordinary Japanese tourist for accidentally bumping into them.

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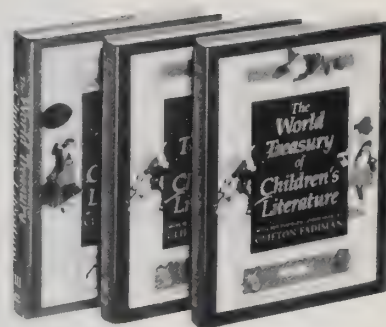
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Anbetung des Inhalts (Worship of the Content), by Jorg Immendorff, from a show of his paintings in January at the Mary Boone Gallery in New York. Immendorff lives in West Germany.

[Memoir]

RED MUSIC

From the author's preface to The Bass Saxophone, two novellas by Josef Skvorecky, published by Washington Square Press, originally published by Alfred A. Knopf. Skvorecky immigrated to Canada soon after the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968.

In the days when everything in life was fresh—because we were sixteen, seventeen—I used to blow tenor sax. Very poorly. Our band was called Red Music, which in fact was a misnomer, since the name had no political connotations: there was a band in Prague that called itself Blue Music, and we, living in the Nazi Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia, had no idea that in jazz blue is not a color, so we called ours Red. But if the name itself had no political connotations, our sweet, wild music did; for jazz was a sharp thorn in the sides of the power-hungry men, from Hitler to Brezhnev, who successively ruled my native land.

What sort of political connotations? Leftist?

Rightist? Racist? Classist? Nationalist? The vocabulary of ideologists and mountebanks doesn't have a word for it. At the outset, shortly before World War II, when my generation experienced its musical revelation, jazz didn't convey even a note of protest. Its essence, then as now, is something far more elemental: an *élan vital*, a forceful vitality, an explosive creative energy as breathtaking as that of any true art, that may be felt even in the saddest of blues. Its effect is cathartic.

Red Music used to play (badly, but with the enthusiasm of sixteen-year-olds) during the reign of the most Aryan Aryan of them all and his cultural handyman, Dr. Goebbels. It was Goebbels who declared, "Now, I shall speak quite openly on the question of whether German radio should broadcast so-called jazz music. If by jazz we mean music that is based on rhythm and entirely ignores or even shows contempt for melody, music in which rhythm is indicated primarily by the ugly sounds of whining instruments so insulting to the soul, why then we can only reply to the question entirely in the negative." Which was one reason we whined and wailed, rasped and roared, using all kinds of wa-

wa and hat mutes, some of them manufactured by ourselves. But even then, protest was one of the lesser reasons. Primarily, we loved the music that we called jazz, and that in fact was swing, the half-white progeny of Chicago and New Orleans.

The revelation we experienced was one of those that can only come in one's youth, before the soul has acquired a shell from being touched by too many sensations. In my mind I can still hear, very clearly, the sound of the saxes on that old, terribly scratchy Brunswick seventy-eight spinning on a wind-up phonograph, with the almost illegible label: "I've Got a Guy," *Chick Webb and His Orchestra with Vocal Chorus*. Wildly sweet, soaring, swinging saxophones, the lazy and unknown voice of the unknown vocalist who left us spellbound even though we had no way of knowing that this was the great, then seventeen-year-old Ella Fitzgerald. But the message of her voice, the call of the saxes, the short wailing and weeping saxophone solo between the two vocal choruses, they all came across. Nothing could ever silence them in our hearts.

How naive we were, how full of love and reverence. Because Dr. Goebbels had decided that the whining Judeo-negroid music (the Nazi epithet for jazz) invented by American capitalists was not to be played in the territory of the Third Reich, we had a ball inventing aliases for legendary tunes so that they might be heard in the territory of the Third Reich after all. We played a fast piece called "The Wild Bull," indistinguishable to the naked ear from "Tiger Rag"; we played a slow tune, "Abendlied," or "Evening Song," and fortunately the Nazi censors had never heard the black voice singing "When the deep purple falls over sleepy garden walls..." And the height of our effrontery, "The Song of Řešetová Lhota," in fact "St. Louis Blues," rang out one misty day in 1943 in eastern Bohemia, sung in Czech by a country girl, the lyrics composed so that they might elaborate on our new title for W.C. Handy's theme song: "Řešetová Lhota... is where I go... I'm on my way... to see my Aryan folk..." (Řešetová Lhota used in this title is the equivalent of, for example, Hicktown, Backwaterville, or Hillbillyburgh.)

It was, like most of our songs, ostensibly the composition of a certain Mr. Jiří Patočka. You would search for his name in vain in the lists of popular composers of the time, since he too was a figment of our imagination. That mythical gentleman's large repertoire also included a tune indistinguishable from "Casa Loma Stomp." In our ignorance we hadn't the faintest idea that there was a castle of that name in distant Toronto. We believed that Casa Loma was an American bandleader, one of the splendid group that included Jimmie Lunceford, Chick Webb,

Andy Kirk, the Duke of Ellington (Ellington had been placed among the nobility by a Czech translator who encountered his name in an American novel and decided that this must be a member of the impoverished British aristocracy, eking out a living as a bandleader at the Cotton Club), Count Basie, Louis Armstrong, Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller—you name them, we knew them all. And yet we knew nothing. The hours we spent racking our brains over song titles we couldn't understand, like "Struttin' with Some Barbecue"—the definition of the word "barbecue" in our pocket Webster didn't help at all. What on earth could it mean: "walking pompously with a piece of animal carcass roasted whole"? We knew nothing—but we knew the music.

We also had our own Goddess, our Queen of Swing, Girl Born of Rhythm, Slender Girl with Rhythm at Her Heels, our own Ella. She was white, of course, and her name was Inka Zemánková. She distinguished herself by singing Czech lyrics with an American accent, complete with the nasal twang so alien to the Czech language. My God, how we adored this buggering up of our lovely language, for we felt that all languages were lifeless if not buggered up a little. Inka's theme song was something entitled "I Like to Sing Hot," not one of Jiří Patočka's ostensible compositions but a genuine Czech effort. The lyrics describe a swinging girl strolling down Broadway with "Harlem syncopating in the distance." It contained several bars of scat and concluded with the singer's assertion, "I like to sing hot!" This final word, sung in English, alerted the Nazi censors, and on their instructions Inka had to replace it with the equally monosyllabic expression "z not"—a charmingly absurd revision, for although it rhymes with "hot," the expression means exactly the opposite of singing hot music: it means singing from sheet music; from the notes.

Then the Great War ended. I remember sitting through three screenings of a lousy print of *Sun Valley Serenade*, with Russian subtitles. I was impervious to the Hollywood plot but hypnotized by Glenn Miller. The print had found its way to our town with the Red Army, the film badly mangled by frequent screenings at the battlefield, the damaged sound track adding Goebbelsian horrors to "In the Mood" and "Chattanooga Choo Choo." Nonetheless, I had the splendid feeling that, finally, the beautiful age of jazz had arrived.

My mistake. It took only a lean three years before it was back underground again. New little Goebbelses started working diligently in fields that had been cleared by the old demon. They had their own little Soviet bibles, primarily the

fascistoid *Music of Spiritual Poverty*, by a V. Gorodinsky, and I. Nestyev's *Dollar Cacophony*. Their vocabulary was not very different from that of the Little Doctor, except that they were, if possible, even prouder of their ignorance. They characterized jazz and jazz-inspired serious music by a rich assortment of derogatory adjectives: "perverted," "decadent," "base," "lying," "degenerate," etc. They compared the music to "the moaning in the throat of a camel" and "the hiccuping of a drunk," and although it was "the music of cannibals," it was at the same time invented by the capitalists "to deafen the ears of the Marshallized world by means of epileptic, loudmouthed compositions." Unfortunately, these Orwellian masters soon found their disciples among Czechs, who in turn—after the fashion of disciples—went even further than their preceptors, declaring wildly that jazz was aimed at "annihilating the people's own music in their souls."

But of course. Whenever the lives of individuals and communities are controlled by powers that themselves remain uncontrolled—slavers, czars, führers, first secretaries, marshals, generals and generalissimos, ideologists of dictatorships at either end of the spectrum—then creative energy becomes a protest. The consumptive clerk of a workingman's insurance company (whose heart had reportedly been moved by the plight of his employer's beleaguered clients) undergoes a sudden metamorphosis to become a threat to closely guarded socialism. Why? Because the visions in his *Castle*, his *Trial*, his *Amerika* are made up of too little paper and too much real life, albeit in the guise of nonrealist literature. That is the way it is. How else explain the fact that so many titles on Senator Joe McCarthy's index of books to be removed from the shelves of U.S. Information Service libraries abroad were identical to many on the index issued in Prague by the Communist Party early in the 1970s? Totalitarian ideologists don't like real life (other people's) because it cannot be totally controlled; they loathe art, the product of a yearning for life, because that, too, evades control—if controlled and legislated, it perishes. But before it perishes—or when it finds refuge in some kind of *samizdat* underground—art, willy-nilly, becomes protest. Popular mass art, like jazz, becomes mass protest. That's why the ideological guns and sometimes even the police guns of all dictatorships are aimed at the men with the horns.

[Afterword]

INTELLECTUALS AND POWER

From "Another Look at the Class Power of the Intelligentsia," by George Konrád, an afterword to a new Hungarian edition of The Intellectuals on the Road to Class Power, written in the early seventies by Konrád and Iván Szelényi. With particular reference to the socialist countries, the book examines the role of the intelligentsia—defined as all those who perform "brain work." Under this rubric the authors include the political elite, although their interests often diverge from those of other intellectuals. This excerpt was translated by Richard E. Allen.

They're a hungry lot, the intelligentsia, and they always will be. If they don't have power, they hunger after it. If they do have power, they shrink from it in horror. They will never achieve the one thing that would still their hunger—that fusion of spirit and force, omniscience and omnipotence, that belongs to the divinity alone.

Look how serious our socialist intelligentsia are, how solemn! They don't clown around at all. They are plebeian courtiers of a plebeian king. The king may put on airs; the courtiers may put on airs. But they stick their chests out too much, their style is not aristocratic; it's the style of a rich peasant. They succeed in being condescending only with neophytes, ladies, and the weak.

The ones who claim to be democrats don't behave very democratically. Those who claim to be liberals display an old-fashioned hauteur and sense of rank, and—at times—a rude and savage defensiveness where their authority is concerned. And the ones who aren't liberals! I once heard of a party secretary who forbade his employees to step into the corridor while he was walking down it. I heard of another who had the municipal beach cleared every morning during the summer so that he could swim alone.

None of this is new. It's a feudal civilization, a civilization of feudal orders, meant to maintain order, with a host of traditional hierarchical habits. The general and the sergeant want the same thing; they want order, military order. Giving and executing commands binds the general and the sergeant together in a single spirit, the spirit of authority and obedience. Anyone who refuses a command had better watch out. In peacetime he will be dismissed from the army; in wartime, from life itself.

The censorship machinery's engineers, mechanics, and ordinary workers are also bound together in feudal dependence. Priests too keep order; so do railwaymen, party members, and

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teachers. In a feudal culture it's commonly believed that knowledge, power, and goodness naturally go together. This seemingly beneficent notion sustains the system. It's possible that the reason communism meets with no real resistance is because, one way or another, the intellectuals who run things and set the tone get along fairly well with it.

It's nice to be on top, but restrictions on your freedom aren't so nice. Hence the intelligentsia's halfhearted applause and halfhearted grumbling; one eye weeps, the other laughs. They waste their time in petty struggles for success and glory. No matter, the system goes on just the same; in fact, it's appreciably stronger for it. They know how to maintain and even strengthen their own power position; they know how to play politics, and not at all badly either.

Sometimes they get involved in a crisis. At such times persuasion doesn't work, and they have to make a forceful show of the instruments of discipline, the kind that do bodily harm. They must dispense temporarily with that wonderful blend of kindheartedness, popularity, and power. But once the disorders have died down the system sets about restoring its moral and intellectual splendor, justifying its actions by the most noble patriotic and communitarian ideals—something that can't be done without the help of the intelligentsia, of course.

Intellectuals are needed if the officials are to arrive—euphorically or resignedly—at the pragmatic conclusion that there is nothing else; that nothing else is possible; that nothing can be done except what they are doing. The bloc stands firm; it's far less unstable than many like to think. One way or another, things are in the hands of the intelligentsia. If they're not in the hands of one intellectual, they're in the hands of another.

An intellectual may be incompetent. He's an intellectual not because he talks sense, but rather because he's the one who talks. He has license to approach the microphone.

A nobleman, a peasant, a bourgeois, a worker can be intelligent and generous, or stupid and selfish; the intelligentsia would readily agree that none of them is blameless. But we, we intellectuals? Why, whatever the others may be, we are blameless. As soon as someone in our ranks does something stupid, we throw him out! We say, "He's not one of us; he's not an intellectual." We analyze; they don't analyze us.

Why should the intelligentsia be blameless? They're not. At this moment Iranian clerics are sending adolescents to the slaughter by the tens of thousands. And these boys are filled with a holy and heroic sense of life as they run into a bullet. Wherever there is killing you will find behind it an intelligentsia whose ideas inspired

it. Every death factory has its intellectual foundations.

The Inquisition is part of the history of the intelligentsia just as much as the great discoveries, punishment just as much as creation, the most savage reaction as much as the great movements for freedom. Liberalism, communism, fascism—each had its own intelligentsia. Nothing happens without us.

[Essay]

SIGNS IN THE SUPERMARKET

From "I Listen to the Market," by Milton Glaser, in On Signs, an anthology edited by Marshall Blonsky and published by Johns Hopkins University Press. Glaser's designs include New York magazine and the Grand Union supermarket chain.

In designing packaging, you have to understand the exact audience you are speaking to in each case. The cases change, so the form of address has to change too. For example, we are doing a lot of designing for a line of Grand Union generic products called "Basics." Now, there were two problems. One was to make the packaging look slightly better than the existing generic packaging. But basically, generic packaging is supposed to look terrible. Its intention is to produce the impression that no time was spent doing it and no cost. The truth of the matter is that generic packaging costs exactly the same to produce as conventional packaging. Its labels are run on the same press, and the fact that you do not use many colors does not mean a thing. In the end the cost is the same.

Yet it is very important to signal that no costs are involved. In the same way, when we built a supermarket display called "Basics," it was important for it to look as though no money had been spent on it. We used cardboard on top of pressed plywood to give the appearance of three layers of corrugated cardboard. The client decided that it was essential for the market to have a concrete floor. Why? Because one of the signals that it is not a fancy place is that you have a concrete floor. They took over an old, failed market. It had a perfectly good tile floor. And at a cost of \$50,000 they tore it up so that they could reveal the rather crummy looking concrete underneath! Semiotics!

There used to be a whole category of products called "Packers' Labels," which were for A, B, and C vegetables: perfectly good products, except they had broken stems and pieces and so

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[Photograph]

THE CORPORATE PORTRAIT



The Untitled Group Portrait of the Executives of a World Wide Company, by Clegg & Guttman. Clegg & Guttman are represented by New York's Cable gallery, which had a show of their photographs this winter.

on. These have been repackaged under generic labels. People are buying a kind of product that was always available but was never so coherently presented.

Why black and white? We are so used to colors that when we see black-and-white packages it is like a kick in the stomach—it's a very clear signal. "This is a plain operation. I'm really getting good value, because look how skimpy and lousy the package looks. They really went out of their way to cut corners."

There was one other requirement. People really hated the idea that there was nobody behind the product—if you got bum tuna fish, there was nobody to complain to. So we actually put a brand name on the generic line. We called it "Basics," so people could have a sense that somebody was responsible for the stuff.

Now, this category of products had been in the supermarket for years, but it never moved. Why now? There are two elements that helped make generic products fashionable: the pressure of just trying to make ends meet, and people's increased consciousness of being ripped off in the marketplace. Generic marketing is a response to the kind of calculating consumer who knows he does not need the fancier stuff and thinks he is able to read through the myths of advertising.

[Hypothesis]

THE AESTHETIC OF THE SERIES

Excerpted from "Innovation and Repetition: Between Modern and Post-Modern Aesthetics," by Umberto Eco, in the Fall 1985 issue of *Daedalus*. Eco is professor of semiotics at the University of Bologna and author of *The Name of the Rose*. A new book of his essays, *Travels in Hyperreality*, will be published in May by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich/A Helen & Kurt Wolff Book.

If we reread Aristotle's *Poetics*, we realize that the tragedies of which he had knowledge were many more than have come down to us, and that they all followed (with variations) one fixed scheme. What would happen if today we were able to see them and read them all together? Would our evaluations of the originality of Sophocles or Aeschylus be different from what they are currently? Would we find in these authors variations on topical themes where today we see indistinctly a unique (and sublime) way of confronting the problems of the human condition? Perhaps where we see absolute invention, the Greeks would have seen only the

"correct" variation on a single scheme, and what appeared sublime to them was not the single work but precisely the scheme. It is not by chance that, when speaking of the art of poetry, Aristotle dealt mainly with schemes before all else and mentioned single works only for the sake of an example.

Since at this point I am playing what Peirce called "the play of musement" and I am multiplying the hypotheses—in order to find out, maybe later, a single fruitful idea—let us now reverse our experiment and look at a contemporary TV series from the point of view of a future neo-romantic aesthetics which, supposedly, has assumed, like we do today, that "originality is beautiful." Let us imagine a society in the year 3000 A.D. in which 90 percent of all our present cultural production has been destroyed and of all our television series only *one* episode of *Columbo* has survived.

How would we "read" this work? Would we be moved by such an original picture of a little man in the struggle with the powers of evil, with the forces of capital, with an opulent and racist society dominated by WASPs? Would we appreciate this efficient, concise, and intense representation of the urban landscape of an industrial America?

When—in a single piece of a series—something is simply *presupposed* by the audience, which knows the whole series, would we speak perhaps of an art of synthesis, of a sublime capacity for telling through essential allusions?

In other words, how would we read a "piece" of a series if the whole of the series remained unknown to us?

[Essay]

PAINTED BACKDROPS

From "Postcards," by Edgardo Cozarinsky, in *Sites*, No. 13, a journal of literature and architecture published in New York. Cozarinsky, an Argentine writer and filmmaker who lives in Paris, writes in a language he calls "foreigner's English." "Postcards" will appear in *Urban Voodoo*, a collection of his work to be published by Lumen Books.

Palms, for instance.

Unavoidable in tourism posters, they can convoke by themselves a dazzling sky like no combination of blue and yellow so far available in printing: a slight stoop of their trunks tells of the benign breeze; the unconcerned sway of their leaves conveys better than any choreography the casual bearing of tanned bodies by the sea.

They are meaningless, of course, unless enhanced as objects of desire by the industrial socialscapes of temperate cities. Each society dreams its doom, and the sun is that ill-defined circle of oily yellow among chemical greens and oranges, printed on paper and pasted on the walls of the Stockholm subway. It is available too: in Istanbul or Tunisia, in Ibiza or Rhodes, packaged with Swedish-speaking hotel personnel and round-trip weekly fares, itself subsumed in that stark burst of printed sunshine, in the black-on-white figures that spell its prize to welfare-state inmates.

Those are tamed palms, obviously. They may stand on an oasis beyond reproach, they may cast growing shadows on sand where the day's warmth lingers, but any erotic intercourse associated with their image has been translated into terms of a deferred exchange. Hard currency and underdeveloped economy stage now a play of rape, and only the willing suspension of disbelief in historical feedback stands for gratification. Though not transplanted, they are as alienated as the token palm trees at La Croisette, facing exhausted strips of sand once brought from a nature elsewhere, and dumped from trucks on the sea front.

It may be the expensive vicinity of boutiques and hotels, casinos and film festivals, that keeps them alive. (Shorthand for them, dwarf potted palms have lost the phantasmic tropic they may have projected once; blooming suddenly, like Japanese paper flowers in a glass of water, they propose instant winter gardens or breakfast lounges—the hushed, mildly obsolete glamour of names like the Ritz or Maxim's.) If excised from that second nature, the one money can pay for, they would wither or harden, like the sturdy, yellowy, crusty trunks in Plaza de Mayo, facing a government house painted pink, or their facsimiles in the duplicated greenery of Palermo lakes: yes, Buenos Aires palms are the saddest. Closer to the real landscape, closer at least than those in London or Frankfurt, they have been misprinted—they illustrate not the tropics, the gaudy laziness of Bahia or the polyglot, epicene fascination of colonies, whether Macao or Surabaya, but a no man's land of displaced identity. Like the city dwellers, they belong to the zombielike industry of some urban voodoo.

Maybe because they have always seemed to stand for something else, and to do so for somebody else, I find black-and-white defiantly two-dimensional palm trees the most fulfilling—blinking, for instance, in back-projection behind cabaret girl and sailor boyfriend on their day off. There can be no exoticism in nature unless doubled by a social or cultural eroticism, they tell us, and it is the smell of the pineapple

being cut in four, while I fumble for cruzeiros inside my wet bathing trunks, that spells Ipanema for me, as it is the labored typewriting of this sentence, watching rows of unrevealing windows from my own *fenêtre-sur-cour*, that spells Paris for me.

[Essay]

THE MIND OF THE HUNTER

From Arctic Dreams: Imagination and Desire in a Northern Landscape, by Barry Lopez, published this month by Charles Scribner's Sons. Lopez, a contributing editor of Harper's Magazine, is also the author of Of Wolves and Men.

Hunting in my experience among Eskimos—and by hunting I simply mean being out on the land—is a state of mind. All of one's faculties are brought to bear in an effort to become fully incorporated into the landscape. It is more than listening for animals or watching for hoofprints or a shift in the weather. It is more than an analysis of what one senses. To hunt means to have the land around you like clothing. To engage in a wordless dialogue with it, one so absorbing that you cease to talk with your human companions. It means to release yourself from rational images of what something "means" and to be concerned only that it "is." And then to recognize that things exist only insofar as they can be related to other things. These relationships—fresh drops of moisture on top of rocks at a river crossing and a raven's distant voice—become patterns. The patterns are always in motion. Suddenly the pattern—which includes physical hunger, a memory of your family, and memories of the valley you are walking through, these particular plants and smells—takes in the caribou. There is a caribou standing in front of you. The release of the arrow or bullet is like a word spoken out loud. It occurs at the periphery of your concentration.

The mind we know in dreaming, a nonrational, nonlinear comprehension of events in which slips in time and space are normal, is, I believe, the conscious working mind of an aboriginal hunter. It is a frame of mind that redefines patience, endurance, and expectation.

The focus of a hunter in a hunting society was not killing animals but attending to the myriad relationships he understood bound him into the world he occupied with them. He tended to those duties carefully because he perceived in them everything he understood about survival.

This does not mean, certainly, that every man did this, or that good men did not starve. Or that shamans whose duty it was to intercede with the forces that empowered these relationships weren't occasionally thinking of personal gain or subterfuge. It only means that most men understood how to behave.

A fundamental difference between our culture and Eskimo culture, which can be felt even today in certain situations, is that we have irrevocably separated ourselves from the world that animals occupy. We have turned all animals and elements of the natural world into objects. We manipulate them to serve the complicated ends of our destiny. Eskimos do not grasp this separation easily, and have difficulty imagining themselves entirely removed from the world of animals. For many of them, to make this separation is analogous to cutting oneself off from light or water. It is hard to imagine how to do it.

A second difference is that, because we have objectified animals, we are able to treat them impersonally. This means not only the animals that live around us but animals that live in distant lands. For Eskimos, most relationships with animals are local and personal. The animals one encounters are part of one's community, and one has obligations to them. A most confusing aspect of Western culture for Eskimos to grasp is our depersonalization of relationships with the human and animal members of our communities. And it is compounded, rather than simplified, by their attempting to learn how to objectify animals.

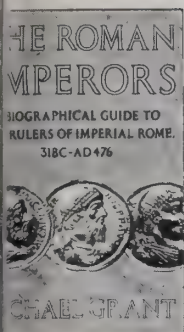
Eskimos do not maintain this intimacy with nature without paying a certain price. When I have thought about the ways in which they differ from people in my own culture, I have realized that they are more afraid than we are. On a day-to-day basis, they have more fear. Not of being dumped into cold water from an umiak, not a debilitating fear. They are afraid because they accept fully what is violent and tragic in nature. It is a fear tied to their knowledge that sudden, cataclysmic events are as much a part of life, of really living, as are the moments when one pauses to look at something beautiful. A Central Eskimo shaman named Aua, queried about Eskimo beliefs, answered, "We do not believe. We fear."

To extend these thoughts, it is wrong to think of hunting cultures like the Eskimo's as living in perfect harmony or balance with nature. Their regard for animals and their attentiveness to nuance in the landscape were not rigorous or complete enough to approach an idealized harmony. No one knew that much. No one would say they knew that much. They faced nature with fear, with *ilira* (nervous awe) and *kappia* (apprehension). And with enthusiasm. They accepted

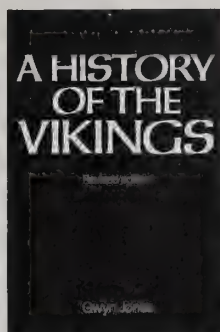
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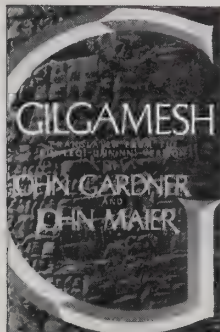
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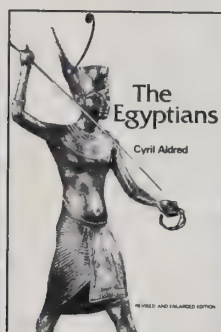
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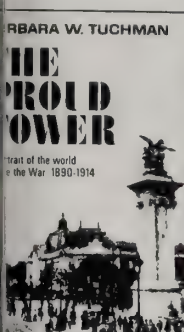
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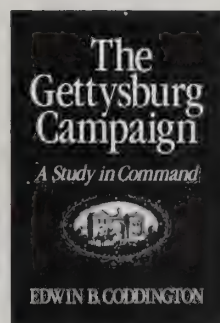
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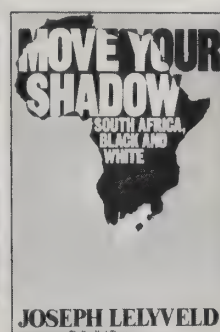
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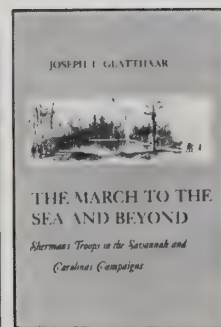
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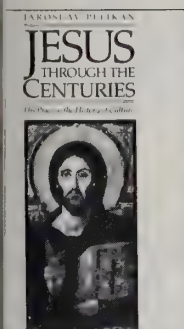
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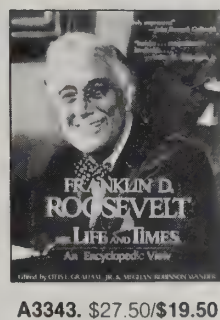
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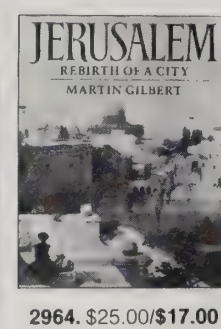
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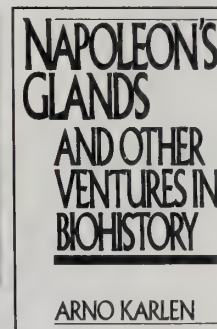
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hunting as a way of life—its violence, too, though they did not seek that out. Neither were the lives of Eskimo people filled with compassion. Compassion is a difficult virtue for a hunting culture to maintain in a harsh land. Nor were they innocent. There is murder and warfare and tribal vendetta in their history; and today, in the same villages I walked out of to hunt, are families shattered by alcohol, drugs, and ambition. While one cannot dismiss culpability in these things, any more than one can hold to romantic notions about hunting, it is good to recall what a *struggle* it is to live with dignity and understanding, with perspicacity or grace, in circumstances far better than these. And it is helpful to imagine how the forces of life must be construed by people who live in a world where swift and fatal violence, like *ivu*, the suddenly leaping shore ice, is inherent in the land. The land, in a certain, very real way, compels the minds of the people.

[Fiction]

CHILDREN OF THE WIND

By Primo Levi, in *Granta*, No. 16. Levi, a chemist and novelist, is the author of *The Periodic Table*, *If This Is a Man*, and *If Not Now, When?* Translated by Simon Rees and Antonio Tanca.

It is to be hoped that the Islands of the Wind (Mahui and Kaenunu) will be excluded from the tourist circuit for as long as possible. It would not be easy to develop them, in any case: the soil is so rough that it would be impossible to build an airport, and nothing larger than a row-boat can come close to their shores. Water is scarce, in some years totally lacking; the islands have therefore never supported any permanent human settlement. Nevertheless, Polynesian crews have landed there several times, perhaps even in the remote past, and a Japanese detachment stayed for a few months during the last war. The last human vestige to be found on the islands can be traced back to this fleeting presence: on the highest point of Mahui, a modest but steep ridge about one hundred meters high, are the ruins of a dry-stone antiaircraft bunker. It may never have fired a shot: we have not found a single shell in its vicinity. On Kaenunu we found a whip wedged between two boulders, a vestige of some inexplicable violence.

Today Kaenunu is largely deserted. On Mahui, however, it is not unusual for anyone with patience and good vision to catch sight of some

atoula, or more often a *nacunu*, one of the females. If one excludes the well-known cases of certain domestic animals, this is probably the only animal species in which the male and the female have been given different names, a fact that can be explained by the definite sexual dimorphism that characterizes them and that is certainly unique among mammals. This remarkable species of rodent can be found only on the two islands.

The *atoula*—that is, the males—are as much as half a meter in length and weigh between five and eight kilos. They have gray or brown hair, a very short tail, a pointed muzzle furnished with black whiskers, short triangular ears; their belly is naked, pinkish, and barely covered with a sparse down that, as we shall see, is not without its evolutionary significance. The females, which weigh somewhat more, are longer and sturdier than the males; their movements are swifter and more confident, and according to the Malayan hunters their senses are also more developed, especially the sense of smell. Their hair is totally different: in all seasons, the *nacunu* wear a gaudy livery of shiny black, streaked with four brownish stripes, two on each side, that cross the flanks from the muzzle and join up near the tail, which is long and thick and shaded from brown to orange, brilliant red, or purple, according to the age of the animal. While the males are almost invisible on the stony ground where they live, the females can be observed from afar, because they are also in the habit of wagging their tails like dogs. The males are torpid and lazy, the females agile and active. Both are mute.

There is no copulation among the *atoula* and *nacunu*. In the mating season, which lasts from September to November and coincides with the period of greatest drought, the males climb at sunrise to the top of the ridge, sometimes even into the highest trees, not without some contention for the conquest of the most elevated positions. There they remain all day long without eating or drinking: they turn their backs to the wind and emit their semen into the wind itself. The semen is made up of a watery fluid that rapidly evaporates in the hot, dry air and spreads on the wind in the form of a cloud of fine dust. Each grain of this dust is a single sperm. We managed to collect some on glass slides spread with oil. The sperm of the *atoula* is different from that of every other animal species and must rather be equated with the pollen grains of anemophile plants; it has no caudal filament and is covered instead with minute hairs, which are branched and bushy so that the sperm can be carried remarkable distances by the wind. On our return journey, we collected some 130 miles from the islands, and to all appearances the

sperm was alive and fertile. During seminal emission, the *atoula* stay still, bolt upright on their haunches, with their forelimbs folded, shaken by a light tremor that may have the function of speeding up the evaporation of the seminal fluid from the hairless surface of the belly. When the wind suddenly changes (a frequent event at those latitudes), the spectacle of countless *atoula*, each upright on his eminence, all turning simultaneously in the new direction like the weather vanes formerly placed on rooftops, is quite remarkable. They seem concentrated and tense and do not react to stimuli: this kind of behavior is explicable only if one remembers that these animals are not threatened by any predator that would otherwise easily overcome them. Even the Malayan hunters respect them—according to some, because an ancient tradition holds them sacred to Hatola, the wind god, from whom the *atoula* actually derive their name; according to others, it is simply because at this period their flesh would provoke an unspecified intestinal complaint.

In the season of dissemination, the fixity of the males contrasts with the extreme mobility of the females. Guided by sight and smell, they move quickly and restlessly from one spot to another on the moor; they do not try to approach the males or climb, as the males do, to the highest places. They seem to be hunting for a position in which they can better be enveloped in the invisible spray of semen, and when they think they have found one, they stop there, spinning voluptuously, but not for more than a few minutes: they suddenly dart off with a rapid leap and resume their dance up and down on the rocks and the moor. During this period, the entire island swarms with the orange and violet flames of their tails, and the wind is charged with a sharp, musky, stimulating, and inebriating odor, which draws all the animals on the island along in an aimless round-dance. The birds fly up screaming and wheel round in circles, aiming toward the sky like mad things, and then let themselves drop like stones; the jumping mice, which, tiny nimble shadows, can normally be spotted only on moonlit nights, come out of hiding, dazed and incapable in the splendor of the sun, and can be caught with one's hands; even the snakes wriggle out of their dens as if hallucinating and rise up, coiled on their tails, waving their heads as if in time to a rhythm. During the brief nights that interrupted the days, even we experienced unquiet slumbers, crammed with multicolored and indecipherable dreams. We have not managed to establish whether the smell that pervades the island emanates directly from the males or whether it is secreted by the inguinal glands of the *nacunu*.

Their pregnancy lasts about thirty-five days;

delivery and lactation are unremarkable. The nests, built of twigs in the shelter of a rock, are prepared by the males and lined on the inside with musk, leaves, and sometimes sand; every male prepares more than one. Approaching delivery, each female chooses her own nest, examining several with attention and hesitation but without dispute. The "children of the wind," born between five and eight to a litter, are tiny but precocious: only a few hours after delivery they go out into the sun. The males learn at once to turn their backs to the wind like their fathers, and the females, although still lacking their livery, show themselves off in a comic parody of their mothers' dance. After only five months, *atoula* and *nacunu* are sexually mature and already live in separate herds, waiting for the next windy season to prepare their remote and airy nuptials.

[Drawing]

TRUNK LINES



This drawing is one of 67 by Siri, an Asian elephant, that appear in *To Whom It May Concern: An Investigation of the Art of Elephants*, by David Gucwa and James Ehmann, published by W. W. Norton. Siri lives at the Burnet Park Zoo in Syracuse, New York. Gucwa, her keeper, provided her with brush, ink, pencil, and paper (but no training) after he noticed that Siri often drew images on her cage floor with a pebble she held in her trunk.



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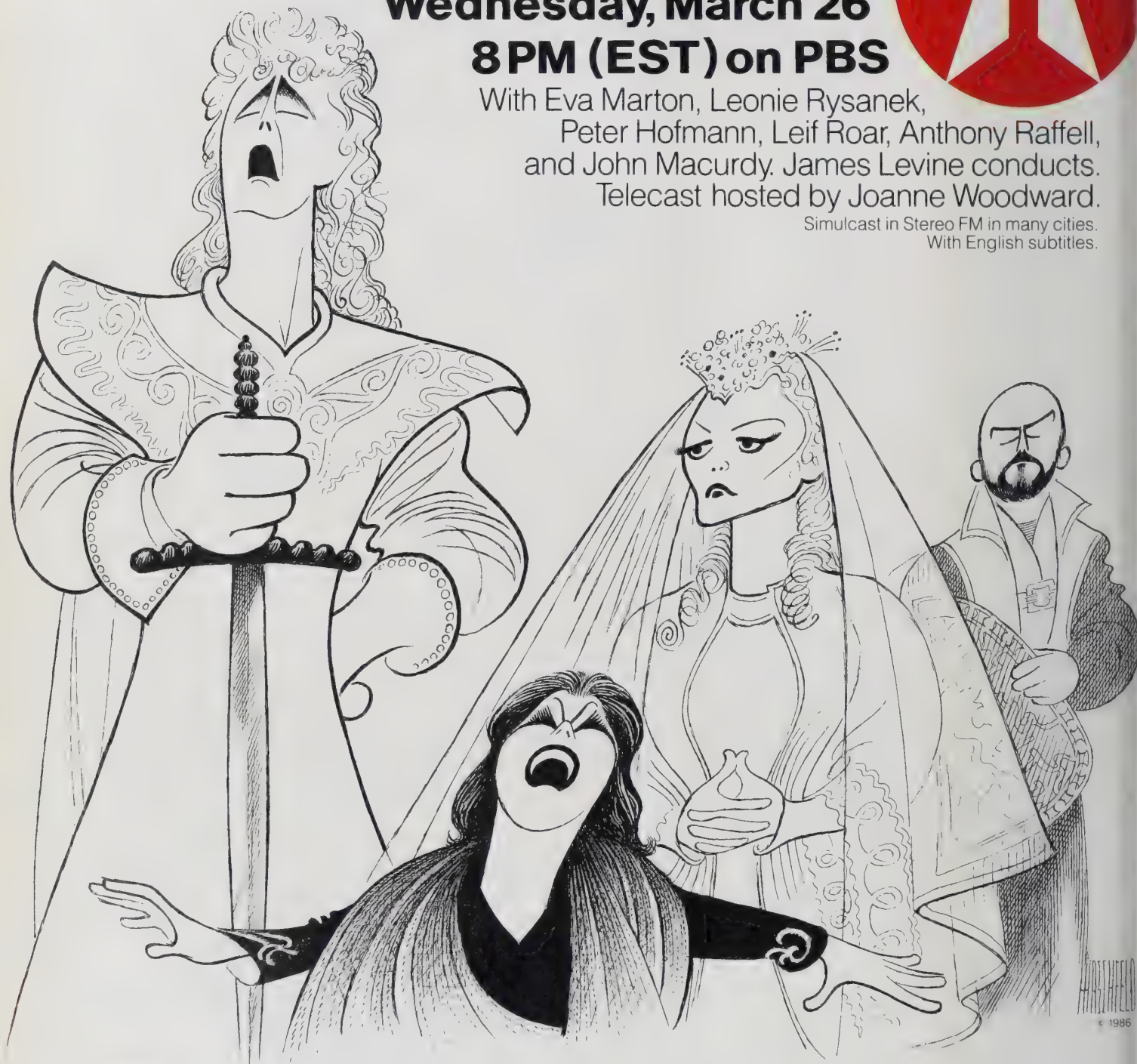
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THE FACE OF THE CITY

Reading consciousness in its tics and wrinkles

By William H. Gass

The face of the city is unseen. It is invisible for the same compelling reasons that Italo Calvino's invisible cities—the ones he has Marco Polo describe to Kublai Khan—are invisible. We soon cease to see what we are accustomed to seeing, and since the face of the city rarely needs to be seen, or desires to be seen, but hides behind its own smile like the Cheshire cat, we prove to be accommodating and comfortably dense. The sightless, who bump along on Braille, don't care to count what their fingers read. That would be to be twice blind. We do not look upon the city's face with any ease, either—to note the ring of greed like milk about its mouth—because its expression may be obnoxious or threatening, worrisome and accusing, or seductive and beckoning, even all of these; therefore we close or avert or otherwise occupy our eyes. We do not see the city because it is seldom the focus of attention anyhow: we have our functions to perform, our paths of purpose to traverse; we have our preconceptions, our obsessions. So the surface of the city stays unseen, unsensed, unrealized, because nakedness is forbidden and embarrassing; because sensuality is for sissies; and because—make no mistake—it is on the surface and *with* the surface that we must make love, if even to the soul.

In short, we move through the city like pedestrians upon a dog-fouled pathway: we desire to dodge the dung while taking the least possible notice of it.

And when I write about the surfaces of things—of the paperlike quality of a metal wall, or of the trail of a vine across some bricks, or of the excitement in nicks or the gold of drying rice or the green of slime—what is this surface I am celebrating? what is surface itself?

We may begin with a few thoughts, but eventually surfaces will have to be felt to be believed; they will have to be perceived. So thin is the skin's skin, it is yet strong enough to support light: let it puddle, reflect, and run. While some surfaces, like the motorcar's, are in motion, or seem soft as fog, and drift, others appear invincible and unremovable as space itself; some

*William H. Gass is David May Distinguished University Professor in the Humanities at Washington University in St. Louis. His most recent book, a collection of essays, is *Habitations of the Word*.*

*The city has a
surface of sound and
smell, but for us
surface is largely a
visual and tactile
element of things
—their face*



alter as we watch or walk by, some burst into being or just as abruptly disappear. And it is the relation of all these surfaces, surfaces of every kind—hard, yielding, marred, reflective, shining, secret, brimful, decaying, absurd—which constitute that supersurface which is the surface of the city.

When we scratch a surface, however hard that surface—take the steel door of a loading dock, for example—perhaps with the end of a van or an iron bar, the edge of a dolly, or the corner of a metal box, a surface which wasn't a surface before will come to the surface in the scar. Eventually, victim of repeated blows, the scraped plane of the plate will have a surface made violently of surfaces. Or suppose we put a spade in the earth, a softer medium; our deepest dig will heave to view only another surface, this one crumbly, perhaps, or with its clay compacted by the brutality of the blade.

We can dig and delve like the most industrious duck; we can poke and pry; we shall strike nothing but surface. Surfaces are unreal. They have only one side—their “out” side—and as far as our world is concerned, outside goes on forever.

So if we feel lonely cooped up in our consciousness—a prisoner “inside”—we can take cool comfort from the fact that outside we are simply surface, and have plenty of company. If you like, consciousness, either real or implied, is the other, missing side of surface.

Surfaces are where our sensory signals originate—signals which say “here I am”—so surfaces define the sensible limits of things. Surfaces, however deceptive, are possessed by the body they bound; they present it to the world. Here is a wall, they say; here is a wall of windows, here is a gate, a walk. Surfaces are the sole source of show, of expression, of appearance. At the same time that they manage to conceal, they disclose. Surfaces, with a single spreading gesture, at once constitute, cover, and reveal.

The city has a surface of sound and smell, of course, but for us surface is largely a visual and tactile element of things—their face. Sometimes we can even see the smell of surfaces, as their odors rise in smoke and steam. The character of any urban surface will depend very greatly upon the nature of the city's light—Beijing's coal smoke, St. Louis's heavy moist haze, Pisa's mist, L.A.'s smog, Cairo's dust—and whether the city is damp or dry, snowed-in, fog-bound, ringed by mountains, a part of the plains, or adrift on the sea.

So sight is the safer sense. It lets us keep our distance, be discreet. We must come very near their sources, indeed, to smell the gum in another's mouth, or feel fur, or taste a tear. Love demands just such a decrease in distance. In a kiss the eyes customarily close, while in an embrace the arms disarm themselves, our totals touch. We are more vulnerable only in our bath. When a city's smells are foul, its streets unclean, its ponds weedy, its walls dingy, we are driven out of any closeness; we retreat, and cock our eyes at the advancing enemy like guns.

In knowing a city—its inhabitants and areas and objects—only the carnal sense of “know” applies. The city is essentially a source of sensation: it may have a soul in some sense, but it is surely a body; and if I am to know it properly I must unite its separate and many signals the way I see the word “city” and sound the word “city” as though they were one, just as I immediately remember, when I see a heap of ripe tomatoes, for example, the accelerating slickness of the tomato's skin, the fruit's acidulous sweet mush in my mouth, and color that color with my recollections.

I cannot pretend, when I see a sign, that I have seen only shapes—marks and lines—even if I am unfamiliar with the characters, let alone the language, for upon that surface will lie a sense so instantly available, the actual surface will be obscured. I know, when I see a charred ruin, that there's been a fire. In that sense, causes are perceptible and “on the surface.” I know, when I see a taped or boarded storefront window, that a business is failing. In that sense, effects are perceptible and “on the surface.” I see few

things without the presence of their names, and with them, the customary context of these concepts. I can read abandonment in a broken door or shattered window, neglect in rust and rot, functions in forms, meanings of all kinds in every inch which are so immediately present on the surface of things as to be a part of their presence the way dishes set a table. So there is surface, and then there is what lies directly on that surface—a second-order surface, if you like, a glaze of meanings.

One eye will see farther back along a line of causes, for example, than another. Sherlock Holmes saw the most distant and subtle significances of clues with the immediacy of perception, and we might, following Schopenhauer, compare that ability to see a cause in its effect with the insights of genius. The scientist whose eye is screwed to the microscope sees “on the surface” many things which the untrained observer’s surface could never contain. The dust in a deserted building gives the light its age, and that light lies upon the accumulated layers of pigeon shit already soft and weary from its passage through grime-darkened windows. There, on the unoccupied floor of the structure, guano and dirt and light, moisture and moss, combine to calendar its empty days.

“We live among surfaces,” Emerson wrote, “and the true art of life is to skate well on them.” The problem is that there is so much “on the surface,” like a fine film of moisture, that we glide along quite effortlessly. Life slides toward its past unshaved by our blades. The loveliness of the world is lost at the limits of a hurried glimpse. Sometimes we swaddle ourselves with so much significance we can no longer find our bodies in the bed. A prominent paradox concerning surfaces is that they tend to become depths.

To recover our sense of surface, the Russian formalists recommended “defamiliarization,” the re-creation of strangeness. The Dadaists did much the same. It is the practice of reviving our experience of form and texture by altering the context in which we normally encounter the owners of these properties. What we need, of course, is an eye, a nose, a feel for the intrinsic. As I’ve said, surfaces slip out of sight and disappear in the ever-present network of extrinsic relations and practical concerns: they become nothing but a use, nothing but a name. So we nail a stool to a ceiling, cover a teacup with fur, place a urinal in the open gallery of some art museum, take slivers from the deep insides of things and magnify them until they take on the appearance of outer spaces; we draw lines in the mind, we frame and bracket, or imagine ourselves the size of a thumb, big as Alice heading up the chimney, or transported to the body of a bug, a bird, the worm within the apple, sperm in its leap and wiggle toward love.

The camera is our invaluable assistant in this campaign; it can capture only surface—surface which it removes and transforms in scale, quality, context, and nature—with an ease that is magically available to even the clumsiest click. The camera does not conceptualize. The blow it strikes is as blunt as a ball bat, though it is the film that bears the bruise. We can stare without embarrassment at the down-and-out, dawdle in alleys and doorways, poke the ends of our eyes in heaps of trash, look sideways at the sky, and lose sight of what we are seeing so as to see it for itself at last—freed from function and idea, its customary fellowship with other things; and, now naked, available as new material for metaphor, fresh interpretations.

With the aid of the camera we may find slime as lovely as anything we might want to serve to guests, or come upon ordinary objects in strange surroundings, see them from unusual angles, confronting them without preconceptions or prejudice, like the rich crust created by the pigeons, to mention their contributions again; or we might take renewed delight in a simple carpet of ajuga or the excited roll of grass, the warm resilient beauty of brick. We should not omit even one of the seven wonders of wood, or forget what a few shadows can do to alleviate concrete, or neglect the poet’s invocation to the sky, the “azure” of the French, or fail a snow soft as bed-

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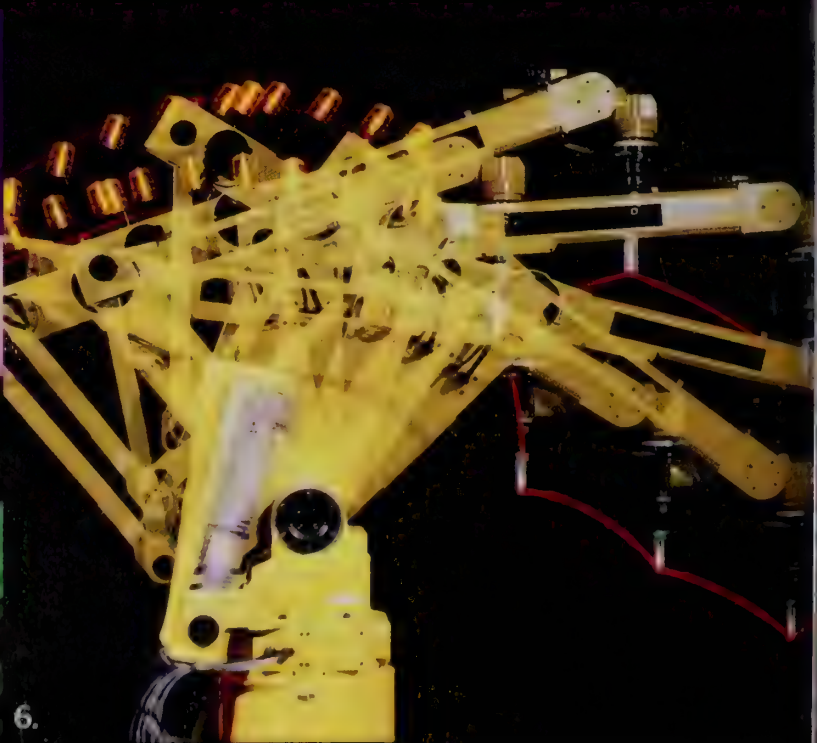
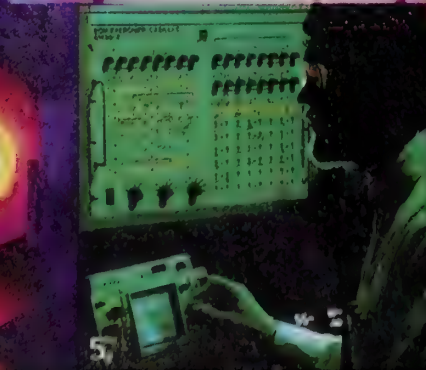
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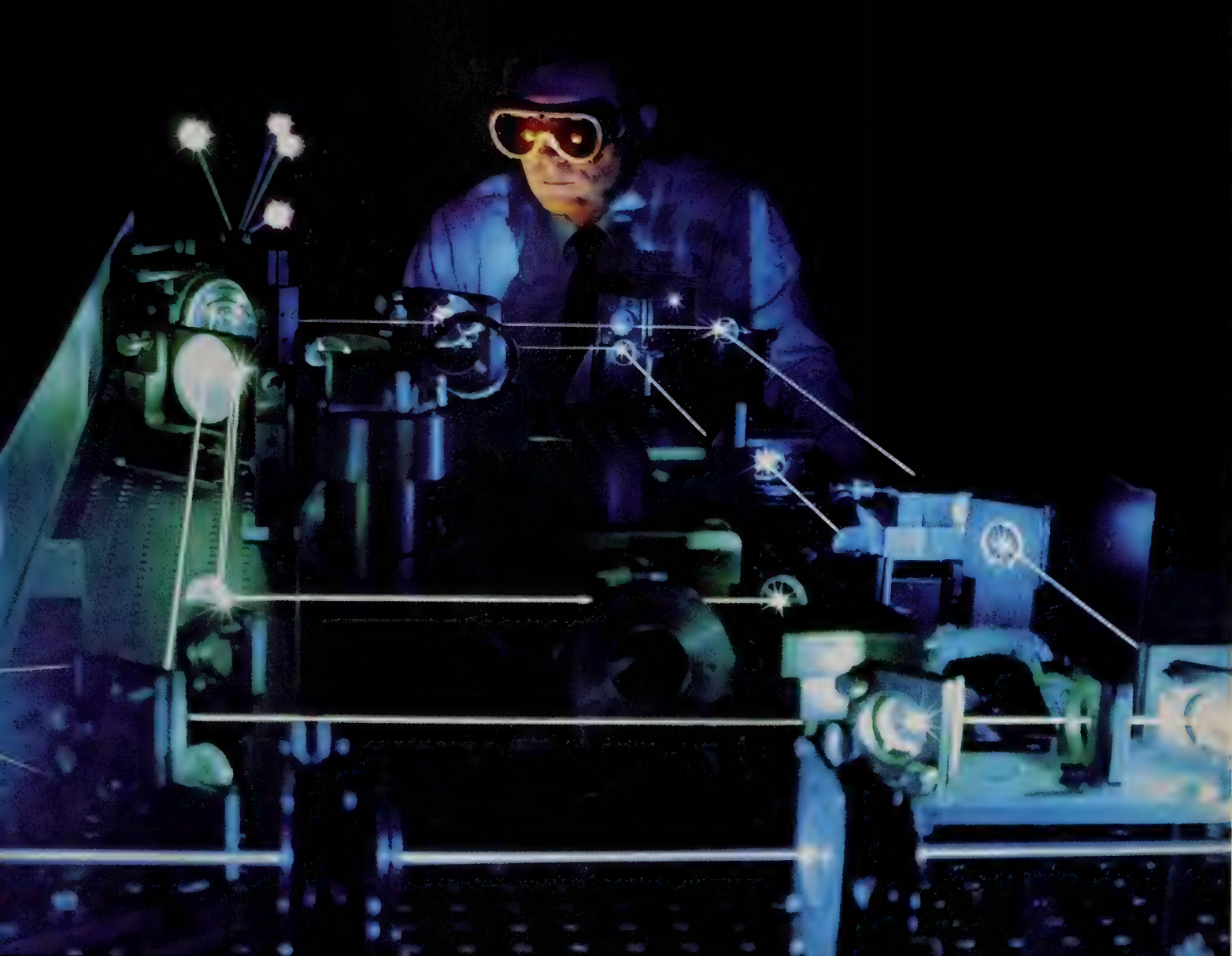
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*When money tries to
buy beauty it tends
to purchase a kind of
courteous kitsch,
and its rare daring
is inevitably
disastrous*

clothes, or avoid the frank sensuality of the sycamore, unpeeling itself before us like ripe fruit. And we shall surely encounter, in journeys we can make while standing almost still, the repeated emergence in unlikely places of the world's eye, watching our wonder with its own.

High wire. The city is a circus of the senses.

The play of surface upon surface that the camera catches, of surrogate surfaces, vagrant scintillations, shades and shadows, reflections on pool and ponds, curious greetings, mysterious realms which may be found upon even the dusty hoods of cars, distortions and transformations of distance caught in the open palm of the near at hand: these overlays of light compose collages of sensuous inconsequence, like the phrase "sensuous inconsequence" itself, where such soft surfaces kiss. It is often as though a new stage were being set for those old antagonists, light and darkness, so we might witness objects becoming shadows without losing their substance, objects sending their similitudes into new compositions, objects doubling themselves without a mirror, objects rearranging themselves in the light of sudden palls. Then there are all those translucencies as well, vibrant as a violin, which throw inner scenes on outer walls, line the sidewalk with sky.

W and assemble metaphysically inharmonious elements—in compositions nevertheless melodious—which include the shade of the ubiquitous author himself.

We know, of course, that the city has sections: parks and playgrounds, suburbs and slums, business districts and factories, markets and gardens, rail yards and roads; and that each has a set of surfaces characteristic of it, made of glass and steel, water and wood, concrete and grass. But in each area, too, and wherever they overlap or intermingle, elements are constantly arriving and departing, others are being tended and preserved, some have been viciously assaulted—beaten, burned, and raped—still others have been abandoned, not cast away but simply left, like winos leave their bagged and swallowed bottles. In Cairo I have seen buildings which were falling down as they were being put up, buildings whose incompleteness was complete.

Addition, subtraction, renewal, maintenance, damage, and decay: these are the continuous processes which constitute the life of the city, and they correspond exactly to those of human birth, death, injury, aging, rehabilitation, and vigor. The glass pavilions, the gleaming boxes and white forms, the towers of modern architecture, like life in America itself, deny decay and will not grow old gracefully. In that sense, they sadly resemble those Southern California oddities for whom newness is a necessity. If not perpetually cared for, unlike cemeteries—whose neglect may have consequences which will appear romantic—these buildings soon look like dissipated, aged youths, bizarrely discolored, as when a bud takes on the hue of the blown rose. And cities like Canberra, all of whose buildings were born between brief intervals like quints, or like many suburbs and most shopping centers, where all the roads, sidewalks, mannequins, and trees went to work at the same hour: they resemble those dull resorts where everyone is slim, tanned, scrubbed, unscarred, and turning twenty-one like a fast car a corner.

With Goethe, I might be inclined to say that everything can be seen to be beautiful if looked at in the right way, had not a similar thought graced a popular song of almost that title and disgraced itself; so it is almost reassuring to realize how hard it is to find real beauty in the regimental streets of the well-to-do. Beauty and comfort do not readily combine. Comfort is like cream poured over the eye. The problem is not with the tidy, neat, and cared-for. It is rather that when money tries to buy beauty it tends to purchase a kind of courteous kitsch, and its rare daring is inevitably disastrous, achieving the curious, the odd, the cornball, or the quaint. At best, the enclaves of the well-off look like the layout of the *New Yorker*, with its pages of errorless prose, clever ads, and fashionable fictions. Necessity and

happenstance are often better architects and artists than artists and architects are. Nature works with patiently repeated small strokes to repair the damage we often call design, once we forbear and leave worse enough alone. Restoration is often desirable and, more than that, applaudable, but no repeal of the past is perfect, and the result often resembles the efforts of an actress to play the part of Jean Harlow or Marilyn Monroe.

American cities are almost as abandoned as occupied, not simply in certain blighted areas, although these are certainly, among the ignored, the most notable. Abandonment, however, is ubiquitous. Just as we leave behind loved ones, parts of our past, old debts, parts of ourselves, we litter the urban landscape: a small hutch here, a garage, a warehouse, a closed school, an emptied shop, a cottage industry. When the elevators fail, the upper stories of tall buildings fall empty; a widow may begin to live in only one room of her house; half-finished buildings, like half-held hopes, are soon overtaken by the homeless, who help themselves to what is left; and alleyways and passages and porches and outside stairs drift into idleness and obsolescence. Asphalt lots are reoccupied by weeds. It is the abandoned lots and streets and buildings that teach us the most and are often in their poverty most wealthy. It is better, they tell us, to fall into the hands of Nature than to remain in the hands of Man.

Just as the corpse has been a dangerous contaminant and dreadful bother to almost all societies, so are the dead bricks and decomposing boards of abandoned buildings. Often, like bodies sometimes, they are cut up and scattered, blown up, burned, or even buried, fed to thieves who steal their skins or their intestines, their cornices and colored glass and decorated doorways, and dispose of them in the Sun Belt somewhere like the rest of cold old age. Many peoples leave their dead in trees, or they offer them to the mercies of hyenas, vultures, sharks, or other sorts of sweepers of the streets. Many, however, just walk away. We walk away from our cities more often than not, turn a cold shoulder, banish their thought; and the face of the city becomes pocked with little lifeless hollows, spaces which are sealed off from sight and unavailable for any use. These are buildings which are their own tombs. They live their death as if it were another life, and nothing tells us more about a city than those regions so lost and impoverished they have pushed even their own poor away.

Outcasts and pariahs, no more concern is felt for them, for the histories they had, the living that once went on in them, than is felt for any faceless and forsaken rag of man or woman stretched out on a bench, huddled over a warming grate, or curled up under a bridge. These human beings live on themselves and grow thin from that diet. They live in the only interior they have as though that inside were their overcoat, and consequently we can see sometimes, as though through a flung-open door or raised window, their consciousness spill into the public world they are now so unaware of as they gesture at ghosts and declaim their pain for the balm of a passer-by's snicker. Eventually, they become simply the last layer of dirty clothes in the bundle, a mutter like the wind's, a nearly bodiless movement that's yet as far beyond futility as disconnected stoves their former fires. I have an emblem for them now: the heart as a rusted pillow.

The surfaces of spaces which have been abandoned, and which know only the touch of the tramp, the trash of the vagrant, where a cheap Tokay's sweetness lies shattered like the bottle, and the tin-can stove threatens to scorch the mattress that's been flung like a self into a corner, or where the calm insouciance of forgotten furniture can be encountered, or the eloquence, though hardly heard, of one shoe: they combine to create a Dorian Gray-like image of the city's soul, a landscape of spiritual self-disgust and suicidal hate.

Yes, these are spaces where strange animals rest, machines left in the tombs like the retinues of the Pharaohs. These are spaces where a bulb may

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still burn, the light as neglected as the darkness. These are spaces which return their boundaries to the physical world, and only the mice and cats come, the pigeons perch. This is where otherwise only dripping water moves, and mildew is time's measurement, rot rules, rust too, and decay becomes constructive because the orderly and equal ministrations of Nature, indifferent and patient, crack the plaster with beguiling lines where pipes poke forth and their shadows flash; they peel paint more seductively than underclothes; they subdue vulgar colors until they harmonize like the lyrics of a master—the raucous red of a discarded watermelon rind, for instance, reaching a pink more tantalizing than a tongue's tip, at least to some developed, although depraved, tastes. Here our metals curl like paper, and stones we had let fall—oh, anywhere—out of idleness now stand above our better feelings to mark their burial place beneath cliché and faded slogan.

The qualities that finally constitute the surfaces which define such spaces are so rich, so various, so intense, yet so subtle and delicate, that they rarely could be realized by any artist; and the most humble materials, the plainest places, left to the routine actions of Nature, achieve a kind of elevation in their downfall, a tubercular beauty in their final fever.

There are many massings, many dispositions of volumes, tones, and textures in the city which are clearly aimed at, and not a few misses which nevertheless manage to strike something fancy—mistakes and messes which surprisingly precede the avant-garde; but it is the inadvertent relations between surfaces which are finally most amazing. The city is a cacophony of styles, of styles of composition. One is constantly reminded, in fact, of this painter or that in the course of one's peregrinations; perhaps of Vermeer by a simple table abandoned in an abandoned building, or of Clyfford Still by the partly painted door of a gas station, or of Jackson Pollock by a palimpsest of faded advertisements or possibly by a vandalization. The formalities of factory windows may suggest titles, and put one in that frame of mind that frames the world. "Black in White" will do for one simple storefront which might be a canvas; "Study in Gray," for another. The same fire that gutted a shop may have softened a steel hulk so that it now looks like a sculpture by Claes Oldenburg, while a terra-cotta wall may seem to be settling into syrup on a hot day, a sight surreal as any painter's illusion of limpness; and minimalist sculpture, if that is our taste, will pop up as magically as the hatted rabbit to offer objects for view more maximal than most minimalists manage: vigorous and tough, brightly painted, some often as rich and somber as a Rothko. In fact, the dumpster, alone or in company, new or old, is a genre. Pullman cars are a genre, including their pitted sides and raddled windows, as are fire escapes that soar like birds, and loading docks, the roughened rear ends of trucks, broken sash, doors that sag, and drifts of trash like bits of wind collected in small neglected corners. Wire fences fuzz the eye as well as any artist of the Op. Even an errant turn can take you into a de Chirico, and an ordinary run-down handball court can seem suddenly and dazzlingly Dutch.

Our habits help refine the surfaces of our surroundings so that they sometimes beautifully sum us up. Near my neighborhood, a local sect has invaded a twenties bungalow to set up church. The windows have been glazed with blue paint, and the porch and its steps paved with Astroturf. In the sun the shadows of the railing lie like yard markers across the entrance, where they signify, at least to me, a common field of values. As the paint flakes from the glass, a distant inner world appears. These relatively accidental, yet remarkably formal, compositions I call city still lifes. In them, normally disengaged and disparate elements meet and then unite with sometimes stunning results. A secondhand shop is likely to give us similar results from time to time. That might be expected. The Japanese pavilion and the Chinese temple offer opportunities for quite purposeful composi-



tions of this kind, at which they have always excelled; but frequently, as certainly is the case in China, the exigencies of close quarters and the necessities of straitened circumstances place even the humblest household objects in positions of beauty—a beauty, a correctness, a formality which is not aimed at for itself but is the result of respected traditions and a community of concern. Their honey pots do not lounge like idle youths in tenement doorways; their gardening tools do not lie in a rusting heap in some shed; everything they use and everything that surrounds them, from market food to grills and walls or the tiles of ancient roofs, has taught them to respect the surfaces of things, the forms of things, things themselves, and their appropriate places.

In U.S. cities such still lifes are rare, for we are extravagant and wasteful and do not understand how to make close quarters tolerable. If the ill-off and well-to-do lived cheek by jowl, the well-to-do might do better by their brothers. Or perhaps their walls would grow broken glass and barbed wire, forbidding height and width. In any event, crowding creates confusion for us, not order and value and sense of station. Yet it happens sometimes that objects can be flung down and forgotten—objects which are ironically significant elements of connection, too—which nevertheless combine more purely in their discarded and disjunctive state than they ever did while carrying out their defining duties.

Oh, we fly our flags for the right eye, and try to beguile our customers with colorful excitement; we expose agreeable objects to the light, and let mountains make romantic mists; but the city still life unintended is still city surface at its most agreeable. We plan our promenades, but I should argue that the average alley has more to offer the flâneur's eye than most of our avenues.

When we put up a sign in a shop window, careless of every consequence except the economic, we nevertheless put into place the operative agent of this fortuitous art: first, Nature as both raw material and the laws of its refinement; second, the social system as a whole, which gave us our incentive and canceled our opportunities; and third, the citizen of the city itself, bent on discovery and celebration, who searches the city, sees the city, and claims it as his or her own—the composition, for instance, that I call “Blue Peel,” or, in a city where composure is a rule of life, some whitewashed pots, or, back in America again, the rear door of a shop, or, in Shanghai once again, an altar of objects at the side of a street, or the hoisting of a few flags of wash on a fine day.

In a country like China it is care and use we read on the streets, though despair is there as well as peace, while in the U.S. neglect and luck seem to peak as we pass; and while we pass, the quiet eye of the material world watches to see if we see when we see, for blindness, as I've said, is the curse we've laid upon ourselves and our city—a fruitlessness of feeling like that which befell Thebes. Not only should we enjoy the beauty of our ruins, those barren spaces with their perversely blessed light, but we should face the awful ruin of those ruins just as squarely, for rust is what our metal substitutes for tears.

I've just committed the pathetic fallacy, but it is not a fallacy when committed on purpose. My purpose is to point out that the surface of the city seems scrubbed as clean as the heart of a jogger sometimes; sometimes it is elegantly defensive, pretending to be open while being boarded up. Then roofless, burned, a wall may still manage a few leaps of delight and carry within its skull, like marbles, two undimmed eyes of blue.

When Rilke's protagonist Malte described that flayed and decaying wall in *The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge*, he merely depicted in things what we ought to find there, so we might be warned as well as warmed by a countenance which implied this kind of complex consciousness—a consciousness, like all others of its type, which wraps the surface of our world not from without but from within its box, in opposition to the ribbons and

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our feelings almost
by osmosis

the bows which pretend to tie their package to itself, like a dog whose lead has wrapped itself around a post.

For example, the garishly painted door I regularly pass on my way downtown is not simply a whore's door; it also expresses the quality of its frail and insincere solicitation. There are sad doors everywhere. I can think of one with a little round of white in front of it like a front stoop. I know whole walls which are awash with melancholy, their openings closed like coffin's. Upon one abandoned door of my acquaintance the graffiti has been rudely blacked out, and its expression of infinite injury at this act of censorship cannot fail to move any viewer. The beauty of this door is like the no-parking standard which has fallen before it, a badly bent metal flange on which I imagine this motto has been embossed: ONLY THE LAWS OF NATURE CANNOT BE OCCLUDED.

In short, inside the universal "outside" that surrounds us, there is an inferred and imaginary consciousness: inferred because we believe in it the way we believe in Other Minds (*surface*, after all, means "on the face"); imaginary because it is purely projected—not without excuse—but projected beyond the simple smile lines which say smile, or the brow's wrinkles which write puzzlement or anxiety, to create the emotional state we regularly assume would draw them. These conditions of consciousness, which live metaphorically "behind" the configurations of the city's face, can dampen or liberate our feelings almost by osmosis, the way any friend or lover's gestures can, through the frank show of his state of mind. Nor is the imaginary consciousness behind it merely imaginary, for it has four of its own ways to become real. We have merely to compare the "feel" of an boarded-up building with another that's been metaled up instead—not that the corrugations alone can make the difference, although corruga-

Many of the surfaces of the city express a consciousness that can only be ascribed to death, for death itself is quite voluble, quite ceaselessly talkative, if its locales are not. Death can say "death" very dumbly, in terms of commonplace destruction, or it can speak of death beautifully, singing the signs and syntax of the poet.

Repose. Repose is the secret. The city stimulates, threatens, moves, but if its days don't end in sleep, as sleep must end in dreaming, and dreams in sweet forgetting of their crimes, then our anxieties, our squeamishness, our nervousness, our loathing will not redeem the alley, transform a filthy facade and make of it a sublime confection, return an ordinary vent to the air of the "now," or lift one of our lids to save us from ourselves. We shall go hurriedly through the paces of our business, unaware that color is formed by form; and the monuments to machinery and lust and love which commerce has unwittingly erected shall escape us, huge as they are, like water towers; the car parks of the school buses, as extraordinary as the flockings of the starlings, shall be omitted like the apology for a yawn; the merest conjunction of events and objects shall seem "mere" indeed, while we overlook the reminders of all the still life around us, in different drums than those that beat, for instance, in oil, in kerosene, in piles by patient posts and vibrant weeds.

All the while the eye that eyes us, the eye that opens in the midst of things, the eye that asks which sort of beauty we prefer, that of violence and unconcern and carelessness and disgrace—all loaded terms—or that of wisdom, age, serenity, and grace—unloaded labels—and then, we think it subsides, as dolphins do, beneath the waves; that eye, if we were to catch sight of it sometimes, when it comes up out of its element, covered with vines, as if it had, in fact, remained still a long time; that eye, if we were ourselves to see it, would not leave us in any doubt as to its choice: let the senses rejoice, the mind leap, and the spirit be at peace.

MASSÉ

By Leigh Allison Wilson

The truth is it's not much of a city. When I moved in two years ago, all I knew about it was from a Chamber of Commerce brochure I got free at the courthouse: WELCOME, it said, TO THE BIG CITY IN THE LITTLE VALLEY BY THE LAKE. I had six suitcases in the back of my car and \$350 and a good reason for leaving the place I'd left. For a woman like me, that's all people need to know. You start explaining things too much, you start giving heart-felt reasons for this and for that, and then nothing becomes clear and people don't trust you and you start looking at your life from bad angles. I like things clear. But the truth is it's not much of a city, not much of a valley, and you have to drive five miles to get to the lake. These are simple facts.

In the brochure they said the population was twenty thousand, but it is really closer to sixteen or seventeen. One problem is that most of the Chamber of Commerce live outside town, in big houses on the lake, and so maybe they don't come into the city much, to get the accurate head count. One thing I'm good at is counting. On Sunday nights at the local P & C, the average customer head count is twenty-six; on weekdays it is fifty-four after five o'clock. I can tell you the price of leaded gas at ten different stations, the price of unleaded at seven of them. Anytime you get good at something, it's because of a habit; counting things is just a habit with me. Last week I counted twelve geese heading for Canada in two perfect lines, a perfect V, and twelve is enough to prove that spring is coming. You can sometimes live a good life figuring angles and counting things, if you're in the habit of it.

What I've done for the last two years is, I drive a UPS truck during the day and I play pool at night. I have had some trouble lately, but not

because of the UPS or the pool. You might think that these are things that women don't do—drive trucks for a living, that is, and play pool—but I do them, and so you probably just don't know enough women. Take into account enough numbers, anything is possible. Phineas says that the opposite is true, that given enough numbers nothing is possible, but he is a bartender who doesn't like crowds. Very little he says makes any sense. I've been seeing him off and on for the past six months, mostly off.

I met him, as I said, about six months ago, when all the trouble started. It was November, but a clear day, and the wind was gusting to forty miles per hour. I know because I listen to the radio in my truck. Every street I drove down that day had hats in the air, like a parade, from all the wind. This is what you could call an economically depressed town, which means that everybody in it is depressed about money, so I remember that November day's weather in particular. It was the only time I have ever seen anything like a celebration on the streets, all those hats in the air and everybody running after them, their faces as red and distorted as any winning crowd on television. I do not own a television, but all the bars have them. There are thirty-three bars in this city, and only nine have regulation pool tables. This is just a fact of life.

That day I was behind in my deliveries, although mostly I am punctual to a fault. I have a map of the city inlaid like a tattoo in my mind—where the easy right-hand turns are, where the short lights are, where the children play in the streets and thus become obstacles. I had to memorize the map in the Chamber of Commerce brochure to get the job, but anyone can tell you that maps like that are useless to a good driver. Maps are flat, cities are not. Obstacles are everywhere, but the good driver knows where they are and how to avoid them. Picture

Leigh Allison Wilson is the author of From the Bottom Up, a collection of stories.

the city as a big pool table, right after the break in eight ball. Your opponent's balls surround you, like seven stop signs all over the table. You must deliver the goods in a timely fashion. Knowing the correct angles is everything. The simple truth is I know all the angles in this town. But that day I was behind in my deliveries and Danny, the dispatcher, kept coming over the radio, kidding around.

"You're late, you're late," he said. "Frankly, I'm appalled. Frankly, your ass is in a slingshot." He was in his silly-serious mood, jazzing around with the radio, bored to death with his job. He used to be a big shot on some high school football team in the city, but that was years ago, and although he is still a huge, bruised-looking man, the only big shots in his life now come from bars. He drinks too much is my meaning, but in a town like this that goes without saying.

"It's the wind," I told him, clicking the mike.

few straightforward things about the game. He handled the cue stick the way lips handle toothpick, all muscle and no control, then he tried a crazy massé shot that was all wrong for the situation and ended up tearing the felt off the table. Finesse and control are the names of the game in pool, but he would have none of it. They kicked him out of the bar. I ran the table twelve straight games after he left and picked up about seventy dollars—a very good night for me.

I made my last delivery at about four o'clock with the wind buffeting the truck every yard of the way. Usually I am punctual, but the fact is the elements are an important factor in any driving job. That day the wind was a factor. For another thing, there is always the customer factor. If your customer is in a hurry, he just grabs a pen or pencil and lets it rip; you get an unclear address and end up wasting precious minutes. My advice



"It's the wind and about fifty zillion hats. I'm not kidding, there's exactly a hundred fifty hats out here today."

"Ignore 'em," he said. "Run 'em down," he said. His voice came out high and crackly, as though any minute he might burst into weird, witchlike laughter. Radios do this to everybody's voice.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked, but I could tell that he'd already signed off, was already kidding around with another truck, his big body hunched over the radio back at the office, surrounded by boxes and handcarts and no windows anywhere. Danny's life is highly unclear. Once I tried to teach him pool, to show him a

is, always use a typewriter. That way there is nothing personal to get in the way of the timely execution of your business. Chaos is no man's friend, clarity is everything.

I parked the truck in the lot at four-thirty, tied up some loose ends inside the office, then went outside to my car. It is a '73 navy Impala with a lot of true grit. Most people picture a good car and they think of bright color or sleek line or some other spiffy feature. This is all wrong. The best part of a good car, what makes it a good car, is its guts: pistons that never miss a beat; a carburetor so finely tuned it is like a genius chemist, mixing air and gasoline as if from beakers; a transmission that works smoothly, the

years meshing like lovers. This Impala has guts; even Phineas says so. I drove home and on the way counted smokestacks, eight of them, all rising above town in the shape of cigars stuck on end. Then something strange happened.

I was driving past the pet shop where I buy fish, only six blocks from my apartment. Up ahead the street was empty as an old Western set except for a few newspapers, seized by the wind, that tented up in the air, then fell and lay flat on the pavement. Along the sidewalks on both sides telephone poles stretched way into a distance I couldn't quite see. Maybe being late that day had me all worked up. I don't know. But I began to imagine bank shots with my car. I began to figure out at exactly what angle I would have to hit a telephone pole in order to bank the car across the street and into the pole on the other side. Then I began to do it with buildings—double banks into doorways, caroms off two fireplugs and into a brick wall, a *massé* around a parked car and into the plate glass of the corner drugstore. By the time I parked at my apartment, the knuckles of my hands were pale on the wheel.

Overhead, slightly distorted by the windshield, I could see Mrs. McDaniels, my landlady, leaning over the second-floor railing of my apartment building, her eyes magnified by bifocals and staring straight down, it seemed, onto my knuckles. I put my hands in my lap and stared back at her. She is a businesslady, never misses a trick; she calls all of us tenants her "clienteles," just as if she were the madam of a whorehouse. The apartment building looks like one of those ten-dollar-a-night motels—two stories with lines of doors opening onto a common walkway that has a wrought-iron railing down the length of it. But Mrs. McDaniels runs a tight ship, no monkey business.

"Have you tried goldfish?" she called down when I got out of the car. "My sister says she has goldfish you couldn't kill with a hammer."

"I think so, I don't know," I called back. My hands were shaking so much I had to put them in the trouser pockets of my uniform, fisting them up in there. When I got up to the second floor, I began it again, this time with Mrs. McDaniels—I figured I'd have to put a lot of left English on my body in order to graze Mrs. McDaniels and whisk her toward the right, into the doorway of my apartment. I brought out a fist with my keys in it.

"You're late," she said, her eyes large and shrewd as a bear's. "Are you drunk or what?"

I quit listing sideways, then jiggled the keys. "No," I told her. "Just a dizzy spell. It's from sitting down all day. All the blood goes to my butt or something."

"Goldfish," she said, sniffing the air around me until, apparently satisfied, she moved to the side so I could get to my door. "Well?" she asked, and she asked it again, "Well?" For a moment I thought Mrs. McDaniels wanted to shake my hand, then I noticed the Baggie of water between her fingers. In it two goldfish held themselves as rigid and motionless as dead things. And they might as well have been, because I knew right then that they were doomed.

"I don't know," I told her, opening the door with one arm so that she could go inside ahead of me. "I think I tried goldfish first thing."

Once inside the room Mrs. McDaniels began to war with herself. She prides herself on being someone who is easygoing and friendly with her tenants, but when she gets inside your apartment, she can't help herself. Those eyes behind the glasses glaze over with suspicion, search for holes in the plaster, gashes in the parquet. My apartment is one large room, with a kitchenette and a bathroom off it, a couch, a card table, three chairs, a bed, a dresser, and a fish tank. She went directly over to the couch, studying my new poster of Minnesota Fats.

"You're fixing the place up," she said suspiciously.

"I used the special glue, Mrs. McDaniels. It doesn't peel the paint."

"Oh!" she cried. "I don't mind at all, not at all. Not *me*." I could see that good humor and business were tearing Mrs. McDaniels apart, but finally business won out and she pulled a top corner of the poster away from the wall. It came away cleanly, just as the advertisement for the glue had predicted, though after that the corner bent over and didn't stay stuck anymore. "Silly me," she cried gaily. She was in high spirits now. "I really like that poster."

For a year and a half I had lived in the apartment without anything on the walls. Every time Mrs. McDaniels came inside, she'd say, "You live like a transient, just like a transient." And I always said, "I like things neat." And I did. But this Minnesota Fats poster caught my eye. In it Fats is crouched over the cue ball, looking into the side pocket, which is where the camera is. You don't see the side pocket, you just see Fats looking squint-eyed at you, looking at you as if he knew a pretty good trick or two. And he does. The poster cost me two-fifty but was worth every penny.

"I think I tried goldfish about a year ago," I told her. "They didn't last."

"You never know," she said. "I think these guys are winners." She held up the Baggie and studied the fish for flaws. I did not bother to look at them; I knew. They were already as good as dead.

When I first moved in, the fish tank was the

only piece of furniture in the room, if you can call a fish tank furniture. The tenant before me had skipped out on his rent but had left the tank as a kind of palliative gesture. Inside there was even a fish, still alive, roaming from one end of the tank to the other. It was rat-colored, about three inches long, with yellow freckles all over its sides—an ugly, sour-looking fish. I called it The Rockfish. After a month or so, I got to thinking maybe it was lonely, maybe loneliness had made it go ugly and sour, and so I went down to the pet store for some companions to put into the tank. The guy there gave me two angelfish—two pert, brightly colored fish that he said got along famously with each other and with just about anybody else. I put them in with The Rockfish and waited for something to happen. The next day I thought to look in the tank, but there was no sign of the angelfish, not a trace, just The Rockfish patrolling all the corners. After that I tried every kind of fish in the pet store—guppies, gobies, glassfish, neons, swordtails, even a catfish bigger than The Rockfish. They all just vanished, as if the tank had pockets. Mrs. McDaniels became obsessed when I told her about it. From then on nothing would do but that we find a fish good enough to go the distance in the tank. We didn't know whether The Rockfish was a male or a female or some sort of neuter, but we tried everything again: hes, shes, its, they all disappeared. Soon I wished I had never told Mrs. McDaniels anything about it, because I could tell she was beginning to associate me with the fish. She started dropping hints about what a man could do for a woman around the house, about how a woman like me could use a good man to straighten out her life. I just told her I already had all the angles figured, thank you, and that a good man wasn't hard to find if you were looking for one, which I wasn't.

"Listen," said Mrs. McDaniels, shaking the Baggie. "My sister says these guys don't know the meaning of death. They're right from her own tank. She should know."

"She should," I said, "but frankly, Mrs. McDaniels, I think they're dead meat."

"When are you settling down?" she asked absently. She was bent over the tank, flicking the glass in front of The Rockfish, her glasses pressed right up against it. I wondered then, because it seemed strange, whether Mrs. McDaniels's eyes, magnified by the glasses and the glass of the tank, whether her eyes might look huge as billiard balls to The Rockfish. No mistake, it had to be a strange sight from that angle. "Here's hoping," she said. Then she dumped the goldfish in. They floated for a few seconds, eye to eye with The Rockfish, but then they seemed to glance at each other and, before you could

blink, the both of them shot down the length of the tank and huddled behind a piece of pink coral, sucking the glass in the corner for all they were worth.

"They know," I said. "One look and they knew."

"Look at the bright side," she said. "Nothing's happened yet."

"Not yet. But nothing ever happens when you're looking. It waits till you're at work or shopping or daydreaming or something—that's when it all happens."

"A big girl like you," she said, giving me the once-over. "Ought to be married is what you ought to be."

"Thanks for the fish, Mrs. McDaniels." I showed her to the door.

"Listen. Keep me posted. My sister says they're tough buggers, says they can eat nails."

"I'll keep you posted," I said, then I shut the door. For some reason, I began to snicker like crazy as soon as Mrs. McDaniels left. I went over to the tank, snickering, but The Rockfish only hung in the middle, sedate and ugly as sin. The two goldfish were still sucking away in the corner. I had to lie down on the bed to keep from snickering. For a few minutes I thought maybe I was having a heart attack. There were these pins and needles in my arms and legs, this pain in my chest, but then it all went away after a while. I lay like a stick on the bed, trying to get some sleep, counting my breaths to relax a little. Maybe being late had me worked up. Usually I got through work at two in the afternoon, home by two-thirty, but that day I was all off. I couldn't relax and I kept thinking about how I couldn't, which of course just made things worse and aggravated me and gave me the feeling I was in a fix for good. I got to thinking, then, that my life was going to take a turn for the bad, that somehow I would be off-balance and out of step for the rest of whatever was coming. Across the room I could see the unclear, rat-colored shape of The Rockfish swimming the length of the tank, banking off the far walls, then swimming back again at the same latitude, back and forth, patrolling. And I wondered, to keep from snickering, to ward off the heart attack, I wondered if it knew I was watching. Did it know I kept count of things going on in the tank? Did it know I had all its angles figured, its habits memorized? Did it think I'd almost masséd my car around a fireplug and into a telephone pole? Did it think I was a friend?

I slept like a dead man, because I didn't wake up until around ten-thirty that night, my neck twisted at an odd, painful angle. The only light in the room came from the phosphorescent green glow of the fish tank. Mrs. McDaniels

ust have switched the tank light on earlier, because I almost never did. It gave me the creeps, as if the tank were the window onto some obscene green world where the tiniest ripple had profound ramifications, the kind of world you always suspect might happen to you suddenly, like Kingdom Come, if you lost all your habits. You lose your habits, and then you can kiss everything you've gotten good at goodbye.

I got out of bed, but things were still off somehow; the feeling of things gone wrong was like a burr on my tongue. Usually I got home at two-thirty, ate something, then slept until about ten o'clock, when business at the pool tables got going good. But that day I'd overslept and was late to begin with, and I knew as if I'd been through it before—which I hadn't—that trouble was just beginning. All I did was grab my keys and I was out of the apartment, almost sprinting to my car. Outside the wind grabbed hold, but I tucked my chin against it until I was inside the car, gripping the wheel and breathing hard. I figured by hurrying I could get a jump on whatever might come next, though when trouble comes, mistake number one is hurrying. I knew that, but I hurried just the same.

On the way to the bar I kept my mind on driving, no funny business. There are nine bars in this town with regulation pool tables, and I always go to a different one each night, until I have to start over again. That night I was due for a bar called The Office, which is a nice enough place if you can stand seeing typewriters and other office equipment hanging on the walls. Oddly enough, it is a favorite hangout for secretaries during cocktail hours. They seem to like the idea of getting drunk surrounded by the paraphernalia of their daily lives. At night, though, the clientele switches over to factory workers and middle-level management types—supervisors, foremen—and you can pick up a nice piece of change. All the way to The Office I kept myself rigid as a fence post. Only one thing happened. I was passing the button factory, a big yellow building with two smokestacks that went at it all the time, burning bad buttons maybe. It struck me, as I passed, that those smokestacks looked a lot like pool cues aimed right for the sky—that's all I thought, which was strange, but nothing to knock you off-balance. Nothing like banking your car off buildings. I'd even begun to think I could relax a little by the time I got to the bar.

Because The Office is situated among gas stations and retail stores, it gave off the only light on the block except for occasional street lamps. The plate glass in front glowed yellow like a small sunset surrounded by nothing at all and out in the middle of nowhere, the kind of sunset people plan dream vacations around, and a sure

recipe for disappointment. For a moment I thought better of the whole thing, almost turned around and went home, but the fact of the matter was, I knew that if I did all was lost, because once you gave in you kept on giving in. A habit is as easily lost and forgotten as hope for a better shake in things. So I went on into the bar.

As soon as I got inside I thought it would be all right. The two tables were busy, mostly guys in blue workshirts rolled up to the elbows, holding the cues like shotguns. It was promising because anyone in town recognized the blue workshirts. They came from the nuclear power plant up on the lake, the one that might or might not ever get built, which meant they had money and didn't much mind throwing it away on a fifty-fifty possibility. I had played a foreman from the power plant once, a year before, and during the course of the game he explained that even though the job was dangerous half the time, the money they got was the real health hazard. "More of our men die from drunk driving," he said, "than from touching the wrong wire," and he said it in a proud, fisty sort of way. He was an electrical engineer from east Tennessee, where he said anything that happened had to happen big or else nobody noticed it from one valley to the next. I took him for twenty dollars, then he got unfriendly. But that's the way with those guys: they see a woman playing pool and they automatically assume a fifty-fifty chance, usually more. Then they get unfriendly when they see you've got a good habit. They just don't know enough women. Numbers count.

In The Office, to get to the pool tables you have to finesse your way through about twenty tables full of people who have had too much to drink. Cigarettes, flitting through the air on the tail end of a good story, are obstacles, and so are wayward elbows and legs. One sure sign that you're drunk is if you're in somebody's way. But I got through that part. I made a beeline for Bernie, who was chalking his cue at the second table, the good table, the one with a roll you could figure.

"You are tardy," he said in his formal way, still chalking his cue. Sometime during his life, Bernie was a schoolteacher: astronomy. On certain nights he'd take you outside and point out the constellations, his old nicotine-stained fingers pointing toward the stars. He knew his stuff. And he knew pool, too, except for a tendency to grow passionate at the least provocation, a tendency that combined with old age and Jack Daniel's was ruining his game. Given a population of sixteen or seventeen thousand, Bernie was the only rival I had in town. But we never played together, sometimes never saw each other for weeks; we just appreciated the

habits we'd both gotten into.

"You are tardy," he repeated, giving me a dark look. "And the stars are out tonight." He meant that people were spending money like nobody's business.

"I think it's the wind," I told him. "I think there's something funny in the wind."

"Ha!" Bernie cried. He put down the chalk and picked up his cigarette, puffing on it. Then, in a cloud of smoke, he wheeled around to the table, brought up his cue, and nailed the eight ball on a bank into the side pocket, easy as you please. It threw his opponent all off. His opponent had on a blue workshirt that was either too small for him on purpose or else was the biggest size they had: his muscles showed through the material as though he were wearing no shirt at all. On the table only one ball was left, sitting right in front of a corner pocket, and by the look on the guy's face you could tell he'd figured he had the old man on the run, the game sewn up. What he didn't know was that Bernie's opponents in eight ball always had only one ball left on the table. But the guy was a good sport and paid his ten dollars without muscling around or banging his cue on the floor. Sometimes with your big guys chaos is their only response to losing. It is just a fact of life.

"That is that," Bernie said, putting the ten in his wallet. "The table is all yours."

"Where you going?" Bernie always stayed at the tables until about midnight, and if he was around, I just watched and took pointers, waiting for him to get tired and go home before I got busy. Usually I took over where he left off. "It's only eleven," I said, "and you say the stars are out."

"I have a granddaughter coming in on the midnight train." He made a face that meant he was tickled pink, the corners of his mouth stretched and stained with a half million cigarettes. "All pink and yellow, like a little doll. She can point out Venus on the horizon with her eyes shut. A beautiful girl. You should meet her."

"Maybe I will."

"Seven years old and she knows the difference between Arcturus and Taurus. For Christmas last year, do you know what she told her mother she wanted? Guess what she wanted."

"A pool cue," I said, which was exactly what I would have asked for.

"No, you are insane. A telescope! She said she wanted to get close to the sky, close enough to touch it. She's no bigger than a flea and she asks for a telescope!" Bernie slapped his palms together, then sidled closer. "Between us, she is a genius, has to be. My granddaughter, a genius."

"You must be proud of her," I said. All of a sudden I wanted Bernie out of the bar. His very

breath smelled like trouble. Then I noticed the shot glass of Jack Daniel's was missing from the stool he usually kept it on; he was sober as a judge. I wanted Bernie gone.

"Oh, she is going places, I can feel it. I can feel it!" He slapped his palms together again, bouncing on his feet a little, then he swung toward the men in the workshirts and opened his arms enough to include me in the sweep of them. "Gentlemen, I leave you with this young lady as my proxy. Do not be fooled by her gender." He looked at me appraisingly. "Do not be fooled by the uniform. She can handle herself."

"Thanks, Bernie," I said, but I didn't look at him then, and I didn't look at him when he left. Instead I looked at all the guys in blue workshirts. At first they each one had an expression of irritation and rebellion: they didn't like the idea of me usurping command of the table just because the winner knew me. And I didn't blame them, except that the next expression on each of their faces was a familiar one.

"All right, George, you're up," one of them said. "Take her and then let's us get serious," he said, which was exactly what I had expected from their expressions. I could read these guys like a brochure. Any other night I would have grinned and aw-shucked around, leading them on a little bit. I might have even offered to wait my turn, humbling myself to the point of idiocy until they said, "No, you go on, honey," gallantry making idiots of them, too. That night though, something was wrong with me. For one thing, the whole day had been all wrong. For another, seeing Bernie sober and giddy as a bill goat really threw me. I hadn't known he had a granddaughter or a daughter or even a wife. I'd never seen him sober. Something about it all seemed going again. I imagined flinging myself headlong into the knot of blue workshirts, sending them all flying to the far corners of The Office like a good break.

"O.K., little lady," said the one named George, winking and grinning to his friends. "Let's see how you deliver." He could not contain himself. "Did you hear that? Did you hear what I just said? I said, I asked her, 'Let's see how you deliver.'"

They all snorted, stamping their cues on the end of their boots, and I regretted not changing out of my uniform. It was a bad sign because I'd never worn it to the bars before, just one result of hurrying trouble. You never knew when somebody might take a wild hair and try to mess up your job, somebody with a poor attitude toward losing and a bad disposition and a need for spreading chaos. I felt dizzy for a minute, as though I'd been submerged in water and couldn't make the transition.

"Winners break," George said. Now he was

all business, ready to get the game over with so he could play with his friends. He strutted around, flexing his workshirt. Most nights, when I had the break, I would try to sink a couple, then leave the cue ball in a safe position, ducking my chin and smirking shamefacedly, as though I'd miscalculated. The point is, never let the guys waiting in line see that your game in no way depends on luck; it scares them if you do, shrinks their pockets like a cold shower, so to speak. But that night I was crazy, must have been. George went into an elaborate explanation of how he had to go to the bathroom but would be back before his turn, how I'd never even know he was gone. I said, "Five bucks." He rolled his eyes comically, performing for his friends, then said it was all right by him. "You're the boss, Chuck," he said. I don't know what got into me. Before George was out of sight, I broke and sank two stripes. Then I hammered in

over who was up next. It wasn't anything you could have predicted. I guess it pumped them up with adrenaline, or else with a kind of competitive meanness, because for the rest of the night they banged the balls with a vengeance. They were none too polite, and that's a fact. Whatever happened during those games happened in a dream. A wad of five-dollar bills began to show through the back pocket of my uniform trousers. The guys in blue workshirts were like a buzzing of hornets around me, their faces getting drunker and redder every hour.

Near closing time, around two in the morning, George came back for a last game. I'd been watching him play on the other table, and even with the handicap of a dozen beers he could run five or six balls at a time, which is not embarrassing for bar pool. But there was real hatred on George's face, sitting there like a signpost. All those beers had loosened his features until his



the rest of them, taking maybe three seconds between each shot. By the time old George could zip up his pants, I'd cleared the table.

"Fucking-A," said one of George's friends.

"Whoa," another one said. "Holy whoa."

It was a dream, that whole game was a dream. I had read somewhere that a sure sign of madness was when life took on a dreamlike quality, when you started manipulating what you saw as easily as you manipulate dreams. Those pins and needles came back into my feet, prickly as icicles. George came back, too. I figured the night was over. They would all get pissed off and quit playing and begin to attend to their beers. But—surprise—they ate it up, practically started a brawl

eyebrows met in a single, straight-edged line, the kind of eyebrows the Devil would have if he had eyebrows. Some men just can't get drunk without getting evil, too. I suggested we call it a day, but George would have none of it. He swaggered around, foulmouthed, until I said all right just to shut him up.

"Fucking dyke," he said, loud enough for me to hear. I kept racking the balls. He was the one who was supposed to rack them, but now I didn't trust him to rack them tightly.

"I said," he said, a little louder, "fucking dyke in a uniform." He was drunk—and I should have known better—though, as I've said, that day was the beginning of trouble. One rule of

pool is never get emotional. You get emotional and first thing you know, your angles are off, your game is a highly unclear business.

"Asshole," I told him. "Fucking *asshole* in a uniform." My hands shook so much I gripped my cue as if it were George's neck. I am not a grisly or violent person, but there you go.

"Just play, for God's sake," said one of his friends. They were all grouped around the table, their faces as alike and featureless as the balls in front of them. I imagined that their eyes were the tips of cues, blue, sharp, nothing you wanted pointed in your direction.

"Radiation mutant," I said. "Rockfish." Then I broke. Sure enough, emotion had its effect. None of the balls fell.

"Fifty bucks, you pervert," George said, rippling those eyebrows at me. "No, make it a hundred." All that beer was working up some weird, purplish coloration into his cheeks.

They say that during important moments time goes by more slowly, elongates somehow just when you need it most. It is a falsehood. Time goes slowly when you're utterly miserable, or when you might be about to die, and both are situations any sane person would want to go by quickly. When you really need it, time isn't there for you. I wanted to study the table for a while, get myself under control and ready. I wanted to go outside and have somebody point out the constellations, show me the difference between Taurus and Arcturus. I wanted somebody to give me a fish that didn't die in the tank. I wanted somebody, anybody, to tell me that I was living a good life, that my habits were excellent, that I was going places.

"This is all she wrote, Chuck," George said, leaning over the table like a surgeon. It looked grim, not because the spread was all in George's favor—which was true—but because I had gotten emotional. Nothing was clear anymore, not the angles, not the spin, nothing. My cue stick might just as well have been a smokestack.

"Shit!" George cried, and he slammed a beefy hand against his beefy thigh.

He'd run the table except for the eight ball, leaving me with some tricky shots—stop signs all over the table. By now everyone in The Office stood around the table, watching, belching, not saying a word. I thought about what Minnesota Fats would do, how Fats would handle the situation, but all I saw was that corner of the poster, unstuck and curled ominously over Fats's head. I wondered what would happen if I picked up each of my balls and placed them gently in the pockets, like eggs into Easter baskets. Crazy, I must have been crazy.

The first couple of shots were easy, then it got harder. I banked one ball the length of the table, a miraculous shot, though it left the cue ball

in an iffy position. I made the next one anyway. After each shot I had to heft the stick in my hand, get the feel of it all over again, as if I were in George's league, an amateur on a hot streak. Finally the game came down to one shot. I had one ball left, tucked about an inch and a half under the rail from the corner pocket, an easy kiss except that the eight ball rested directly in the line of the shot. There was no way I could bank the cue ball and make it.

"All she wrote," George said, "all she by God wrote!"

I hefted my cue stick for a *massé*, the only thing left to do.

"Oh no," cried George. "No you don't. You might get away with that shit in lesbo pool, but not here. You're not doing it here. No sir. No way."

"Who says?" I asked him, standing up from the table. I was sweating a lot, I could feel it on my ribs. "Anything goes is my feeling."

"Bar rules." George appealed to his friends. "Right? No *massé* in bar rules. Right? Am I right?"

"Phineas!" somebody called. "Phineas! No *massé* on the tables, right?"

Phineas came out around the bar, rubbing his hands on an apron that covered him from the neck to the knees. He had short, black, curly hair and wore round wire-rimmed glasses, the kind of glasses that make people look liberal and intelligent somehow. He looked clean and trim in his white apron, surrounded by all those sweaty blue workshirts. For a minute he just stood there, rubbing his hands, sizing up the table.

"What's the stake?" he asked philosophically.

"Hundred," George said. He was practically screaming.

Phineas puckered his mouth.

"Well," he said, drawing the sound out. Maybe he was buying time. Maybe he was leading them on. Or maybe he was a bartender who didn't like crowds and didn't like crowds asking for his opinion—which is exactly what he is. "Anything goes," he said. "Anything goes for a hundred bucks is my opinion."

"I'll remember this," George said, snarling, his purple face shaded to green. "You prick, I'll remember this."

"Fine," said Phineas, almost jovially. He folded his arms across that white apron and looked at me. He might have winked, but more likely he was just squinting, sizing me up.

"*Massé* on the ten into the corner," I said stiffly, formally, the way Bernie would have done. Anybody will tell you, a *massé* is ridiculous. You have no real cue ball control, no real control period. You have to bring your stick into an almost vertical position, then come down

lidly on one side of the cue ball, which then—you do it right—arcs around the obstacle ball and heads for the place you have in mind. It is an emotional shot, no control, mostly luck. And anytime you get yourself into the position of taking an emotional shot, all is pretty much lost. I hefted the cue stick again, hiked it up like an Apache spearing fish. Then I let it rip. The cue ball arced beautifully, went around the eight ball with a lot of backspin, then did just what it was supposed to do—kissed the ten on the rail. The trouble was, it didn't kiss the ten hard enough. The ball whimpered along the rail about an inch, then stopped short of the pocket. My breath would have knocked it in, but apparently nobody was breathing.

"That's all she wrote," I told Phineas. He just smiled, looking liberal and intelligent behind his glasses.

The upshot was, George won the game. I'd left the cue ball in a perfect position for making the eight in the side pocket. Any idiot could have made that shot, and George was no idiot, just a drunken jerk. He even got friendly when I paid him his money, wanted to take me home, his breath hot and sour as old beer. But then Phineas stepped in, cool as you please, and said that he was going home with me. Between the two there was no choice: I told Phineas to meet me out front at my car. "A '73 navy Impala," I told him. It was not that unusual, even though the day had me off-balance. I'd had a couple of days over to my apartment before, after the bars closed, the kind of thing where in the morning you find yourself clenching the pillows, hoping they don't use your toothbrush or something. Even if I did see those guys again, their faces would mean no more to me than the faces of former opponents in a pool game.

The wind had died, nothing moved when I went out to the car. On the way to my apartment Phineas told me about how he hated crowds, how there was nothing possible with those kinds of numbers. I told him numbers counted, but he didn't argue the point. Then he told me how nice my car was. "True grit," I said. "Nothing spiffy, just good guts." He put his hand on my thigh. We rode like that for a long time. When we passed the button factory, I told him about the smokestacks looking like pool cues. Then, for some reason, I told him about driving my car into telephone poles, banking it off buildings.

"You shouldn't get all out of control over a name," he said. After that I didn't tell him anything else, pretended I was concentrating on his hand against my thigh.

Inside my apartment I didn't turn on the lights. The green glow of the fish tank let me see

all I wanted to see, maybe more. Phineas, of course, went right for the tank, which was what everybody did when they came into my apartment.

"How come you only have two fish?" he wanted to know.

"That one there, with the yellow freckles. It kills everything I put in there. Wait see. In the morning that other one won't be there. It's a shark," I said.

"No kidding," he said, peering in at The Rockfish. "Really? A shark?"

"No. It's just an it. A killer it."

Phineas straightened up. "What's your name?"

"Janice," I said.

"At least in this town it's Janice," I said, revealing myself a little, although I wasn't about to go into heartfelt reasons for this and that. It didn't matter because then he kissed me, hard, standing there in front of the fish tank. In a minute or so, he broke away.

"You can play your ass off in pool, Janice," he said. He began to unbutton his shirt. It was flannel, which matched his glasses somehow; the apron he'd left back at the bar. I took off the trousers of my uniform, then he kissed me again, his hands down low.

"You look real nice," he said. "Out of uniform, as it were." He laughed, and I laughed, too, in a strange kind of way.

After that I was on the couch with him on top of me. He got busy. I put my hands on his back, but he did all the work. The whole time I was thinking, my head to one side, staring into the fish tank. I was thinking that maybe I would leave town. Maybe I would pack up my car and move and get around my trouble that way. I could leave the fish tank, skip out on the rent, just like the guy before me had done. Let The Rockfish chew its own gristle, I thought, let Mrs. McDaniels drop hints to somebody else. The Rockfish was patrolling the tank, whipping beside the lone goldfish like terror on the move, and the goldfish sucked madly on the glass in the corner, behind the pink coral, wriggling whenever The Rockfish swept by. It struck me as the saddest thing I'd ever seen. Then I began it again, with Phineas this time. I imagined he was performing a massé on me, several massés, coming down hard on one side and then the other, one emotional shot after another, only I wasn't going anywhere. I must have snorted, because Phineas worked harder all of a sudden.

"Feel it?" he said, or asked, whispering, and I could tell that he'd come to a crucial moment. "Can you feel it?" And I said, "Yes," I said, "Yes, yes, I can feel it," but I couldn't. I shifted slightly to make things easier, but I couldn't feel a thing, not a thing—nothing. ■

The Living Seas

The ocean covers three quarters of the earth's surface, produces 90 percent of all its life-supporting oxygen, and is the driving force behind the entire weather system. There are over 450 million cubic miles of sea water on the earth; and each cubic mile contains over 150 million tons of minerals.

So vast and so pervasive is the sea that if the earth's crust were made level, ocean water would form a blanket over 8,000 feet deep.

The oceans contribute immeasurably to the earth's life support system as well as provide an untapped storehouse of food, minerals, energy, and archaeological treasure.

Advanced atmospheric diving suits permit researchers to descend to depths of 1,500 feet. Yet the ocean's average depth is greater than 12,000 feet. It is at these depths that remarkable discoveries are being made, discoveries which only a short time ago would have been impossible.

In that depth, where darkness is absolute and pressure exceeds eight tons per square inch, robotic submersibles have discovered enormous gorges, four times deeper than the Grand Canyon. Here, too, are volcanoes that vastly outnumber those on land. Landslides the size of Rhode Island have been recorded, as well as raging undersea storms that go completely unnoticed on the surface while dramatically rearranging the underwater landscapes.

And under these seas the largest single geological feature on earth has been found—a mountain range that dwarfs the

Himalayas. It's a range that covers nearly one quarter of the earth's surface.

All these discoveries have come from the exploration of less than one-tenth of this undersea mountain range.

The earth is the only planet we know that has an ocean. The ocean is the largest feature on earth. Yet it's the one feature we know the least about. We know more about the moon 240,000 miles away than we know about the three-fourths of the earth covered with water. Man has set foot on the moon, but not on the most remote part of the earth, 35,000 feet under the sea.

Technology is changing all that. It's literally parting the waves for today's undersea explorers. And it's bringing about the opportunity to transform vision, curiosity, and wonder into practical knowledge.

Properly managed as a tool to serve society, technology is the best hope for overcoming economic and social problems facing people everywhere. It always has been. The earliest relics of human life are tools. And our ancient ancestors used these tools to understand and change the world around them and make it better. The same is true today.

The deep sea is the last frontier left to explore.

You can explore it by visiting *The Living Seas* at Walt Disney World's Epcot Center near Orlando, Florida. Visit *The Living Seas* and you visit the future. Presented by United Technologies, *The Living Seas* is a six-million gallon man-made ocean which duplicates the environment of a Caribbean coral reef.



**UNITED
TECHNOLOGIES**

GOODBYE, DR. SPOCK

Vignettes from the brave new world
of the better baby

By James Traub

“Your baby,” Dr. Benjamin Spock reassured several generations of anxious parents in his best-selling *Baby and Child Care*, “is born to be a reasonable, friendly human being.” Maybe so, today’s parents are answering in rapidly growing numbers, but in a world of silicon chips and hard-nosed nursery school admissions committees, who can afford to take chances? The Age of Spock is over: nature is no longer enough. You’ve got to play to win, and you’ve got to start early. Suddenly it seems almost criminally negligent to raise a child in the old-fashioned way. Why have a merely “normal” baby when you can have an improved model, a Better Baby? In the world of

baby care, common sense has given way to competition and connoisseurship.

The market offers a proliferating variety of approaches to the problem of the better baby, everything from the fervently evangelical to the frankly cynical. Glenn Doman of the Better Baby Institute explains to sturdy middle Americans how they can reach inside their baby to transform its very essence; Maxine Levy trains the toddlers of hard-charging Manhattan parents to claw their way into the right kindergartens. Some parents want a performing baby, others a designer baby. But nobody, as Dr. Spock himself sadly concedes, seems to want a friendly, reasonable, unimproved baby anymore.

I. Baby Improvement

Driving past the high stone wall that separates the Institutes for the Achievement of Human Potential from Philadelphia and the rest of the world, one enters a visionary space. The eight institutes, of which the Better Baby Institute is the most prominent, are scattered across a gloriously green, fourteen-acre estate that suggests an Ivy League university in miniature. Adorable first-graders dressed in T-shirts emblazoned with the Better Baby symbol (a child striding on an open palm) skip across the meticulously tended lawns. Grimacing, tottering young men with severe neurological disorders, beneficiaries of the institutes’ longstanding concern with helping “hurt kids” become normal, labor heroically along flagstone paths. Openness, dedication, concern, intelligence: the symbolism is almost blinding. Here, the awakened conscience in-

sists, an ideal environment for human betterment has surely been established.

Four to six times a year the Better Baby Institute opens its doors to a group of about eighty young parents and prospective parents who have paid \$490 each for a seven-day seminar entitled “How to Multiply Your Baby’s Intelligence.” Many of the parents are wearing ski jackets even though it’s eighty degrees outside; the Temple Fay Building, where classes are held, has been chilled well below the threshold of comfort in order to facilitate concentration. This, I suppose, must be how it feels to be a delegate to the United Nations: the long, curving desks, the microphones, the placards with every parent’s name printed in front of his or her assigned seat. But the rules are straight from high school: no talking, no eating. Bells signal the beginning and end of each session. If you miss a session, your “degree” will be withheld. Still, no one murmurs at the discipline. Every moment, as founder and chairman of the board Glenn Do-

James Traub is a senior editor of Channels of Communications, a magazine on electronic media, and author of India: The Challenge of Change and The Billion Dollar Connection.

*Students at the
Better Baby
Institute learn
to regard their
children not so
much with
respect as with
awe*

man keeps repeating in hushed tones, is crucial.

On this first afternoon Doman asked the parents why they had sacrificed so much time and money to come to Philadelphia. Most of them were visibly embarrassed about speaking in public, possibly because what they had to say seemed to them so earthshaking. Gloria Spurlock, a violinist with the Lexington Symphony in Kentucky, spoke directly to the founder himself, reciting the list of Doman books she'd read, recalling how deeply she'd been touched. "Your work," she concluded, "must certainly be the greatest single contribution to mankind I've come across." The praise streamed over Doman like a cataract: mothers who stayed up all night devouring his *How to Teach Your Baby to Read*, fathers who believed that the universal application of his insights would lower the national deficit and increase economic productivity. Doman claims to have received over 100,000 letters charged with this sort of rhetorical electricity.

Among his devoted followers, Glenn Doman enjoys a truly heroic stature. And his following is large: his books have sold well over a million copies. This success testifies to the profound appeal of the concept of the Better Baby. So why isn't Doman famous? He appeals, it seems, to the wrong social class. Although Doman likes to boast about the number of Ph.D.s who attend the Better Baby Institute, few of the parents I met affected an up-to-date look, lived in a big city, or had attended a prestigious college. Many of the moms had biographies like that of Nancy Moellering, who grew up in Michigan, attended a small local college, trained as a dietitian, and married a local boy with a family tool-and-die business. Doman simply does not attract the cultural elite. His nostrums are too time-consuming for hardworking professionals, who in any case would be faintly embarrassed, and certainly put off, by his evangelical delivery. For Doman preaches a quirky version of old-fashioned egalitarianism that smacks more of Dale Carnegie than Benjamin Spock. He appeals to a faith in the possibility of self-transformation that a more cynical and knowing class, inured to the importance of status rather than skills, may already have lost.

On Day 2 Glenn Doman introduced us to his "89 Cardinal Facts for Making Any Baby into a Superb Human Being," the catechistical summary of his utopian world view. After studying children for over forty years, Doman has developed an apparently brilliant, internally consistent, and completely idiosyncratic brand of science that commingles developmental psychology, neurology, and anthropology; the result is so far over the heads of almost all his

listeners that they have to accept it largely in faith. Everyone took plenty of notes, especially when Doman ventured into such arcane territory as why ontogeny really does recapitulate phylogeny, an idea discarded early in this century. The students looked pretty befogged, but Doman never strayed too far from the comforting boosterism of Cardinal Fact No. 6: "Our individual genetic potential is that of Leonardo, Shakespeare, Mozart, Michelangelo, Edison, and Einstein."

Doman begins with the idea that "all intelligence is a product of the environment and of human potential." Children gain information through sensory contact with the world and store it in their swiftly growing brains. So far, so good: Jean Piaget, who codified developmental psychology and made it into a science, felt the same way. At this point, though, Doman begins to attain escape velocity. While Piaget believed (and most child psychologists agree) that the process of cognitive development is limited to relatively fixed and universal "stages," Doman claims that up until the age of six, when brain growth slows, a child's intellectual and physical abilities will increase in direct proportion to stimulation. Thus any child, given the proper stimuli, can become the next Leonardo. Doman attributes a kind of fierce willpower to the growing brain, which is desperate to feed itself. "Tiny kids," says Fact 26, "would rather learn than eat." And they'd rather learn Greek than baby talk, since higher orders of complexity offer more stimulation. Doman makes the average adult seem like a tree sloth in comparison with a two-year-old. "Every kid," he asserts, "learns better than every adult." Students at the Better Baby Institute learn to regard their mewling, puking children not so much with respect as with awe.

If children love mental stimulation, and infinite stimulation produces infinite response, then the only question remaining is one of technique. How does one create the kind of brain growth that leads to expertise in reading, math, gymnastics, and the like? Once again, Glenn Doman offers an iconoclastic assertion: "If you teach a tiny kid the facts, he will discover the laws." Say you want to teach your six-month-old how to read. Write down a series of short familiar words in large, clear letters on flash cards. Show the cards to your infant, simultaneously reciting the word written on each one. With his extraordinary retentive powers, he'll soon be learning hundreds of words, then groups of words, then phrases, then the homemade books you've painstakingly prepared. By the age of three, Doman guarantees, your child will be entertaining himself and amazing you and your friends by reading "everything in

ight." In like manner he can learn to perform staggering mathematical stunts, or to distinguish and thoughtfully analyze the works of the Great Masters or the classical composers.

No one can say for sure where the insight ends and the hyperbole begins at the Better Baby Institute. Doman claims, for example, that little children, unlike adults, can distinguish between, say, fifty-eight and fifty-nine dots scattered randomly on a page. I have watched an eighteen-month-old Better Baby girl do precisely this on a network newscast. (Neurologist Oliver Sacks has identified the same ability in idiots savants, brain-damaged children with marvelous mathematical abilities.) Doman declines to prove his claims to the scientific community; he's happy, he says, as long as his audience is convinced. They become convinced by watching daily talent shows performed by a back of bright and quite sane-looking children of supposedly prodigious powers. These are the full-time Better Babies and adolescents in residence at or near the institutes, and the parents

in the audience scrutinized them to see if they wanted one of their own. The younger ones mostly gazed off into space or sucked their thumbs as Mommy rattled through a deck of flashcards. It didn't look like much, but we applauded lustily, especially after being told that a baby who had barely begun speaking now "read" five languages.

One thing was clear: these were children who could be trusted to ace their exams. Six-year-old Adriana correctly guessed the meaning of obscure words through their Latin and Greek roots. Thirty-two-month-old Neal recited the proper answer to "What instrument plays the wolf in *Peter and the Wolf*?" among other questions. The kids totally outclassed a group of woefully underprepared adults in a game of College Bowl. (Sample exchange: "What famous naturalist who lived 200 years ago . . ." "Me! Me! Me!") "I haven't given you the information

yet." "We don't need the information.") Well, sure, maybe they had been coached, maybe they were a little longer on facts than laws. But among the moms and dads present there was a good deal of loose talk about kidnapping a few of the more irresistible prodigies. By the end of the week I could find virtually no one who hadn't been wowed by the show.

Still, Doman knew that one more piece had to fall into place: we had to meet the Better

Baby moms, known to the cognoscenti as Professional Mothers, who are the Better Baby role models. Many parents, Doman says with a hint of censoriousness, are too busy or too impatient or too self-centered to devote hours to teaching their children. Only from an extraordinary parent—usually a mother—may one expect such selflessness. Doman often wonders aloud why the world "fears" mothers (a novel concept, that) and fiercely defends them from their natural predators: teachers, "experts," and above all "women's lib." Doman appeals to women who have a tenuous grip on the professional world, women for whom maternity offers a new identity. The Profes-

sional Mother is maternity beatified, motherhood as a helping profession; it is a call to self-abnegation and joy. The news that a regular old mom could be one-half of "the most dynamic teaching unit the world has ever known" had an electrifying effect on many of the women present. One of them, Eileen Rodjinske, even stood up at the end of the week and announced, "I've been really confused about what I wanted to be. But now I know for sure that I want to be a mother, and that teaching my children is the best contribution I can make."

The Professional Mothers, like the Better Babies, turned out to be paragons. Attractive young Mrs. DiBattista had printed up 9,000 flashcards for five-year-old Michael. Stout, solemn Mrs. Pereira patiently explained that she "took time off" from her all-day routine of teaching eleven-year-old Josh to devote several weeks exclusively to making Josh's French and

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Spanish flashcards for the coming year. Wasn't Josh lonely? a concerned parent wanted to know. No, his proud mother replied. He was "socially excellent." These were old-fashioned mothers, making their children their life's work. Their sacrifice, at least in the modern world, seemed heroic.

Some of them, along with their husbands, had pulled up stakes and moved to Philadelphia, willingly exchanging their own futures for that of their children. Linda Barnes, for example, told me that she and her husband had taken the course a few years back and had been so smitten that they dropped everything and moved from California to Philadelphia. "My husband," she reported, "had been teaching for years in the Los Angeles public school system, and we knew that he'd lose all his seniority if he got a teaching job in Philadelphia." Wasn't he fazed? "Oh, no. He was the one who insisted that we do it." Now Mrs. Barnes teaches four-year-old Christopher from nine to two, while seven-year-old Vikki attends the on-campus, accredited International School. Then Vikki gets Mom's undivided attention, Dad comes home from work, and the parents teach both kids until bedtime. It's a full-time job, raising Better Babies: when the Barneses decided to teach their kids *Romeo and Juliet* they bought material, made costumes and props, and acted out the entire play.

Doman is particularly adept at making a parent feel downright irresponsible for harboring

even the remotest confidence in the school system. "If you like the public school system," he says frequently, "then this course is not for you." On several occasions during my visit he pulled out a newspaper article that reported the high rate of functional illiteracy in Philadelphia schools—conveniently neglecting to mention the fact that most of Philadelphia's students are poor and black. An ill-informed listener would be justified in concluding that the Better Babies Institute provided the world's only safe shelter from ignorance. And Glenn Doman never lets you forget that the world beyond the walls of the institute is not a happy one, filled as it is with persecutors of genius; lifeless, throttling teachers; and purblind detractors of the Institutes for the Achievement of Human Potential. It's a cold world out there, Doman's message goes, but it's a warm, loving, cuddly, idealistic, and supremely dedicated one in here. Out there neighbors scorn you for trying to better your baby; in here "you join a tiny but rapidly growing group of people who have learned to change the next generation," in the words of the institute's administrator, Neil Harvey, who handed out the "Certificate in Human Development at the Professional Parent Level" at the comically solemn "graduation" ceremony. Glenn Doman, whom some critics have mistaken for a religious cultist, offers in one hand the promise of ennobling the world, and with the other brandishes the fear of being trapped in mediocrity.

II. The Edge

Maxine Levy does not expect to improve the infant organism, change the next generation, or anything of the kind. She's a modest woman with modest goals. "I can't make children smarter," she says. "But I can give them exposure, I can give them the edge." All around the living room of her apartment on Manhattan's Upper East Side are the tools of Edgeman-ship: crayons, workbooks, records with funny songs about the alphabet. One might say that Maxine Levy "coaches" children, but she herself avoids the word; she prefers to say that she "prepares" them to get into the kindergarten of their parents' choice. She succeeds at her chosen game; every one of her charges, she claims, has made it into a top-flight kindergarten.

Maxine Levy is not a major force in New York education. She teaches no more than ten students, each on a one-to-one basis. But she epitomizes a situation that seems farcical to everyone except those involved in it, for whom it is frankly desperate. As any Manhattan parent will tell you, anxiety over the need to place your child in the "right" school has reached the level of pure

panic. Maxine Levy can be blunt when she has to be, and the situation calls forth her bluntest talk. "If there are 30 places and 300 applicants," she says, "who are you going to take? That's reality. There's nothing you can do about it."

Except, of course, to get that edge. Some parents put a shine on their two-year-old's resumé by placing him or her in a supposedly high-profile "playgroup," a sort of pre-nursery school for the children of professional mothers. Others arrive at interviews in a rented stretch limo. And still others hand over their children to people like Maxine Levy. Levy's twenty one-hour sessions ("I don't come cheap," she says brassily, though she declines to name her price) are explicitly geared to the standardized exam administered by the Educational Records Bureau and required by virtually every private school in New York. The ERB test, a genuinely traumatic experience primarily limited to those few large cities where private school competition is intense, measures intellectual aptitudes like language development and number concepts as well as the sorts of motor skills involved in playing

h blocks and beads. Maxine Levy is thus a t of SAT coach for children who can barely their shoes.

The people who run New York's nursery and mary schools deplore Maxine Levy. But they powerless before the phenomenon she represents. The surge of affluent young parents into Manhattan has shattered the comfortably snob-old system in which one generation smoothly flowed another into New York's finest private schools. And the new generation, without benefit of heritage, is both more status-conscious and more competitive than the old. Young professionals want the best: the best job, the best BMW, the best baby. They know they have to compete for it. While Glenn Doman's eager disciples want to improve the inner baby, the young lawyers and investment bankers who bring their children to Maxine Levy want to improve their *performance*. They want their babies to win. Nancy Godreau, who directs the St. Thomas More Playgroup, recalls a mother asking her a typical father's question: "Where does my child stand?" The little girl was a favorite, and so Godreau started in with "Caroline is such a friendly child, and she's so sensitive to the feelings of the other children." She went on in that vein until the mother broke in: "I don't know where she got *that* from! What *I* want to know is where she stands in terms of her *leadership* abilities!"

The Great Manhattan Kindergarten Frenzy has little to do with an actual shortage of school openings. Manhattan has dozens of schools with space available, but about a dozen "hot" schools are deluged each year with hundreds of applications. Snob appeal has some part in defining the roster of these schools, as does academic reputation. But these are more or less stable attributes, while the list of hot schools changes constantly. What really matters is the ability of the school to answer, whether real or imagined, to place children in the hot school at the next higher level. The head of a playgroup for three-year-

olds was quoted last year in the *New York Times* as having informed potential clients that the better nursery schools would want to know "where your children prepped." It's a vast daisy chain of status, stretching from the first toddler group to the entry-level position at an investment banking house.

Worried parents aren't exactly hard to find in Manhattan. One morning I walked into a coffee shop, carrying a sheaf of literature from the Parents League of New York, where I had just been hearing about the pervasive atmosphere of "mass hysteria." The woman at the next stool—young, bejeweled, dressed in tennis whites, gazing at the classifieds—immediately transfixed me with her tale of woe, the gist of which went more or less as follows: "I used to think all these other mothers were sick, the way they worried about schools when their baby was hardly born. Now it doesn't seem so sick anymore. If you don't start early, you're going to fall behind. I was *much too casual* with my older daughter. Now she's in *public* school. I guess I didn't believe the stories. When a school like Harvard looks at fifty applications, I *know* it must make a difference when one of them says Brearley or Chapin. My younger daughter got rejected from three nursery schools. It was unbelievable. They take the kids off and watch them play with a few others, and you and the other mothers just sit there and watch. Nobody says a word."

This anguished mother finally managed to get her daughter into a nursery school with classes three days a week. Tuition is \$4,000, not counting bus fare. "I'm not taking any more chances. I'm putting in an application for my little boy at Dalton, and I'm doing it *this fall*." I was confused. I thought she had mentioned earlier that he was still a baby. "He is," she explained. "He'll be one in September." And then she said, "You know why I'm reading the classifieds? I'm looking for a house in Westchester. I can't take it much longer. It's incredibly pressured, bringing up children in New York."

It's a vast daisy chain of status, stretching from the first toddler group to the entry-level position at an investment banking house

III. How Many Computers Have You Got?

Since the fall of 1984 the city of Tulsa, Oklahoma, has spent \$400,000 on IBM computers, software, typewriters, and tape recorders—all for its kindergarten students. Forty-nine of Tulsa's sixty-two kindergartens now use IBM's *Writing to Read* program, and school administrators are so confident of its success that they've eliminated from this year's budget the longstanding expenditure on remedial-reading "clinics." As program director Dr. Verlma West speaks of this technological miracle, one hears something of the euphoria of Glenn Doman, something of the

knife-edged pragmatism of Maxine Levy. "I see little boys," she says, "who would have been fighting and pushing, sitting down and writing stories. But they *love* the computer."

Others have been less impressed with the program's success. Dr. Beth Lamb, a private school educator in Tulsa, is hoping that the program will be abandoned before it does any more damage than it has already done. School administrators have become so obsessed with computers, she claims, that *Writing to Read* is being rammed down the throats of teachers and children alike.

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"The teachers," she says, "set these kids in front of the computer, sometimes for as long as an hour, and many of the children start crying or wet their pants. Most of the teachers don't like it, but they've been threatened if they complain." West insists that she hasn't seen a tear or heard a threat, but both Lamb and a teacher who preferred to remain anonymous recalled an ominous sentence spoken by the superintendent of schools: "Remember, *you* are dispensable." This teacher noted that after the head of kindergarten teachers had criticized the program—and subsequently found herself forced into retirement—she and her colleagues had decided to keep their distress to themselves.

Young children do, in fact, love to tinker with computers, especially when they use open-ended programs that, instead of providing canned answers, build on the innate curiosity that Glenn Doman so lovingly details. And close students of the instructional use of computers have a guardedly positive view of the more directive *Writing to Read* program. Computers make writing far less physically laborious for children, and the program's pedagogical method, which involves memorizing the spelling of phonemes and then spelling phonetically, may indeed help children to write earlier. After little more than a year, *Writing to Read* has been adopted by well over 300 school districts, according to IBM officials.

The American public schools, eager to appease outraged parents, have in the space of a few years gone from neglecting computers to fetishizing them. Between 1983 and 1985 the number of microcomputers in the public schools

almost tripled, to about 850,000. That's roughly \$1 billion worth of hardware and software. Separate figures exist for kindergartens, school systems spent \$250 million to put computers in the elementary schools in the 1984 school year. Administrators find that computers represent one of the few expenditures taxpayers can be confidently expected to approve, so they tend to buy them first and figure out how to use them later. Gillian duCharme, until recently the headmistress of New York's Town School, has noticed that "this glazed look comes over people's eyes when they talk about computers. Their sole criterion for a school is: how many computers have you got? We've got thirty-two computers, but what do we do with them?"

In the end, it may not make any difference. Parents haven't been demanding that their children learn *from* the computer, only that they know how to operate it, a skill commonly known as "computer literacy." Little children, of course, become computer-literate in about five minutes, and even adults can get on speaking terms with a modern, "user-friendly" machine in an afternoon. The whole facade is incomprehensible, save as an inchoate expression of anxiety about the future. Everyone knows (or at least says) that the key to tomorrow is information: who controls information technology controls the future. There is a growing sense that the course of empire is shifting toward the technology-mad, computer-friendly Asia. In so frenzied an atmosphere, what else can the educational computer be but a magic amulet to hang on little children in the hope that it will ward off the ogres of the future?

IV. Dog Obedience I, II, and

No one can accuse serious child-development scholars of aiding and abetting the baby-improvement craze. On the contrary, they deplore it unanimously. Indeed, many concerned scholars are producing a mini-genre of anti-improvement literature aimed at persuading the public that "pushing" wreaks havoc on the infant psyche. Dr. David Elkind, a child psychologist at Tufts, has written *The Hurried Child* and is now working on *The Miseducation of Children*. Glenn Doman, he says, practices "pseudoscience" and "plays on a lot of parental guilts and anxieties." (That's pretty mild stuff, all things considered. Other scholars I talked to called Doman "a propagandist," "a quack," and "insane.")

Elkind objects not only to Doman's visionary scheme to change human life as we know it but also to the innumerable, less ambitious programs of baby acceleration as well. The child, Elkind

says, is sure to conclude that his parents' expectations are unrealistic; teachers consider the current pace of his learning unsatisfactory; this will lead not only to doubled efforts but also to an abiding sense of inadequacy and anxiety, especially if he or she fails to master the computer or French or *Peter and the Wolf*. Elkind also makes the argument from Piaget, the scholarly demurrer: not only should cognitive development not be sped up, it can't be. It's generally agreed that the stage-by-stage process of neurological evolution in the child that Piaget originally described can be retarded but not significantly accelerated. Elkind argues that the child's brain is simply too undeveloped to understand the complex relationships involved in multiplying and dividing numbers, or in the syntax of a sentence, until the age of six or seven; only inherently "gifted" children can beat the biological clock.

Child development, however, is a very narrow

1. No one can say for sure how right—or wrong—Piaget was. Some Piagetians now concede that the “stages” he described may be less than he believed. Given Piaget’s theory, the infant’s intellectual capacity grows through normal interaction with the environment, the question naturally arises: can extra stimulation create extra intelligence? The prop-
 answer seems to be, in the words of Harvard psychologist Howard Gardner, that “the world

lot more powerful in any psychological intervention.” That may depend on the extent of the intervention; Ann Doman believes, for example, that flipping a light switch on and off fifty times a day will improve what he calls the newborn’s “visual IQ.” Even scholars as less Faustian bent have found that an “enriched environment” can improve almost all of a newborn’s motor and sensory abilities; once the colorful wall-paper and mobiles that are the stock in trade of better Moms. It’s a long way from here to intelligence, but the Head Start program for disadvantaged preschoolers provides patchy (and frequently contradictory) evidence suggesting that the right kind of stimulation may be able to improve IQ scores in the short run. Perhaps making better babies is like acupuncture: you have to know where to touch the system.

Or maybe not. But even evidence as sketchy as this plays directly into the hands of a public

eager for better babies. While in most serious baby-care books the fear of pushing out weighs hopes for baby improvement, the same cannot be said for the popular literature. Syndicated columnist Joan Beck’s *How to Raise a Brighter Child* likens a baby’s brain to a computer. “The more opportunity a baby has to program his brain by means of sensory and motor input,” she writes, “the greater will be his intelligence.” She criticizes parents for putting their children

in solid-color bassinets and restricting them to playpens (practices becoming rapidly outmoded, in any event), and suggests a series of exercises to accelerate cognitive development.

It’s a powerful idea, especially among people who would rather put their faith in expertise than in the promptings of their own experience and intuition. Dr. Ear-ladeen Badger, a developmental psychologist who runs the Infant/Toddler Learning Program, a burgeoning baby-improvement course with over fifteen franchises in six states, insists that programs like hers will soon become a virtual prerequisite to responsible parenthood. “You’re going to see these educational support groups on

every corner,” she says exuberantly. “Look at dog obedience. Everybody who has a dog these days goes to these courses—and not just dog obedience, but Dog Obedience I, II, and III. Are you going to tell me that children’s education is less important than dog obedience?”

Perhaps making better babies is like acupuncture: you have to know where to touch the system



V. Keeping the Faith

The first edition of Dr. Benjamin Spock’s *Baby and Child Care* appeared in 1945, at the very moment when America was turning to face a radiant postwar future. Forty years, four editions, and thirty million copies later, the nation’s pediatrician laureate is preparing to lay down his black bag. He sounds rather like a departing head of state when he writes, in his foreword to the fifth edition, of “my last chance to work closely with a successor and ensure a

smooth transition.” (Spock now has a collaborator, Dr. Michael B. Rothenberg.) The good doctor seems to sense that he is a man of a by-gone era.

I telephoned Spock in the midst of his annual sailing vacation in Maine to ask him about the better baby phenomenon. At eighty, Spock has lost some of his hearing but none of his forthrightness. Like most octogenarians, he thinks the world has gone to hell; he argues that com-

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petitive pressures are taking a psychic toll on most Americans, especially young people, and blames "excessive competitiveness" (surely a superannuated phrase in our day) for the extraordinary rise in teenage suicide over the last twenty years. Efforts to improve infants' cognitive abilities only prove to him that the scramble for success has finally invaded the cradle. Spock doesn't know very much about Glenn Doman, but a debate the two men had on *Nightline* included a videotape of children at the Better Baby Institute; Spock thought they looked "trapped" and describes Doman himself as "a wild man."

Benjamin Spock may know less about developmental psychology than any qualified baby-care expert writing today. He readily admits that as a medical student he was more interested in Freud's revelations about emotional development than in behaviorist experiments in the mechanisms of learning. His view of cognitive development is simple: give children "materials appropriate to their age" (toys, not flashcards) and they'll learn the right things at the right age. After all, he says, children in the South Sea Islands learn to be fishermen by watching their fathers and playing with nets; the normal range of experience will provide sufficient scope for a child's natural curiosity. Normalcy and nature—that's Dr. Spock.

And yet it would be a fundamental misreading of Spock merely to say that he domesticated Freud for a generation of parents. If you return to *Baby and Child Care* you can't help noticing a concern that predates Freud and runs far deeper. We all remember Spock-at-the-barricades, the passionate graybeard who led the kids in the war against the War. But Benjamin Spock is not precisely a radical, as he is not precisely a Freudian. He is an idealist: a New England transcendentalist, to be exact, a sort of Henry Ward Beecher of child care. "It's true," he writes, "we are related by evolution to other animals. But we are also vastly different. We are idealistic in our aspirations. Our relationships are predominantly spiritual . . . Whether or not people have religious faith, they can believe in the power of love and in their potentialities for good, if they understand the spiritual development of a child."

Spock is, in fact, a greater visionary, a greater idealist, than even Glenn Doman; certainly he is further out of step with his age. The father of "permissiveness," the bogymen of the right, is in fact a true conservative, a throwback. When he cries out against the consequences of loss of faith, he sounds practically like an outraged dowager. "Manners in social life have been coarsened," he writes in *Baby and Child Care*. "Many youths have cultivated dishevelment as

if they were ashamed to be human. . . ." Spock would restore not a religious faith but a nineteenth-century faith—and, yes, a sixteenth-century faith—in man's innate nobility. His entire child-rearing philosophy is based on the principle that a child will naturally emulate the virtues of its parents. Spock may be the last child-care expert in America who can write without the faintest wince of irony that we must "bring up our children with a feeling that they are in the world not for their own satisfaction but primarily to serve others."

A baby is a bundle of unrealized destiny; the baby-care literature and practices of a generation are thus, in part, an index of that generation's ambitions. When I was a baby my parents made no greater provision for my growing mental abilities than to read to me, as their parents probably had read to them. It never occurred to them that they could, or should, do more; like their other middle-class friends, they simply assumed that I would have more or less the same gifts, and face more or less the same large prospects, as they had. In retrospect, one sees how radiant the future must have looked to them.

And how confident they were! Back in the fifties and sixties everyone seemed to know how to raise children, and assumed that the kid would come out just fine unless you deviated from the norm in some foolish way: divorce, for example. My mother remembers cradling my brother in one arm and a copy of Spock in the other. When he began hiccuping, she looked up "hiccup" in the index and found the following anodyne counsel: "It doesn't seem to mean anything, and there is nothing you need to do, aside from seeing if they have a bubble."

Now my brother is himself a father, and hiccups are the least of his worries. He and his wife braced themselves for the arrival of their new-born with no fewer than twenty-five books among them *The First Twelve Months of Life*, *The First Three Years of Life*, *The Complete Book of Breast Feeding*, *How to Raise a Brighter Child*, and, of course, *Baby and Child Care*. And they've taken to heart some of the more sensible advice in these books. To stimulate Rebecca's visual faculties, they plastered her room with wallpaper featuring a gaudy parade of animals; mobile dances above her crib. Rebecca is already, though ever so gently, in training.

Rebecca has to keep up, and the other toddlers-to-be have to keep up with her. There is the brave new world of the better baby, a world in which the calm New England certainties of *Baby and Child Care* sound suspiciously like the counsels of mediocrity. It's hard not to feel, all things considered, that Dr. Spock is getting out of the business just in the nick of time.

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BIRTHS

Keeping tabs on new

For most of human history, births have been recorded only by those whose lives they touched. The modern state, however, has other needs. Mercantilist economic theories foresaw material benefits accruing from large populations; to monitor growth, Sweden began keeping birth records in the seventeenth century through its official churches. For public-health reasons, Britain implemented a reporting system in the 1830s. Georgia became the first of the states to require birth certificates, in 1823; New York City followed suit in 1847. Until 1866, when the first version of this form was designed for use, births were entered in ledgers kept by the city. But reporting of births was sporadic until 1874, when New York promulgated rules for doing so, complete with a schedule of fees for such things as records, searches, and copies (the birth was registered free—and still is).

The presumption here is that babies are born in hospitals—and today, in the United States, most babies are. It was not always so. Women in colonial America followed the British practice of “lying in,” having their babies at home in a feminine ritual overseen by a midwife and shared by the mother’s neighbors and kin. Beginning in the late eighteenth century, as industrialization and urbanization loosened local social bonds, and as the birth process became more technical, men increasingly replaced women at the bedside. Birthing itself was to become an institutional event: by 1970 over 99 percent of the country’s babies were opening their eyes to delivery-room lights. It is easy to forget how recently all of this happened: the medical profession had no nationwide standards for obstetrical practice until 1930, and as recently as 1940 only 56 percent of all births were taking place in hospitals.

Joan Daley is about six years older than the typical first-time American mother, whose age has risen slightly over the past two decades (to 23.3 years in 1983). Daley is one of many women who are pursuing careers before having children—and then having fewer of them. Women between the ages of thirty and thirty-four are more than twice as likely to give birth for the first time as they were a decade ago. But the fertility rate for the childbearing population as a whole has dropped to 1.8 children per woman (compared with six in 1780). Every year the childbearing generation in America is coming up about 600,000 babies short of reproducing itself.

Robert Karl Manoff is a contributing editor of Harper's Magazine. His daughter and son were born at the Childbearing Center.

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2. SEX
Female

3a. NUMBER OF CHILDREN born of this pregnancy 1
3b. If more than one, number of this child in order of birth

5. PLACE OF BIRTH
NEW YORK CITY
a. BOROUGH OF Manhattan
b. NAME OF STREET 48 Ea

6a. MOTHER'S FULL MAIDEN NAME
Joan Bernadette Daley

7. MOTHER'S USUAL RESIDENCE
a. State New York
b. County Richmond
c. City, town or village Staten

8a. FATHER'S FULL NAME
James Albert Casey

9a. NAME OF ATTENDANT AT DELIVERY
Linda K. Hamlin

Information added or amended
(Reason)
Date

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Robert Karl Manoff

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Last Name	
Casey	
(Year)	4b. HOUR AM
1985	1:55 PM X
C TYPE OF PLACE	
<input type="checkbox"/> Hospital <input type="checkbox"/> Home	
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Other	
5c. MOTHER'S BIRTHPLACE, State or foreign country	
New York	
e. Inside city limits of 7c?	
Yes <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/>	
8c. FATHER'S BIRTHPLACE, State or foreign country	
New York	
CHILD WAS BORN ALIVE AT THE TIME GIVEN.	
C.N.M. <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	
M.D. <input type="checkbox"/>	
J.D. <input type="checkbox"/>	
Hamlin	
or Print)	
nd Street, New York, NY 10128	
April 10	1985
THE CITY OF NEW YORK	
Joan B. Casey	
22 Sharon Avenue	
State New York	Zip Code 10301

The first three digits (156) are the code assigned to New York City under the Uniform System for the Numbering of Birth Certificates. The following two digits (85) refer to the year the birth was registered. The number to the right of the second dash (1) identifies the borough of the city where the birth took place (Manhattan); and the last five digits (09376), the number of this birth for the particular year and borough. Sheila Casey was one of over 3.7 million babies born in the United States in 1985, and one of 302 born in New York City on this day.

In New York the only sanctioned "other" place of birth available is the Childbearing Center, run out of an East Side townhouse by the Maternity Center Association. Established in 1975 as an alternative to highly technological—which can mean impersonal—in-hospital care, the center is one of some 130 independent birth facilities in the country. Each year, between 15,000 and 20,000 women have their babies at such centers. The MCA record is impressive: because the center admits only women with low-risk pregnancies and then discourages unnecessary technological intervention, fewer than 6 percent of center mothers undergo Caesarean sections, compared with a national average of 20.3 percent (up from 5.5 percent in 1970). Moreover, no center mother has found it necessary to name MCA as the primary respondent in a malpractice suit; over 70 percent of this country's obstetricians have been sued by their patients.

A nurse-midwife trained at Columbia University and certified by the American College of Nurse Midwives, Linda K. Hamlin has delivered more than 400 babies in the eighteen years she has been practicing. Although she has never been sued—only 6 percent of the 2,500 active nurse-midwives in the country have been—the profession nevertheless is being caught up in the national crisis created by malpractice litigation. This year insurance to cover its seven midwives is costing the center \$965. If the New York State Insurance Department approves the proposals now before it, however, the premium will rise to \$430,185. But despite such prospects, midwifery is regaining legitimacy. Increasing numbers of hospitals have instituted their own birthing units, and midwives are once again assuming a role in attending the scores of thousands of home births that still take place. Meanwhile, it is useful to keep the struggle for control over American childbearing in perspective: according to the World Health Organization, 45 percent of all women who give birth in the world today continue to do so with no trained medical help whatsoever.

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FORBIDDEN PLEASURES

A taste for porn in a city of women

By Philip Weiss

The first unsettling thing about being a man in Minneapolis during the city's yearlong debate over antipornography legislation was the sense of having been preempted. The women were all so articulate. It wasn't that they were persuasive or even logical, but they had the words. They'd been thinking about these issues and talking about them for some time, and as soon as they struck they changed the language. Certain terms were used, and certain ideas. Other ideas had already been cashiered or were the subject of caricature. I felt that I was starting out at such a deficit, I had to keep my mouth shut. To say, I am a man who feels aroused by looking at and reading some of this stuff was no argument. It was like saying, I am a lizard.

I've always consumed pornography, in more or less passive ways, often guiltily. *Playboys* were a staple of my teenage years—I can still smell the dust of the barn loft to which my confederate, a giant friend with a straw thatch of hair, brought the magazines. Into adulthood I consumed porn on the sly, seldom buying "the slicks," as the mainstream publications are known, but finding ways to see them, say, at men friends' homes. There is always porn around.

Among most of my friends, the porn issue rarely came up. But then it never had to. Everyone knew porn wasn't right. Its double standard was too obvious; women didn't traffic in sexually explicit pictures of men.

In Minneapolis the antiporners brought these issues to the surface, and in the process disrupted my own pattern of covert consumption. To look at the proposed pornography law was to see

Philip Weiss is a writer who now lives in New York.

elements of my lust pulled out like so many glinting fish guts, to have my unexamined guilt about the matter yanked from its shell. The ordinance defined as a violation of a woman's civil rights the "graphic sexually explicit subordination of women, whether in pictures or in words." Any woman might claim that she had been discriminated against by material depicting women "as sexual objects for domination, conquest, violation, exploitation, possession or use through postures or positions of submission or servility or display." Harsh, yes, but there, in part—once you have crowbarred off the marriage hole covers—I am.

These words were point iv in the ordinance that the mayor ultimately vetoed. Point vi had to do with women shown bleeding, bruised, or hurt in a sexual context. I couldn't argue in favor of the male excesses, the stuff that seemed reptilian; I was happy to draw the line somewhere, probably through the use of obscenity laws. But I kept waiting for other men to stand up and defend at least the postures-of-display portion of point iv. No one did. There was the power of the feminist language—its newness, its passion about issues men did not generally discuss.

Often it seemed that the feminists were not really interested in what men had to say.

The city council had hired Catharine A. MacKinnon and Andrea Dworkin to draft the antiporn legislation at the same time the pair were teaching a course on pornography at the University of Minnesota Law School to sixty students, fifty-six of them women. The course analyzed, among other things, "the significance of penetration," and became a locus of the antiporn movement. Meanwhile, someone reported that MacKinnon had dismissed persistent ques-

ons about what material was and wasn't covered by the amendment as "a man's questions." MacKinnon, a respected constitutional scholar, argued convincingly that the report was a slur. At the gender issue was always there, and the feeling lingered that, in order to take part in the discussion, I had somehow to step out of my maleness, leave it like a husk, repudiate it.

No one induced this feeling as much as Andrea Dworkin. The author, visiting from New York, could be seen everywhere, armored in denim overalls, roofed by tumultuous dark curls. She gave amazing performances. One night she came from her work in the basement of a church. She came late, held my ear to a half-inch crack in the door, and heard the husky Dworkin orator. In a voice that seemed less a means of expression than an internal organ, something bloody, personal, and injured that she tore out of herself regularly in public, she invoked her hoarse vocabulary of cunts, assholes, blood, violation.

I shifted my head to peep at the audience. Attentive, calm, nearly churchly, they sat with shoulders squared.

Their faith in Dworkin, and the city's faith, amazed me. She was the one who had written eight years before that sexual relations between a man and a woman were politically acceptable only when the man had a "limp penis." It was as if I found myself repeating to women friends, each time studying the friend's face to capture even a flicker of agreement. How was it that this quotation had not been hung about Dworkin's neck like a bell when she came to town? How was it that the law the city had hired her to write was being discussed as though it involved snow emergencies or other quotidian civil processes, and not treated as an attempt to govern sexual politics, "the significance of penetration"?

Then something happened that pushed me toward Dworkin's side and made me wonder about my own role. It was a debate between Dworkin and Matthew Stark, the head of the Minnesota Civil Liberties Union. Stark stood up first. He spoke with a bullish eloquence about the difference between word and act, and about the First Amendment. He didn't talk about pornography really. Pornography, he seemed to agree in passing, was disgusting, but that was not the point. Then Dworkin got up and plunged headfirst into pornography. The audience was behind her. Her heavy left arm hooked in the air, tears stained the spaces around her eyes into violet saucers. Unless the law were passed, Dworkin said, reducing matters to an attractively simple proposition, women would be regarded only as cunts. "We are to provide total access to every orifice, and allow forced sex as if

there is nothing that can fill that aching void."

Two seats away from me in the front row, a middle-aged man in cowboy boots kept shaking his head. He had an unruly mustache and a somewhat gone-to-seed look. He turned to me—another man, a presumed ally—in disbelief. Then he began exclaiming aloud. At last he interrupted the speech with an obscene comment about Dworkin's thighs.

I hissed as loudly as anyone. Dworkin put him down, and he stood and walked out. One could sense a rush of satisfaction among the anti-porners at having living proof. For he had provided, in corpus, Exhibit A: the scumball, the lizard, the consumer of pornography, the man for whom women were not human beings.

If you were a man who opposed the amendment, this was the choice you were left with: be like him and regard women as cunts, or be as aloof and granitey as the First Amendment, like Matt Stark, and say that porn was disgusting but that Nazis, too, must be able to express themselves. The qualities the women had brought to the table—sincerity, an emotional intensity about sexual issues—were somehow not available to men. You could be either a scumball or a constitutionalist, though in between there was a large and uncharted territory whose existence it would be easy to deny as long as no one opened his mouth.

But who would speak up? The public discourse had been narrowed; there was a sort of licensing of acceptable opinion at work. For a year the anti-porn movement seemed to be the strongest voice in the city, and I now see that shame, the manipulation of traditional pruderies, was an important factor in its success. It specialized in demonstrations at which male "secrets" were unveiled and linked with criminal behaviors. I especially remember the "porn drive," when anti-porn groups, including the Pornography Resource Center (or PRC, a think tank and mobilization committee), issued a call for donations of pornography. Anti-porners littered the marble floor of City Hall with the stuff, asserting that women had smuggled it out of their homes at great risk.

The rhetoric hardly mattered; the anti-porners' triumph was in confronting City Hall with men's closet items. Reporters—mostly men, among them myself—buzzed around, uncertain where to focus the minicams. Crouched over a tangle of oro-genitally fastened bodies just a few feet from the Father of Waters statue (naked himself, but judiciously draped), I fought my prurience by taking indecipherable notes against my knee.

And then, in a posture the public mind associates with a group of law enforcement officials disharding confiscated goods, three of the or-

In order to take part in the discussion, it seemed, I had to step out of my maleness, leave it like a husk

I asked if she
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movement

ganizers came to the microphone, one of them holding under her chin a magazine opened to a randy bedroom scene. A woman in dishabille straddled a man who appeared to be whacking her with a brush. Both of them leered at the camera. I wanted to look at the pictures—in fact, the PRC seemed to be daring us to—but I kept my face on the granite faces of the antiporners, only occasionally stealing glances at what they'd seized. Their point was that if you liked that stuff you liked to batter women, and I walked out of City Hall a few minutes later trilling vaguely with shame.

In responding to such assaults, I tended to be oblique. One thing I did was telephone the PRC and, as a reporter, ask a series of what might have been characterized as a man's questions.

"Five million people bought the Vanessa Williams issue of *Penthouse*. Who are they?" I asked. "Wife batterers? Why did they want to see her?"

I might as well have been asking about the behavior of vermin. "I don't know or care," said the PRC lady on the line.

Another time I called and asked her if she could give me the name of one man who had reformed himself because of the antiporn movement, one man who was formerly aroused by pornography and now sees that he was wrong. She told me such men exist, that she would try and find one for me. But she never called back.

Sometimes I wondered if I ought to reform myself. Partly this was the effect of my girlfriend's house, which she shared with three other women and where, upstairs by the bathroom door, someone had tacked a poem about men not being able to dance. Sitting on the old couch downstairs and listening to one of the roommates talk about patriarchal structure, I would glance across the room into the pier glass, see myself nodding to what was being said, and think, Who is that nodding? Someone who was under construction, someone unmanned, lifted out of his male husk. Often I felt as if I'd wandered into a city of women.

The PRC's women were stone-faced, square-shouldered; in that city of women, they were the caryatids. I saw two of them at one of the cooperative restaurants where I ate; they were clearly gay, and my sense was heightened of living in a place where a culture that had little to do with my own appetites was establishing itself. The *Star and Tribune* raised the gay question as an aside in a news story but never addressed it head-on. There were things people didn't talk about. When a male writer in a gay newspaper wrote an article characterizing the porn amendment as a sort of radical-feminist-lesbian Trojan horse wheeled into City Hall by women in flannel shirts (male gays tended to oppose the bill), I quoted the line in a story and later opened the

paper to find it had been cut. Time to keep head down, I thought.

The other side had the floor. When anything happened, everyone waited to hear what PRC had to say about it. After a disturbed, viously institutionalized woman set herself in a protest against porn inside a news shop summer, all the media called the PRC spokeswoman likened the burn victim to Norman Morrison, a Quaker who had killed himself outside the Pentagon in 1965 after U.S. bombing raids had killed scores of Vietnamese civilians. Then a group of PRC women gathered on the sidewalk outside a porn theater on I Street to make an official statement. While mentioning the woman's decision, it acknowledged the burning "as an act of political protest" noted that women live "under conditions of political and sexual terrorism." They dispersed without answering questions (though they regrouped and reread the statement for a late arriving TV crew).

The conference had the urgency of a meeting with guerrillas in the mountains. I respected their power, and wanted to know what their agenda meant for me.

"A socially constructed sexuality": that was what one feminist had termed the goal of the antiporn amendment. This was what I wanted to see when I asked the PRC lady to show me one reformed man; it was the concept she was always struggling with.

A night last winter. My girlfriend and I had gone to see the film *Blade Runner*, about which the paper I work for had printed a listing written in the winking language of men. "Watch for the snake lady," it said. I understood from that, correctly, that the snake lady would be nude.

And now, on the way back, my girlfriend said she agreed with a friend's statement that the movie was violent toward women.

Irritated, I pause to calculate. "There were five people killed in that movie," I say. "Three of them were men."

"Yes, but the way the women were killed."

"The way they were killed?" I whack the steering wheel. "Those schmucks were killed horribly. They crushed that guy's skull with a camera."

She's quiet. I've been yelling. I refocus on the road.

She says, "It was sexual, the way they were killed. The snake woman was naked through that clear raincoat. And Daryl Hannah looked like she was having an orgasm when she died."

"What do you mean?" I say.

"The leotard she had on. She might as well have been naked."

"That's ridiculous," I say. In fact, I am dis-

nted in Hannah; I had thought the movie
s made early enough in her career that there
uld be a nude scene, but there hadn't been.
'You could practically see her nipples," my
friend says.

'You couldn't."

'You could."

'You couldn't," I say.

My voice, swelling with anger, fills the car. "I
ow," I say. "I was looking for them."

The sound reverberates. I haven't lost my
nper like this in years, and there's a stunned
ence. She and I pad into her house separately.
It's another hour before we speak to each oth-
I apologize. "You're right," I say. "I see now
at the deaths of the women were sexualized in
way that the men's were not."

I hear myself speaking in an alien language.
e words pile up, lodge in my throat like some-
thing friable and dry that others have
formed with their hands.

Reconstruction started and stalled. Sexual-
d violence was abhorrent, yes. But mere ob-
tification? I faltered.

The antiporners were emphatic. The very act
looking at a naked model was an artifact of

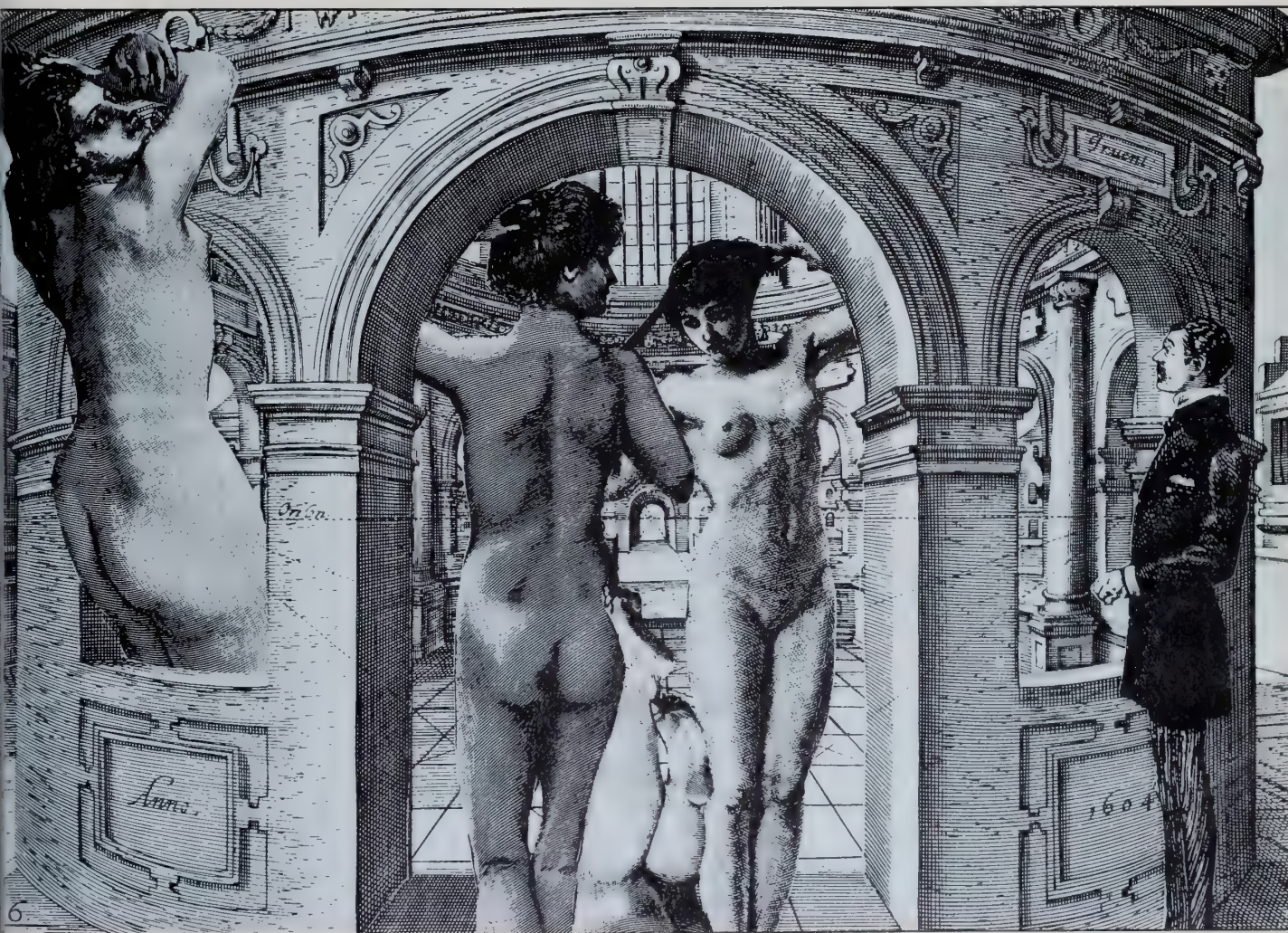
male supremacy, the reduction of women to
chattel. The women in the pictures had had no
choice when they posed. In fact, the ordinance
would have allowed participants in pornography
to sue for its suppression on the grounds that
they had been coerced. The ordinance defined
coercion very broadly; it could include consen-
sual arrangements that the models later simply
regretted.

The ordinance was saying that pornography is
the inevitable condition of women in our soci-
ety. Often I saw right-thinking men express
similar views. Thus, *Washington Post* columnist
Richard Cohen, who suggested that Vanessa
Williams was a social victim; she had learned to
value herself for the wrong things, both as beau-
ty queen and porn subject.

What both Cohen and the antiporn legisla-
tion said was, in essence, just: people should be
able to make of themselves what they want.
And yet a universe of feeling was being flattened
in the ethical rush. Vanessa Williams had a
beautiful body. More, its display was plainly
something she too had taken pleasure in. Sexual
display is a way in which people feel valued,
connect themselves without really connecting.

But there was still the sexism. Women were

*The antiporners
were emphatic.
The very act
of looking at a
naked model
was an artifact
of male
supremacy*



'Men are going
to have to stand
up and own
their use of
porn. They
have to explain
what goes on
with them when
they look at it'

almost universally the subjects of porn (that endless line of \$10-an-hour models), and though they might enjoy it, they were passive. It seemed always to be a man's eyes at work.

Of course, I could reply to myself, the roles were changing. Women also could be producers, like the women who were putting out porn focusing on male subjects for a women's home video market. I was like the urban liberal who hopes that a criminal suspect will turn out to be white—I wanted the blame spread equally. I got encouragement from *Elbowing the Seducer*, a fine and sexually explicit novel by T. Gertler, a woman, in which it was suggested that the protagonist, a writer, had taken the genderless byline D. Lietman so that she might appropriate a male privilege: the creation of prose with a pornographic component. Progress, I thought.

In the end, though, women's porn wasn't going to resolve my Minneapolis problem. As long as men's and women's roles in society were different, the porn would be, too. There would always be objections. This was the cul-de-sac the year kept driving me toward: men and women would always be at odds. I could never forget a scene at one of Matthew Stark's appearances when a woman friend of his, crouched and crying, her hands tensed like claws, renounced their friendship. My own women friends would always disagree with me. And there'd always be the women's reverence for their own fantasies, which they felt were inherently purer than the stuff of iv, v, vi, etc. Pornography "is violence" against women, Sheila Kitzinger, a respected anthropologist, baldly stated on one page of *Woman's Experience of Sex*, while elsewhere in the book, amid photographs of a woman pleasuring herself, women were told that "fantasy can be the poetry of sex."

Of course, we men didn't have Kitzingers. We had Gucciones, ethical Richard Cohens, and so on. But there was no corresponding male language of sexuality, no poets, intellectuals, advocates.

In retrospect, I see that we did have Tim Campbell. But Tim Campbell had been easy to ignore, and I didn't read him till months after the furor died down. Campbell was gay and ran the *GLC Voice*, a newspaper largely serving gays ("poofers," he called them). I'd avoided him for a bunch of reasons. He was given to ad hominem attacks (Dworkin suffered, he said, from a "lack of prettiness"). Also, he'd become a participant in the conflict. "I believe that the objectification of the sensual model is a healthy part of sexual experience," he'd said, and his home had been spray-painted, perhaps by the same people who decorated the sex shop a few

blocks away with the slogan, "Castrate Porn Users."

When I read Campbell's back issues in the library, I saw that he'd had my number. "I believe that men are going to have to do more than avoid the issues of content of pornography and satisfactorily deal with the 'radical feminists,'" he wrote. "Men are going to have to stand up and own their use of pornography. They are going to have to explain what goes on with them as they view pornography. And they are going to have to communicate a little better with straight women over their use of *Playboy*-like material . . . the Brownmillers of the world have got a lot of women convinced that dirty, rotter awful things pass through straight men's minds when they look at pornography. There will be no peace over this issue until that lie is squashed. If it is not a lie, then maybe the 'radical feminists' should win."

His challenge still hangs there. I picture him big and gourd-shaped, a redheaded satyrish figure in a tight brown suit at the back of the room during City Hall press conferences, "asking" his 50-second questions about porn. He wants an answer from me.

What I'd say is that porn's reductions, even its degradations, seem to go on in a feverish, removed zone. Because these thoughts are unspeakable, because they violate norms, they've always seemed grotesque to me; they breed the conviction that I'm different and outrageous. Yet what relation do they bear to my actions? A study by two female researchers of women who read romance novels—a form of "mild pornography" generally entailing the rape of a young woman by an older man with whom she later falls in love—found that, despite savoring such Near Eastern fantasies, the readers expressed "liberal views" of a woman's place in society. Their porn is private, and I'm with them there. Porn, and the fantasies porn fosters, is like so many of the other dreams and movies that go on in one head, that make life interesting. But I don't visualize emirs and pashas, nothing B.C. It's American, rock and roll era. What makes it male? Maybe that it's so gritty in detail, so aggressively superficial, nothing gossamer, nothing violent either. It's kaleidoscopic, with the frantic pacing and sudden absorption of an MTV video, and featuring the weird synecdoche of photographs: the reduction of a person to a close-up detail. As I say, often it seems grotesque. But I observe myself—living in Minneapolis has made me do that much—and I'm convinced that world is successfully private. It's about connecting without real connection: the flaring wants one hand and does not act on, but which are still desires that one turns over in one's mind and does not seek to make into facts of life.

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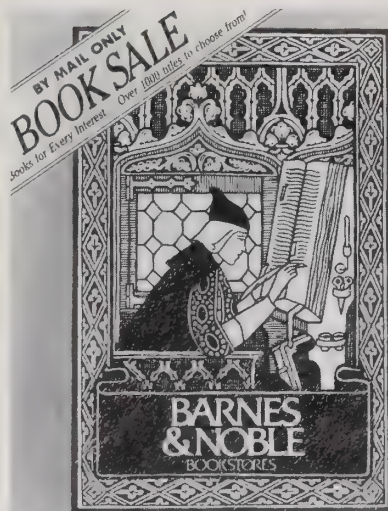
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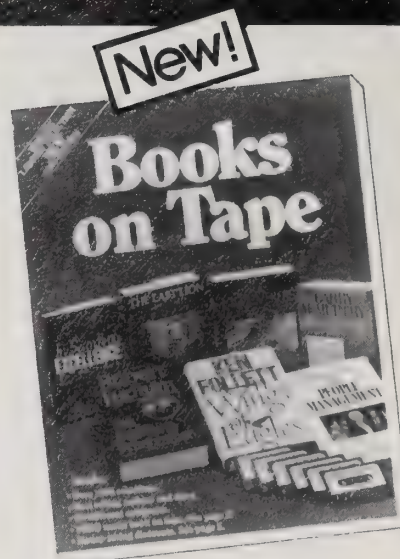
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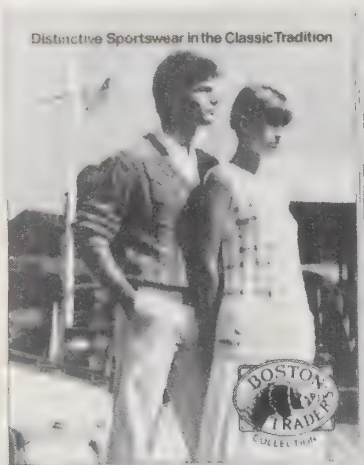
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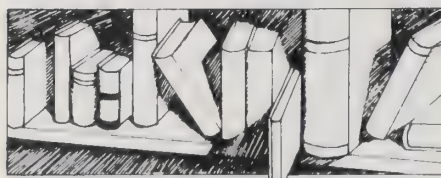
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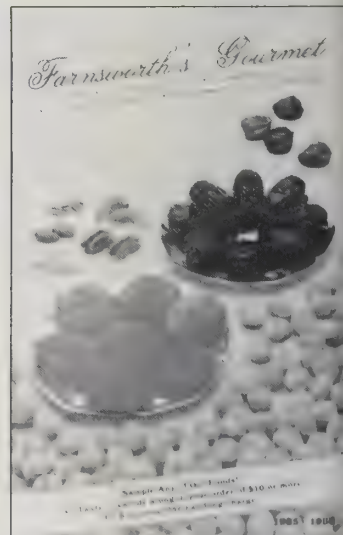
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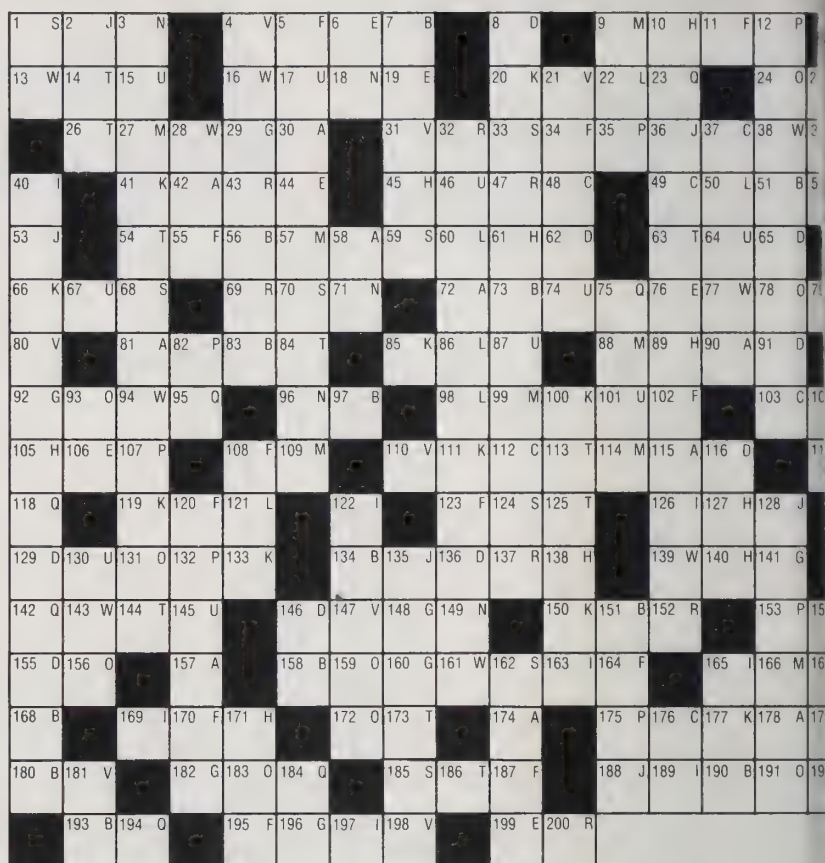
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DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 39

by Thomas H. Middleton

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The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 79.



CLUES

- A. "It was a' for our _____" (2 wds., Robert Burns)
58 157 115 42 81 30 178 72
174 90 192
- B. Something awful; very much (4 wds.)
190 73 168 180 7 158 51 151
56 193 134 83 97
- C. Mischievous
37 49 112 103 176 48 25
- D. Is strongly attracted or moved (toward)
79 65 129 136 8 91 155 146
116 62
- E. Progressive
76 106 6 19 199 167 44
- F. Yep, O.K., and sure, e.g.
120 102 123 34 195 108 170 164
5 11 55 187
- G. Turned down
92 148 29 160 182 196 141
- H. Sea devil (2 wds.)
127 10 105 171 45 89 140 61
138
- I. At present
163 189 126 197 165 122 40 169
- J. Figure-skating patterns
36 135 188 2 53 128
- K. Unskilled laborers
20 111 52 85 133 150 66 177
100 41 119
- L. Low; paltry
98 86 22 60 50 121

- M. Bound, fastened
114 27 99 166 57 9 109 88
- N. Its capital is San'a
149 71 96 3 18
- O. Big Glenn Miller favorite (3 wds.)
172 191 156 183 93 24 159 131
78
- P. "_____ of creeds outworn" (2 wds.; Shelley, *Prometheus Unbound*)
175 82 12 35 132 107 153
- Q. Great English potter (1730-95)
75 184 23 179 142 118 194 95
- R. Not disposed of by will
104 32 69 137 47 117 43 200
152
- S. Plucked; jerked
68 185 59 1 33 70 124 162
- T. Best-selling Am. author (*April Morning*, *The Hessian*; full name)
63 14 125 144 113 54 173 186
26 84
- U. Entirely unexpected-ly (4 wds.)
74 46 145 17 101 15 154 64
130 39 67 87
- V. White hellebore of Europe
31 181 110 147 4 80 21 198
- W. Derided, rejected (2 wds.)
161 94 28 13 143 77 16 139
38

TTERS

inued from page 7

ng nicely with health, econom-
and law enforcement, included
ne who believed that we have the
to control our own bodies. Isn't
gical to believe that the govern-
t has as much, or as little, right to
drugs thought to poison our bod-
s to ban books that might poison
minds?

d Kahn
York, N.Y.

nseling the Pro-Lifers

have rarely been as offended by
ning as I was by the excerpt from
manual "How to Start and Oper-
a Pro-Life Out-Reach Pregnancy
vice Center" ["Pro-Life 'Abortion
ics,' *Harper's Magazine*, Decem-
1985]. When will the pro-life ad-
vates realize that abortion is a
cult enough decision for most
g women to make? The idea that
ife clinics should be near abor-
clinics to catch the unsuspecting
most vulnerable is disgusting.
ortion is not a decision most wom-
ake lightly. It is a desperate deci-
made when there are no other
ces. The false advertising and
disclosure suggested in the man-
reek of fraud. Do these people
k their message is so important
it should be allowed to destroy
need for honesty and integrity?
the pro-life advocates are really
ied about unwanted pregnancy,
don't they take positive steps to
ce the problem? I'm willing to
er any amount that the "abortion
c" offers no birth control infor-
on. Birth control, and proper use
, is the only solution to this dese-
te situation. We can reduce abor-
only if we reduce unwanted preg-
cies.

a Weisman
ene, Ore.

he excerpt from the manual for
polishing pro-life "abortion alter-
ve" centers shows an obvious dis-
on the part of the anti-abortion
ps for the health and well-being

of both the pregnant woman and the
fetus.

Before the slide-show viewing, the
woman is told to feel free to smoke,
and during "abortion counseling" she
is invited to have a cup of coffee with
the counselor.

It is common knowledge today that
expectant mothers who don't forgo
tobacco and caffeine products often
have babies with low birth weight and
related health problems. It seems that
the pro-life groups, while urging
women away from choosing abortion,
do little to foster concern for the
health of the fetus they wish to bring
to life.

Michele Kantor
Santa Monica, Calif.

March Index Sources

1, 2 Center on Budget and Policy Priorities (Washington, D.C.); 3 *Poverty in America: Trends and New Patterns*, by William P. O'Hare (Population Reference Bureau, Washington, D.C.); 4, 5 *The Divorce Revolution: The Unexpected Social and Economic Consequences for Women and Children in America*, by Lenore J. Weitzman (The Free Press); 6 Surrogate Parenting, Inc. (Louisville, Ky.); 7, 8 National Center for Health Statistics (Hyattsville, Md.); 9, 10 Planned Parenthood Federation of America (Washington, D.C.) and Louis Harris and Associates (New York City) poll; 11, 12 Ford Motor Company (Dearborn, Mich.); 13, 14, 15, 16 *New York Times*; 17, 18 Embassy of the Federal Republic of Germany (Washington, D.C.); 19 *Wall Street Journal*; 20 *Africa News* (Durham, N.C.); 21, 22 *Washington Post/Harper's* research; 23 Senate Democratic Policy Committee/National Archives (Washington, D.C.); 24 American Sports Data (Hartsdale, N.Y.); 25 Amateur Athletic Union (Indianapolis, Ind.); 26, 27 *National Food Review* (U.S. Department of Agriculture); 28 *Crain's New York Business*; 29 Cadwell Davis Partners (New York City); 30 Vanity Fair Mills (Monroeville, Ala.); 31 American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons (Chicago); 32 Dale Carnegie and Associates (Garden City, N.Y.); 33, 34 Centers for Disease Control (Atlanta); 35 International Pet Cemetery Association (South Bend, Ind.); 36 Media General (Richmond) and Associated Press poll; 37, 38 *Times Mirror* (Los Angeles) and Gallup Organization (Princeton, N.J.) poll; 39 Pat Paulsen.

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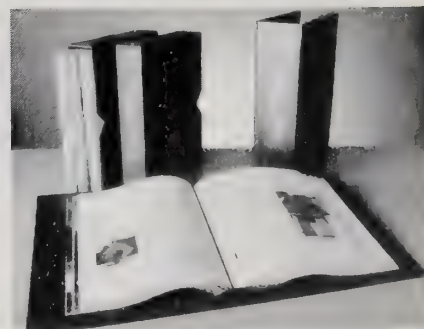
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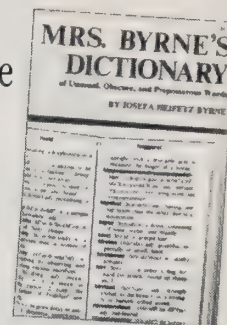
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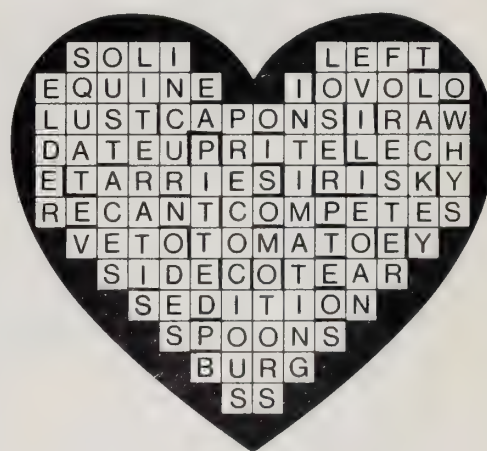


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SOLUTION TO THE FEBRUARY PUZZLE



NOTES FOR "HEARTS & EMBRACES"

ACROSS: 1. GAS(O)LINE, anagram; 5. C-LE(F)TS; 8. SEQUINED, anagram; 10. PROVO-LONE; 12. LUCK-
IEST, anagram; 13. CAPTIONS, hidden in reverse; 15. DRAW-N; 17. SEDATELY, anagram; 19. RIP(O)STE,
anagram; 20. LEE-CH; 21. ST(A-RR-IE)ST; 23. FRI-SKY; 24. RE-CREANT (anagram); 25. COM(P-LET)ES; 27.
COVE-TO-US; 29. AUT(O)MAT(O)NS, anagram; 31. (p)RESIDENT; 32. TE(MP-L)A-R; 33. SEDIMENTATION,
anagram; 34. S-POKES-PER-SONS; 35. HAMBURGERS, anagram. DOWN: 1. SASQUATCH, anagram; 2.
OUTPOST, anagram; 3. OBL(ITER)ATION, anagram of RITE; 4. P(INC)URL; 5. C(L)OSERS, anagram; 6. RE-
VILE, hidden in reverse; 7. FORECASTER, anagram; 8. WELDERS, anagram; 9. INTIMI(anagram)-DATING;
11. BLAC(K EYE), anagram; 14. PREC(ON-SC..)IOUS; 16. WHISK-EYS (anagram); 18. PITA-PATTED; 22. AC-
QUIRES, "a choir's"; 26. EOLIAN, anagram; 28. MO(DE)ST; 30. MOTI(V)ATORS, anagram.

SOLUTION TO FEBRUARY DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 38). ANA CARRIGAN: SALVADOR WIT-
NESS. For the Salvadoran poor a neighbor was someone with whom one shared whatever small posses-
sions one had—an extra chair or dishes, a shirt or a freshly laundered dress. A neighbor was someone
who cooked for the family next door if the mother was taken ill.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together
with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 39, Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New
York, N.Y. 10012. Entries must be received by March 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions
opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to Harper's Magazine. The solution will be
printed in the April issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 37 (January) are Ann Jacobson, Conroe,
Texas; Edward V. Scoby, Park Ridge, Illinois; and Charles Unger, Long Branch, New Jersey.

PUZZLE

□□□□□ Puzzle

by E.R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

The solver must complete the title above. Five conventional cryptic clues are provided for the missing word:

- 22A 7D (5)
- 30A 34A 28D (5)
- 44A 37A 21A (5)
- 1D 9D (5)
- 3D 18A (5)

Clue answers include two proper names, at least one uncommon word (24A), and a common phrase (10D) not in the dictionary. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

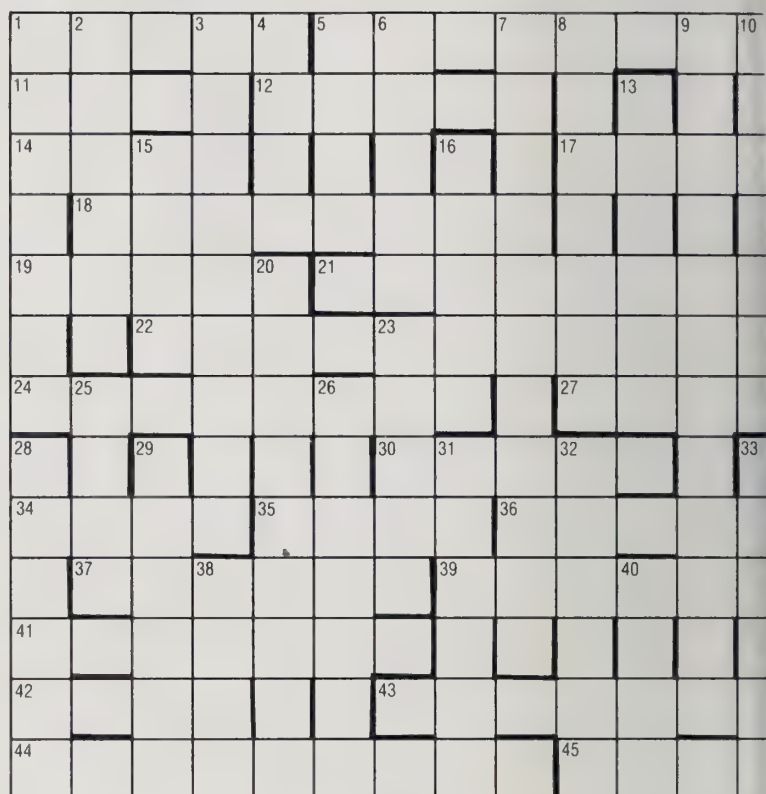
The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 79.

Across

1. Sneezing's ending in a top cold (5)
5. One vehicle going back, another forward, at game of chance (8)
11. Penologist conceals criminal plea (4)
12. A lobby reversed one concept of a supreme being (5)
14. Love period brought back fracas (2-2)
17. Leader expected to admit head of Congress (4)
18. (8)
19. Unsophisticated French spa is making a comeback (5)
21. (2,1,5)
22. (4,5,2)
24. It takes guts to be this Roman prophet! . . . could give Rex a push! (8)
27. Crack traitor initially after government agent is turned (4)
30. (5)
34. (4)
35. 0 to \$1,000 . . . could be 45 (4)
36. \$1,000 weapon, one with supernatural force? (5)
37. (6)
39. I'll net perhaps one bean (6)
41. Root for Cardinal playing without number (7)
42. Doctor leaves city in New Jersey for city in Normandy (4)
43. Sells stake and beams (7)
44. (4,5)
45. Mischievous support (4)

Down

1. (6,1)
2. Half-scrambled eggs (two of them) inside spongy fruit (6)



3. (4,5)
4. When the cock crows . . . it's like a crow, putting name to it (4)
5. Spot the second offering at the auction? (4)
6. Spent two pounds infiltrating an office-holder (3-2)
7. (5,6)
8. Designer, with genetic material, raises manlike robot (7)
9. (6,6)
10. Drive to these crashes (3,4)
13. Food, so it's said, for the Dionnes (6)
15. Tease Democrat first . . . just a little bit (4)
16. They're pressing suits and fancy ribbons, one hears (5)
20. Gets comfortable in children's concession (9)
23. Compensation includes time allotted (5)
25. Get next to brass on the way up (4)
26. Show age replacing labor leader in plant (7)
28. (6)
29. I'm comparatively vulgar, even when losing my head! (6)
31. Surface characteristics of sand ridge around Long Island (6)
32. Incantation is almost something that could catch a guy (6)
33. Fight about a light carriage (6)
38. Bark comes from distemper in dogs (4)
40. Toot a bit of Telemann with musical aptitude (4)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "□□□□□ Puzzle," Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. Entries must be received by March 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the May issue. Winners of the January puzzle, "Misprints," are Elnor Kamath, Menlo Park, Calif.; Mrs. Peter Pritchard, Santa Fe, N.M.; and Wayne H. Thomas, Sacramento, Calif. If you already subscribe to *Harper's Magazine*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label.

April 1986

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APRIL 1986



HARPER'S



WHAT DOES GOVERNMENT OWE THE POOR?

Welfare, Race, and the Wealth of a Nation

Jesse Jackson Charles Murray

A STUDY IN RED

Zambia Succumbs to Its Debts

By Edward Zuckerman

LESS IS LESS

The Dwindling American Short Story

By Madison Bell

THE IMPRESARIO

A story by Isaac Bashevis Singer

Also: Remarks by Gordon Lish, George W. S. Trow,
Benvenisti, Marguerite Duras

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Sun Company manager
of the Big Horn Ranch
and Reclamation
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think small

THINK BIG!

It once was common in business to see that phrase with exclamation point, capital letters and sometimes even printed in red.

Now, a lot of people seem to be saying it's best to think small.

They believe that as a corporation grows, it somehow loses its entrepreneurial spirit. Somewhere along the line, the argument goes, economies of scale cease to work the way they're supposed to, and the law of diminishing returns takes hold.

There is some truth and some myth in this.

The truth is that well-established, traditional businesses can be caught in their own managerial bureaucracy. They can evolve into organizations that act as caretakers for what's already in place, rather than as innovators and builders seeking to create something new. They can be too cautious. Successful entrepreneurs create companies that grow. The key to continued success is the ability to retain the entrepreneurial spirit.

It's a myth that the entrepreneurial spirit is incompatible with corporate growth. Actually, the need to identify, develop and manage the risk and reward relationship in any business, large or small, demands imagination and creativity on a large scale and on a consistent basis.

A business with a large volume of sales has the capital to sustain a large research effort to develop new products, improve existing ones, and expand its markets.

It can invest in improved facilities and equipment. It can attract and retain the best people. It can do all this and more as long as it doesn't lose those qualities which enabled it to grow in the first place.

Those qualities are imagination and creativity. That's another way of saying a big business has to think small. Not "small" in terms of size, but "small" in the sense of thinking like a small entrepreneurial business.

That means short lines of communications to keep managers free of bureaucratic shackles. It means delegating responsibility to those who are the closest to the customer and his needs and wants. Those managers in close touch with the marketplace are in the best position to anticipate changes and to adapt to new conditions.

Thinking small also means encouraging initiative by offering direction rather than by emphasizing restrictions. And it means grasping opportunities that present themselves—and creating opportunities where none exist.

Think small—it's a bold idea. But bold ideas are needed to be successful and big.



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LETTERS

The Problem

The panelists at the forum "What Is Our Drug Problem?" [*Harper's Magazine*, December 1985] didn't have any special insights to share with us. Each of them dutifully rose up on his hind legs and barked or growled when his turn came, but it all amounted more to a polling of temperamental predilections than to a collage of useful perceptions. (Rudolph Giuliani, for example, proved himself a man of the "If thine eye offend thee, then pluck it out" school. Name a disease, he'll demand a vigorous cure of the symptoms. Dandruff? Cut off your head. Car doesn't start? Drive it off the breakwater.)

When the solving of large and spacious problems is done in a conference room, it is common for panelists to have nothing much to say—this makes it easier on everybody. And as the substance of a discussion diminishes, the form becomes increasingly discernible. The drug forum, in fact, was so near to being formally perfect—so lacking in substance—that I have used it to create a model for problem solving. This model exposes the pure mechanics of the discussion of a problem. It may be applied to

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

any specific problem simply by adding the appropriate adjective between "America's" and "problem"—America's drug problem, America's economic problem, and so on.

Herewith, the model:

I.

MARK D. DANNER: What is the problem? The traditional response might run as follows: There is a problem and it's getting worse. But someone might offer a different answer: For some reason, our government thinks the problem is very large and getting bigger, but really it isn't. Mr. Kleiman, perhaps you can give us some idea of the problem as it exists today.

MARK A. R. KLEIMAN: As you mentioned, we have a problem. You could say, however, that it is a large problem, made up of small problems.

DANNER: What are they?

ARNOLD S. TREBACH: Well, there is the problem of people doing things, and there is the problem of people not doing things, and then there is the problem of some people objecting to what other people do, or don't do. The problem may be as much in the general objection as in the specific problem. Also, numbers can be seen as a problem. Numbers of dollars, for example, and numbers of people.

DANNER: How many people, how many dollars, and for what?

REBACH: First of all, the number of people is directly related to the number of dollars. With a single individual—one person—you wouldn't expect to see a number like \$250 million. But if we're talking about many people, or a whole society, the number could quite easily be in the trillions. In terms of sheer numbers, the biggest numbers are the worst, but the smaller numbers are of some—generally smaller—concern as well. Though in some cases, relatively small numbers hide relatively large problems, I suspect.

DANNER: Mr. Stutman, how is the number changing? Do you see the problem increasing?

ROBERT M. STUTMAN: First of all, there are many numbers. Some numbers have gone up—become worse, if you want to look at it that way—while others have gone down. A recent study showed an astonishing number. And that means we will have a devastating problem five years down the road.

RUDOLPH W. GIULIANI: I agree that at least one problem is a gigantic problem—this is my own special area of concern. It may be five or even ten times worse than a decade ago, and growing all the time.

LUIS G. GARCIA: Yes, and you can see this reflected in the marketplace.

GIULIANI: Exactly. But there are also different kinds of problems, some bad, and some worse, depending on where you look and who you know.

DANNER: So official organizations suggest that some problems are localized and relatively easy to stamp out, while others are widespread, not just geographically, but across social classes.

GIULIANI: That's right. I would go to some places to solve some problems, and to different places to solve others.

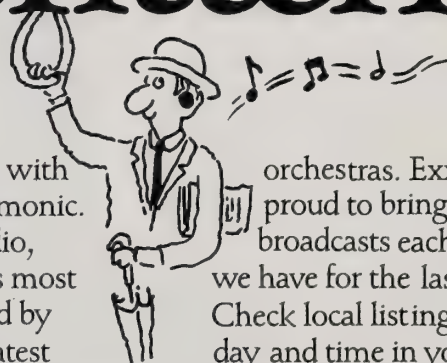
DANNER: So why is a problem found among the wealthy?

REBACH: Who knows.

ESTER GRINSPOON: Search me.

STUTMAN: There's always the cost-benefit factor—people do what they

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want unless the penalty, or cost, hurts them. Richer people are harder to hurt, or penalize, and are therefore more likely to do what they like. This is a problem. Money is not the only problem, but some people think it is. Our young people are ripe to become a serious problem if they are not taught to understand this, especially if they don't have a lot of money.

KLEIMAN: But my statistics show that fewer than 10 percent of Americans who are a problem are a serious problem.

GRINSPOON: The problem here is the word "serious." Some people define it one way, some another. For example, a problem may not be a problem at all if it does not seem like a problem. According to this definition, a small or even a medium-size problem may not be a big problem.

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG: A comparison might be to being in love. That can be a problem. But if a fellow doesn't think it's a problem, then it isn't.

GRINSPOON: That's a good analogy, Ernest. It's a human weakness to get yourself into problems.

HERBERT LONDON: We have to look not only at what problems do to people, but at why people let themselves in for them in the first place. I think the middle class in this country was sold a bill of goods; they were told something was one thing, but it turned out to be something else.

GIULIANI: Most of the people in this country who now have problems were told at the outset that there were no problems. In the movies they saw, in the songs they listened to, in the words of their heroes, things were depicted as "all right." A mind-set was created, and it will take more than three or four years to turn it around.

DANNER: Why are you so certain that when people are told they have a problem, they will decide to stop having it? It seems to me that's taking a rather sanguine view of human nature.

LONDON: I am not talking about informing people, but about frightening them. The problem is, people aren't

afraid. We relied on our educational system to frighten them, but it didn't do that at all.

GRINSPOON: We frightened them, all right, but the result is that they no longer take us seriously. We said all problems are frightening, but they discovered that some really aren't, so now they don't believe anything the government says. Young people discovered on their own that some problems are frightening, and they learned to avoid them.

TREBACH: Even now, much of what the government says is not true. Many things that are portrayed as problems are really not problems at all.

STUTMAN: The point is to convince people that problems really are problems. I think Dr. London is right that it's more a question of frightening them than of giving them facts. Kids I talk to who are afraid of things don't do things they're afraid of. And surveys bear this out.

GRINSPOON: If the diminution in the number of young people who have problems is a function of the government's fear campaign, the policy will eventually backfire. If you tell people lies to frighten them, they will eventually figure out that you're telling lies and they won't be frightened anymore. This is not education but miseducation.

GIULIANI: Why is it miseducation to tell people little white lies?

GRINSPOON: Because they are not altogether true.

GIULIANI: So it's good for people to do bad things?

GRINSPOON: There are circumstances where it might be.

GIULIANI: That's ridiculous! I have one question for you, Doctor: Should we be telling people that something bad isn't really so bad?

DANNER: Now wait, what kind of question is that? Is there really a clear answer? Or are we in fact disagreeing about values, about which truth—that some people have problems, or that most people don't—is most appropriate to guide public policy?

KLEIMAN: Certainly some facts are relevant. The problem is that honest answers don't necessarily produce fear. It's hard to prove that bad things are bad when there is no real evidence that they are. Maybe the only way we can control behavior is to tell kids that things they like to do will kill them. But we'd be lying.

TREBACH: That's why I don't tell them that. I say, "Look, compared to some things, some things are worse than others." My hope is that we can help people make up their own minds, instead of scaring them to death, as we tried to do in the past.

GIULIANI: In fact, we've done just the opposite: we haven't scared them enough.

II.

DANNER: Is that the basis of our policies, Mr. Giuliani? You're actively involved in preventing problems by force. What do you see yourself as doing?

GIULIANI: Teaching, first of all. The most general purpose of the law is to teach. Laws against things say firmly that it is against the law to do these things. Of course, the law also happens to be one of the ways in which society controls people's behavior; it does this by saying that things are against the law.

VAN DEN HAAG: In practice, some laws don't work. The time has come to ask ourselves about laws that don't work.

GIULIANI: The percentage of laws that work perfectly is absolutely meaningless. We are not perfect in deterring murder—does that mean we should go out and murder everyone?

STUTMAN: Enforcement is effective. We've had some striking successes. Dr. Grinspoon attributed the decline in some problems to the fact that people were frightened. But it's also true that we've solved some problems by making them go away.

TREBACH: Sure, we can make some problems go away, but we will never

able to make them all go away—
thout, that is, creating massive
blems. Pressure is building. We
e moving toward increasingly re-
lting methods. This is the road
e're on; if we continue down it, I see
very bleak future. Why not look at
ch problem and devise approaches
at make sense? Things that are il-
gal could be made legal. We've seen
at this method can work. Today,
ere are fewer problems than before
cause of ways of solving them. So
n suggesting new approaches to
blems. Otherwise, terrible things
ll happen.

NDON: Consider the social conse-
quences of your proposal. Warnings
on't make people stay out of trou-
e. If things go on getting worse,
ey'll get worse in many ways.

AN DEN HAAG: You assume things
ll get worse under Mr. Trebach's
an. I don't think that's correct.
fter one problem was legalized it be-
me worse, but not all that much
orse. Anyway, laws aren't much use
r many problems. And problems are
lf-limiting. Only a small percentage
people who aren't stopped from
tting into trouble actually get into
ouble.

RINSPOON: There's no question that
e way of solving problems is to
ake them illegal. On the other
nd, this tends to make more things
egal. When I visited Texas I found
at many people were in jail. Being
jail is a big problem, and it may in-
ct be bigger than the initial prob-
m. It costs a lot of money, for
arters.

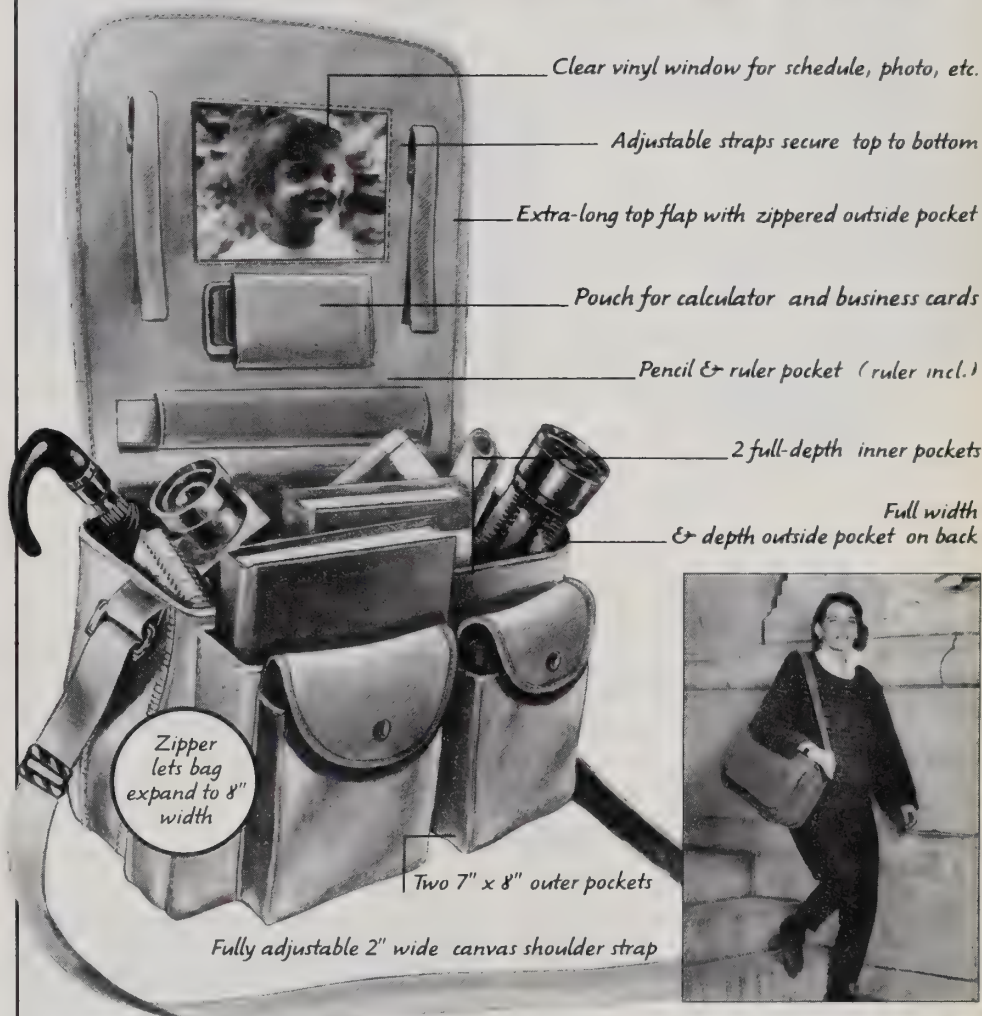
ULIANI: The statement that making
ings illegal costs taxpayers a lot of
oney just isn't true. Compared to
me things, it's a small amount of
oney.

RINSPOON: I don't know if that's a
od argument or a bad argument.

ULIANI: It's a good argument. Actu-
ly, your argument about making
legal problems legal is a bad argu-
ment. It is silly, distorted, and irrele-
nt. I think dangerous problems are
tremely dangerous. That's not an

Continued on page 74

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NOTEBOOK

Scorecard

By Lewis H. Lapham

Nowhere more naively than in banknotes does capitalism display itself in solemn earnest. The innocent cupids frolicking about numbers, the goddesses holding tablets of the law, the stalwart heroes sheathing their swords before monetary units are a world of their own: ornamenting the facade of hell.

—Walter Benjamin

In Washington as well as Hollywood it has long been an article of faith that "communist subversion" is one of the most certain of the world's evils. Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger offers it as justification for any sudden or belligerent movement of the American fleet. His companions on the militant right, among them Secretary of State George Shultz and the theorists at the Heritage Foundation, speak of it as if it were a pesticide guaranteed by the manufacturer to do its awful work within seventy-two hours of being sprayed on a free and democratic society. Chuck Norris and Sylvester Stallone decorate the movie screen with images of Soviet malevolence. Whether cast as military advisers in Angola, terrorists in Rome, propagandists in Berlin, the agents of the Evil Empire never rest from their labors; their victory is always imminent, their monstrous armament and seductive polemic never more than a few miles over the innocent horizon.

Like Shultz and Weinberger, the producers of front-line espionage dramas have a pressing need for cash. Obligated to solicit weapons appropriations or draw a crowd of paying customers, they must invent frightful apparitions. I'm sure that some of their advertising has some basis in fact, and I don't doubt that the world is filled with people who would like nothing better than to wreck the

American bandwagon and break the American promise. What I question is the effectiveness of communist subversion as a means of destruction. Without intending any slight on the prowess of the KGB, it strikes me that the agents of capitalist subversion can do a good deal more damage to free and democratic societies than all the villains in all the Russias.

If I were the president of a Third World nation still prosperous enough to keep the airport open, I would be far more frightened by a well-dressed gentleman bringing loans from the IMF or Citibank than by a bearded guerrilla muttering threats of revolution. Even if the guerrilla commanded 2,000 followers in the mountains, all of them familiar with bad translations of *Das Kapital*, he could do little more than loot a provincial town or blow up an occasional train.

But the banker—the smiling, soft-spoken, impeccably reasonable banker drinking iced gin on the veranda—that fine gentleman might furnish me with a line of credit on laughably easy terms. Were I foolish enough or desperate enough to accept his deal—and if I weren't foolish or desperate he probably wouldn't have taken the trouble to stop by—within five years, or maybe six or eight, I could expect to see the country in ruins.

Compare the effects of communist and capitalist subversion over the last quarter of a century, and I think the record will show that the instruments of debt have proved far more harmful to the hope of human freedom than Kalashnikov rifles. (See "A Study in Red," page 48, as well as "Beyond the Soviet Threat," page 18.)

On his accession to the White House in the winter of 1961, John F. Kennedy confronted a world in which most of the obvious evidence favored the cause of a communist triumph.

The Communist parties in Italy and France had a chance of acquiring their respective governments by popular vote. The nations of Eastern Europe, still referred to as "captive nations," were muffled in the silence that followed the suppression of Hungary. Egypt had strayed into the shadow of communist dread. China and the Soviet Union were suspected of forming an ideological hegemony across the whole of Asia. The newly independent states of western Africa looked as if they might choose communist ways of government as proof of their emancipation from the chains of the old colonialism.

Twenty years later, on President Reagan's arrival in the White House the specter of communist subversion was visible only to those people paid to make the ritual gestures of dismay. The Communist parties in Western Europe have fallen into the category of irrelevance occupied by obscure religious sects. In the French election of 1984, the Communist Party attracted only 11 percent of the vote for the European Parliament, and in Italy the political conversation turns not on the questions of ideology but on the pleasures of conspicuous consumption known as *edonismo reaganiano*. Most of Africa remains free of communist regimes. In Eastern Europe the Marxist-Leninist dogma has been so weakened since the early 1960s as to have become the stuff of satirical songs. China has drifted out of the Soviet field of gravity; so have India and Egypt.

But over the span of the same twenty-five years the agents of capitalist subversion—i.e., the money lenders supplying cheap credit to the poorer nations of the earth—have done the work of invading armies. The burden of debt now weighs so heavily on so many countries that col-

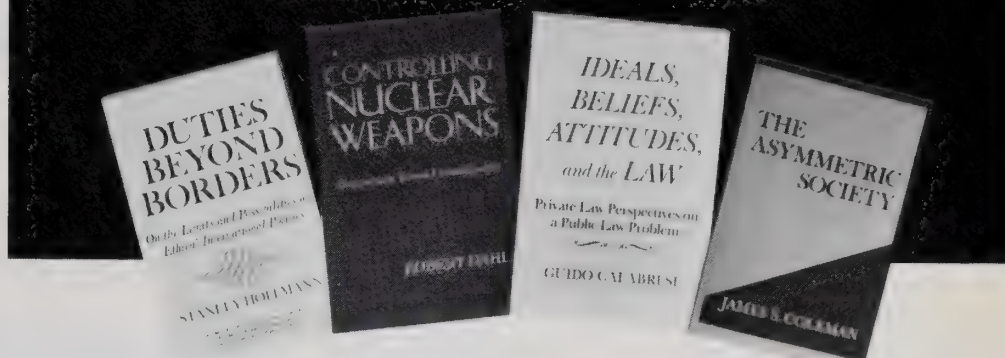
actively they owe well over \$1 trillion to the systems of international finance. Their governments must borrow ever more money merely to pay the interest on their loans. Nobody even speaks of repaying the principal.

Consider the catastrophes in progress in, among other places, Mexico, Argentina, Bolivia, Venezuela, Zambia, Zaire, Niger, Chad, Ghana, Jamaica, and Trinidad—all beneficiaries of munificent credit from their bountiful friends in London and New York. I don't question the motives of the gentlemen providing the loans. I am sure they meant well; maybe they were thoughtless or greedy or vain. Their intentions matter less than the consequences of their charity.

After fifteen years on credit, the debtor nation as likely as not found itself in a condition appreciably worse than anybody had expected. As likely as not the country's well-being had depended on the export of a single commodity—sugar, copper, oil, grain, silver, coffee, rice, tin—that sold at half its price on the world markets. As much as a third of the country's dwindling income must be paid in interest to foreign banks, and the rest distributed as ransom to a domestic population educated to the technologies of consumption but not to the means of production. The government maintains artificially low prices as a defense against riots in the overcrowded slums, and the ruling oligarchy exports its profits to Switzerland or Miami. Inflation gives rise to unemployment, and the debtor nation, condemned by its overborrowing to the poverty of its past, cannot afford to buy the machinery necessary for its transformation into an economy based on a new and competitive premise. The telephones stop working; the roads fall into disrepair; at the airport the landing lights go out. Large numbers of people wander back to the countryside and revert to the primitive forms of commerce—barter, smuggling, banditry—that sustained their ancestors in the sixteenth century.

All in all, a result that conforms in almost every particular to the textbook portrait of social disorder so dutifully but fruitlessly studied by the agents of communist subversion. ■

Who gets? Who does not? Who decides?



In a world of limited resources, society faces difficult moral choices. The basis for these choices is the theme of this series. First delivered at Syracuse University, the lectures are now available in a series of compelling, thought-provoking volumes. Syracuse University Press, 1600 Jamesville Avenue, Syracuse, NY 13210.

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Woman with a Parasol—Madame Monet and Her Son, Claude Monet.
National Gallery of Art, Washington, Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mellon.



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HARPER'S INDEX

Portion of the world's exports in 1984 that was imported by the United States : 1/5

Amount Bolivia earned on its exports in 1985 : \$1,114,000,000

Amount of that accounted for by cocaine : \$450,000,000

Value of British government assets Prime Minister Thatcher has sold since 1979 : \$20,000,000,000

Portion of El Salvador controlled by guerrillas in 1980 : 1/4

Portion controlled by guerrillas today : 1/8

Percentage of white Americans who say peacetime military service is a "very important obligation" : 31

Percentage of blacks who say this : 45

Percentage of Democrats in 1955 who were black : 10

Today : 20

Percentage of Republicans in 1955 who were white Southerners : 10

Today : 33

Pounds of redfish harvested from the Gulf of Mexico in 1982 : 2,400,000

In 1985 : 5,700,000

Rank of Tenderpod Bush Snap beans among all seeds sold by Burpee : 1

Amount the average household spends on fresh vegetables each week : \$1.74

Percentage of Americans who say they don't know anyone who doesn't like Jell-O : 55

Rank of *The Cosby Show* in popularity among all programs on South African television : 1

Total amount NBC's four Thursday night sitcoms are expected to earn in syndication : \$1,000,000,000

Number of pencils David Letterman tosses over his shoulder during an average show : 4

Percentage of households whose television sets have remote control : 51.3

Number of spacecraft launched by the United States in 1985 : 17

By the Soviet Union : 98

Number of seats on an American Airlines Boeing 727-200 before deregulation in 1978 : 129

Number today : 150

Percentage change in the number of FAA-certified airlines since deregulation : +150

Percentage change in the number of FAA inspectors since then : +2

Portion of the top 250 industrial companies that had "golden parachute" plans for their executives in 1982 : 1/5

Portion that have them today : 1/3

Percentage of Fortune 500 chief executive officers who say they "lose sleep over the competition" : 13.7

Hours the average American worked each week in 1973 : 40.6

In 1985 : 47.3

Amount the IRS claims John Walker Jr. owes in back taxes on income he earned from spying : \$193,873

Percentage increase in the number of Americans planning trips to the Soviet Union in 1986 : 54

New game shows offered to TV stations in 1985 : 17

In 1986 : 31

Season tickets to spring training games sold by the Los Angeles Dodgers in 1977 : 630

In 1985 : 3,300

Percentage of Americans who say that spring fever makes them sad : 4

Who say they find life dull : 6

Figures cited are the latest available as of February 1986. Sources are listed on page 76.

HOW TO AVOID THE DANGERS OF COUNTERFEIT AUTO PARTS

INFERIOR PARTS COULD THREATEN YOUR SAFETY

Today, a counterfeiter no longer has to print phony twenty-dollar bills. Selling imitation automotive replacement parts—packaged to resemble products from legitimate manufacturers—is big business.

For people who buy and use counterfeit auto parts, though, the consequences can be costly. For example, body panels may require expensive labor to bring their finish quality up to the rest of the car. Bogus oil filters have failed after 200 miles, causing unprotected engines to seize up, requiring their complete replacement.

Inferior transmission fluid has solidified at 0° Fahrenheit, ruining transmissions. And counterfeit antifreeze has eaten right through aluminum parts.

The failure can be safety-related. A fatal 1985 bus accident in Britain was attributed to the installation of counterfeit brake parts. Ill-fitting counterfeit gas caps can fall off, increasing the risk of a fire in a roll-over accident.

Here's how to make sure you receive parts that are made to work best in your GM car. Your most reliable source is your GM dealer. He can supply any part for your GM car or truck. Buying popular brand parts from reputable stores or garages is another way to improve your chances of getting the right part. But wherever you buy, be suspicious of discounts that seem too good to be true.

Some tip-offs that a part might be counterfeit:

Fimsy packaging.

Lack of name-brand identification such as AC-Delco.

"Look-alike" graphics or a change in the spelling of a recognized trade name. In this way counterfeiters can avoid prosecution under the 1984 Trademark Counterfeiting Law. So examine the package carefully.

If a replacement part doesn't fit easily, you should probably return it. A reputable distributor will almost certainly give you a refund or credit.

General Motors is taking strong measures in the U.S. and overseas to put a stop to parts counterfeiting. GM is trying to stop the problem at its source. So far we've

helped U.S. marshals confiscate parts in raids on 29 counterfeiting operations. Another eight operations have been uncovered and prosecuted in foreign countries.

GM is also developing a hologram identification device much like those becoming popular on credit cards, to improve security in our parts distribution.

After all, General Motors has a tremendous investment in GM parts that work together to give our customers safe reliable cars and trucks. We want our customers to be confident they can maintain their GM vehicles at the same level of high quality we build them.

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READINGS

[Epilogue]

MAP OF ISRAEL, MAP OF PALESTINE

From the epilogue to Conflicts and Contradictions, by Meron Benvenisti, published in February by Villard Books. Benvenisti is a historian and former deputy mayor of Jerusalem.

A little while ago, just before the Passover vacation, my son Yuval came home with the itinerary for his school outing. My father, who was there at the time, asked to see it. As he glanced through it, I could see something was making him angry. "Why are all the place names in Arabic?" he demanded. "Don't they know that these places have Hebrew names?" His reaction was not surprising. My father, eighty-seven, a teacher and a geographer, has devoted his whole life to one thing: creating a new Hebrew map of Eretz Israel and instilling in young people a love of country. For years he was a member of the official "naming committees" whose task it was to Hebraize all the names on the ordnance map of Eretz Israel and to name new Jewish settlements. His maps can be seen on the walls of classrooms throughout Israel. In fact, the huge blue, brown, and green wall map he drew is imprinted in the visual memory of hundreds of thousands of Israelis.

Changing place names in order to arrive at a Hebrew map of Eretz Israel was considered by my father a sacred task. He was one of Israel's first geographers—awarded the Israel Prize for his life's work. And now, after sixty years, that his own grandson should come to him with Arab names instead of Hebrew ones seemed to him tantamount to sacrilege. Like all immigrant societies, we attempted to erase all alien names; but here the analogy becomes complicated, because we were not simply an immigrant society or an army of conquerors. At our coming, we reestablished contact with those same landscapes and places from which we had been phys-

ically removed for 2,000 years but whose names we had always preserved. We carried around with us for centuries our *geographia sacra*, not only biblical names but all the Mishnaic and Talmudic names. Wherever we were dispersed—France, Germany, Egypt, Persia—we would study texts and learn about the rosters of priestly duty in the temple, enumerating by turn the priests' home villages in the Galilee. People who knew nothing about the physical reality of those villages knew their names by heart. So when we returned to the land, it was the most natural thing to seek out those ancient places and identify them.

From a very early age, perhaps four or five, I and my brother would accompany my father on his Sabbath map-making expeditions. And so it was that the Arab names of villages and mountains, groves and springs became those of my childhood. I remember the names perfectly—they became second nature to me—and when I travel around the country I unfailingly recall the previous names. The Arab names. I have a friend who lives in a Jewish village in the Jerusalem corridor. When he mentions the Hebrew name Shoovah, I immediately think of Saris, the Arab name.

The Hebrew map of Israel constitutes one stratum in my consciousness, underlaid by the stratum of the previous Arab map. The names on those maps turn me and anyone who was born into them into sons of the same homeland—but also into mortal enemies. I can't help but reflect on the irony that my father, by taking me on his trips and hoping to instill in me the love of our Hebrew homeland, also imprinted in my memory, along with the new names, the names he wished to eradicate.

This brings me, strangely enough, to the Lebanon war. I was aware for quite some time that Palestinian research institutes in Beirut had been compiling files on each Palestinian village in Israel. In the beginning of the war I had wondered about the fate of those files. I was fairly sure that General Sharon and General Eitan

would search them out, seize them, and destroy them in order to complete the eradication of Arab Palestine. This is what eventually happened when the Israeli army entered West Beirut. I knew that some of the information in those files was purely imaginary and had been used as propaganda against my country. Every refugee, even the lowliest, is convinced that he used to own at least a hundred acres of orchards and a large house in Israel. It is an understandable tendency to magnify the scale of what has been lost. But the point is—and therein lies the irony and the tragedy—that the Palestinians have created their own *geographia sacra*, just as we did in our Diaspora. Their map-making is the answer to our Hebrew, Israeli map. They are trying by an act of will to re-create and preserve the old reality, the one we erased in order to create our own. Their map-making is as far removed from reality as our memorizing the list of villages of the priestly roster.

Not only are the refugee camps organized by sections according to the villages in Palestine from which the refugees originated, but Palestinian children are taught exclusively with reference to the pre-1948 map of Palestine. On their maps, hundreds of Palestinian villages, long since destroyed, are shown, but Jewish cities, settlements, roads, and ports are omitted. The Palestinians' refusal to cope with the stark and cruel reality causes them to believe that what the Jews print on their maps is sheer fiction. Some time ago I took an Arab friend to Tel Aviv. It was his first visit. Driving along the promenade flanked by huge tourist hotels, and watching the people on the crowded beach, he said, "You know, instead of waging wars against us, you should have forced the Arab leaders to spend a weekend in one of these hotels. Then they would have understood that all this is real and that it is here to stay."

At this point in our conflict, maps cease to be geographical and turn into an act of faith, a call for action, for revenge. I'll destroy your map as you have destroyed mine. A zero-sum game played out not only in words and symbols, but in concrete deeds of destruction.

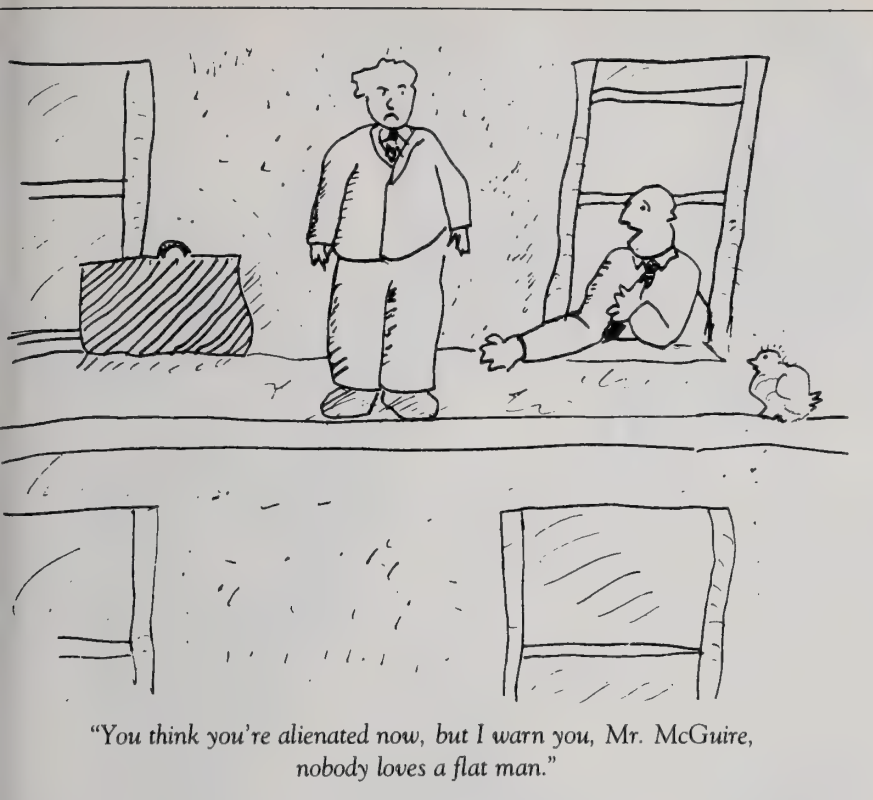
There is no point in asking who started. It is true that my father started his Hebrew map to gain symbolic possession of his ancestral land. But he believed that he was doing so peaceably, not disinheriting anybody. Indeed, he and most of his generation genuinely believed that there was enough room in the country for everybody. The Palestinians did not take him seriously. For them he was a romantic Westerner, just like the British and German explorers who came before him and left, with their strange compasses, sextants, and theodolites. They did not realize that

his map-making was of a different sort, that he intended to settle down and teach his children the names he invented, and by so doing, to perpetuate them and thus transform symbolic possession into actual possession. When the Arabs realized the danger, it was too late. They tried to destroy my father physically, but they failed. He offered them compromises, but they rejected them. Finally an all-out war decided the issue; they were driven out, and his map triumphed. Then we set out to transform the land, to construct our own edifices, plant our own orchards. But we also deliberately destroyed the remnants our enemies had left, lest they come back and attempt to lay claim to them. We knew that had they won, they would have destroyed our work. But we won, so we became the destroyers. Who is the victim? Who is the culprit? Who is the judge?

One of the places that still festers in my consciousness is the Peace Forest, in the foothills of the Shfela near Latrun. It was created in the early 1970s on the ruins of three Arab villages: Yalu, Beit Nuba, and 'Imwas. Their inhabitants were expelled in 1967 after the end of the hostilities, and the villages were subsequently razed. Three villages. They lay in the Latrun salient, and for strategic reasons it was decided that no testimony to their existence would be left to nurture the illusion that the inhabitants would ever be allowed to return. It is irrelevant for the moment whether this consideration was justified. But to call this place a Peace Forest, to take the money of well-meaning donors and turn all these orchards from which people had once earned their livelihood into a picnic area for Israelis and tourists, is something else entirely. This betrays not only a total lack of sensitivity but something that must eventually corrupt our youth.

This is not what my father had in mind when he began his innocent, romantic map-making. He may have been too naïve or too well-meaning to understand the brutal forces that were unleashed as a result of his search for his biblical roots. This does not absolve him from a share in the responsibility for what came to pass. But his adversaries, equally naïve, or contemptuous of him, thought they could frighten him away so that his sons would not become indigenous to this land. They paid for their contempt and cruelty and were driven out. They share not only the responsibility for their predicament; they also share the responsibility for making us cruel. Dehumanization is a contagious disease.

There is an additional element of irony in the tragedy. We can never escape the inherent struggle between our symbolic attempt to create authentically Israeli forms and the perpetual slide toward the physical forms of the Palestin-



om Voices: The Art and Science of Psychotherapy, the journal of the Amer-
n Academy of Psychotherapists.

ians, perhaps because we sense that they are an inalienable part of the land. Take the Tower of David, the best-known symbol of Jerusalem. Its form is simply and solely that of a minaret, and whatever you do, you cannot alter the fact that it is an Islamic, Arab structure. The ruins of Arab villages—a few layers of weathered stone, a half-buried arch, a broken millstone—betray the previous existence of once living, breathing communities. Even where one stone does not literally remain upon another, you can still detect the ghost of a village. There are plants such as dill that grow only in places inhabited by man and his domestic beasts. There are *bustans*, groves of vine, fig, and pomegranate; there are dense hedges of sabra-cactus fencing off one property from another. Even where a village itself has completely vanished you can still discern its contours. Almost 2 million Palestinians still live on their land and cherish it, determined to preserve their own map. It is impossible to erase their contribution to the landscape of our shared homeland, no matter how hard people try. Someone, someday, will raise the question, and will demand an answer. Are we ready to merge the two maps? Are we ready to stop eradicating each other's names? When such questions can be asked, perhaps the dissonance and conflict that plague so many Israelis will be resolved.

[Study]

LASERS: THE STAR WARS OFFENSE

From "SDI: Defense or Retaliation?" a study prepared last spring by R & D Associates, a defense consulting firm in California. R & D is currently under contract to the Pentagon to explore the use of lasers in a space-based missile defense system. The existence of this study was first reported in January by Robert Scheer in the Los Angeles Times.

The reader is warned that almost every statement in this brief report requires further study.

For our purposes...we assume that one of SDI's leading [weapon] candidates is an absolute technical success, that high-powered lasers—chemical or free-electron—operating in the visible, either space-based or ground-based with space-based relay mirrors, can destroy ballistic missiles in boost phase... We show that in spite of this success, Reagan's objective of replacing deterrence by retaliation with deterrence by defense may not have been achieved.

This somewhat surprising possibility results from the fact that the lasers can be employed in a manner not contemplated by the SDI. Specifically, they can be targeted against the same en-

tities they were designed to protect: the cities. Rough calculations indicate that in a matter of hours a laser defense system powerful enough to cope with the ballistic missile threat can also destroy the enemy's major cities by fire. The attack would proceed city by city, the attack time for each city being only a matter of minutes. Not nuclear destruction, but Armageddon all the same. After spending hundreds of billions of dollars we would be back where we started from: deterrence by retaliation. Our cities would be hostage to lasers instead of nuclear weapons. To deter a laser attack, we would threaten to retaliate with a laser attack.

[Here follow the "rough calculations" examining whether lasers deployed in a Soviet space-based strategic defense system designed to counter the U.S. ballistic missile threat could—if turned on a U.S. city—ignite a fire storm.]

Would the cities burn to the ground? We think the answer is almost certainly yes.

Since the targets are fixed, the target array would be analyzed and the attack carefully programmed under peacetime conditions. Hence the laser beams would not be randomly scattered but selectively directed at the most combustible points in each city. Downwind cities would be attacked first to minimize smoke obscuration. Fires engulfing a million people would be started in a few minutes, leaving little time or avenue for people to escape or do any serious fire-fighting. From such a near-simultaneous high density of ignition points a fire storm would almost certainly develop. . . .

[Q & A]

LIBERALISM'S LAST HOPE

From an interview with New York Governor Mario Cuomo, in the December 17 Village Voice.

VILLAGE VOICE: What about aid to the *contras*?

MARIO CUOMO: Nicaragua, I'm not too good. I'm no expert on foreign policy issues. And I don't like talking a lot on them. What is your question on Nicaragua?

VV: Whether you favor, either through the CIA or any other agency, financial subsidies to the counterrevolutionaries in Nicaragua.

CUOMO: I'm going to pass on that.

[Scientific Study]

DEMENTIA AND MRS. THATCHER

From "Dementia and Mrs. Thatcher," by Ian J. Deary, Simon Wessely, and Michael Farrell, in the December 21-28 issue of the British Medical Journal. Wessely and Farrell are clinical psychiatrists at Maudsley Hospital in London; Deary is a psychologist on the faculty of the University of Edinburgh.

We have had the impression that psychogeriatric patients seem more prone to recall Margaret Thatcher correctly than has been the case for other prime ministers. We tested the hypothesis that in demented patients Mrs. Thatcher would be recalled more easily than other prime ministers who had served a similar period in office, and that she is now recalled more easily than the queen.

SUBJECTS AND METHODS

A retrospective study was performed on consecutive admissions to the psychogeriatric wards of the Bethlem and Maudsley hospitals for the years 1961-62, 1968-69, and 1983-84. These correspond with the fourth and fifth years of the terms of office of Mr. MacMillan, Mr. Wilson, and Mrs. Thatcher, respectively. Eligible patients were aged sixty-five and over and had a main diagnosis of organic dementia on admission.

RESULTS

Number of patients in each group correctly and incorrectly recalling the queen and prime minister:

	1961-62	1968-69	1983-84
<hr/>			
Queen:			
Know	27	18	15
Don't know	16	9	29
Prime minister:			
Know	15	12	27
Don't know	28	15	17

COMMENT

Of three prime ministers reelected for second terms and spending over five years in office, only Mrs. Thatcher entered into the consciousness of demented subjects to an extent that made her easier to recall than the queen. We have also presented evidence indicating that the recall of Mrs. Thatcher is possible at cognitive levels that hitherto precluded memory of the prime minister.



Forty years ago I had a back-alley abortion. I almost died from it."

If you wonder whether legal abortion is a good idea, ask any woman who survived an illegal one.

She'll tell you how painful, dirty, humiliating, and horribly dangerous a back-alley abortion was.

But despite the incredible risks, millions of American women had abortions before they were legalized nationwide in 1973. An untold number were maimed for life. Thousands were literally slaughtered, packed off bleeding and infected to die in abject terror.

Today the threat to women's lives and health no longer comes from abortion. It comes from those who want to outlaw it. People who argue that abortions should be banned—even if the result will be

as horrifying as it was in the past.

This increasingly vocal and violent minority will stop at nothing. They've resorted to harassment, physical threats, and even bombings. They're attacking the Constitution. And they're pressuring lawmakers to make abortion illegal again—for all women. Regardless of circumstances. Even if her life or health is endangered. Even if she's a victim of rape or incest. Even if she's too young to be a mother.

Speak out now. Use the coupon. Or they just might succeed in turning back the clock to when women had no choice. But the back-alley.

The decision is yours.

☐ I've written my representatives in Congress to tell them I support: government programs that reduce the need for abortion by preventing unwanted pregnancy; and keeping safe and legal abortion a choice for all women.

☐ Here's my tax-deductible contribution in support of all Planned Parenthood activities and programs: ☐ \$25 ☐ \$35 ☐ \$50 ☐ \$75 ☐ \$150 ☐ \$500 or: \$_____

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810 Seventh Avenue
New York, New York 10019

We can only say that somehow Mrs. Thatcher has given an item of knowledge to demented patients that they would otherwise have lacked: she reaches those parts of the brain other prime ministers could not reach.

[Interview]

DEBRAY: BEYOND THE SOVIET THREAT

From "The Third World: From Kalashnikovs to God & Computers," an interview with Régis Debray in the Spring issue of New Perspectives, the journal of the Institute for National Strategy. Debray, the French philosopher, is the author of Revolution in the Revolution and Empires Against Europe. He is perhaps best known for his close association with Fidel Castro and Che Guevara in the 1960s, and has served as an adviser to French President Mitterrand. This interview was conducted by Nathan Gardels, the editor of New Perspectives.

NATHAN GARDELS: National liberation movements once looked to the Soviet Union for guidance and assistance. Now, the appeal of Soviet-style communism seems to be dying. What has happened in the last twenty years to change this?

REGIS DEBRAY: The Third World is bidding its farewell to arms. It is seeking God and computers rather than Kalashnikovs. I say "God" because traditional cultures are resurfacing—they are better suited than ideologies to fill the void created by technological and economic upheaval. Look at Islam, the most powerful historical force at the moment; it is supplanting communism in Africa as well as in the East.

When I say "computers," I really mean the need for capital and technological know-how.

Religious faith and technology: these are the Third World's priorities, and they put the Soviet Union out of the competition.

The period of "decolonization" and "wars of national liberation" has nearly everywhere drawn to a close. During this period there was a complementary relationship in the political market between the "supply" of political-military goods (such as Security Council votes and armaments) and the "demand" by struggling and emerging nations for security. Today, the "demand" of the Third World is above all economic in nature. The Soviet Union can no longer supply the goods. Look at Algeria, Mozambique, and the People's Republic of China. There are exceptions. The Philippines is an American neo-colony, just as Cuba once was, and fertile

ground for a classic Third World revolution. But one tree shouldn't obscure the forest.

GARDELS: What you are saying implies that the threat of international communism—against which the U.S. postwar strategy of containment was mounted—is no longer the central challenge to global stability and peace.

DEBRAY: A society under stress always needs a devil, an external threat to ensure its cohesion. The "Evil Empire" for the United States, and "Satan" for Iran, come to mind. The collective unconscious is archaic and religious, and thus paranoid and Manichaean. That said, it is clear that the West must soon find another devil, because the communist devil is a legacy of the nineteenth century.

In nineteenth-century Europe, nearly all political theorists assumed that the central question was "republic or monarchy?" But the real debate took place behind their backs, pitting the bourgeoisie against the industrial workers. In the twentieth century, most theorists have argued over "communism or democracy?" Once again, the real debate has escaped us. I wonder if it isn't "religion or technology?" or perhaps "tradition or modernity?" It seems that the further we progress technologically, the further we regress politically.

GARDELS: Under Reagan, the debate is still cast as "communism vs. democracy" because of the perception that the Soviet Union and Marxist regimes in general are inevitably aggressive and expansionist. What is your view?

DEBRAY: Whatever their intentions might be, let us assume for the moment that the Soviets seek global conquest. What matters, then, is capability. And the Soviet Union's ability to support a policy of expansionism is diminishing.

We are witnessing a historic transformation of the traditional modes of power. Power today is becoming based less on physical and material parameters (territory, military forces) and more on factors linked to the capability of storing, managing, distributing, and creating information. Yet the Soviet Union remains a superpower in the traditional sense, strong only in terms of obsolete forces such as tank divisions and conventional military deployments.

GARDELS: What have been the Soviet losses and gains in the past twenty years? What have been those of the United States?

DEBRAY: The Soviet Union has made notable gains in military capability, both conventional and nuclear, but has suffered considerable losses in political capability. The gains are quantifiable and can be seen by satellite or the naked eye; the losses are neither visible nor quantifi-

REVISIONISM RUN AMOK

Viet War Photo Is Challenged

Westmoreland Says Hibachi, Not Napalm, Burned Girl

Knight-Ridder

FORT LAUDERDALE, Fla., Jan. 18—Retired general William C. Westmoreland, in a speech here this week, questioned the circumstances of one of the most haunting photographs to come out of the Vietnam war.

Huynh Cong (Nick) Ut of the Associated Press, who took the photo of a Vietnamese girl—running, naked and screaming, from a wall of fire and smoke—said the photo is authentic, that it was on a roll of film he shot of napalm bombs dropped near Trang Bang on June 8, 1972.

Westmoreland told a group of business people here that he did not believe that the girl was burned by napalm. He said an investigation determined that she had been burned in an accident involving a hibachi, an open grill.

"I said, 'My God, if she was hit by napalm, she would not have survived.' " Westmoreland



ASSOCIATED PRESS PHOTO BY HUYNH CONG UT
This photograph won a Pulitzer Prize in 1973.

cident. They said the bombs were dropped by South Vietnamese planes attacking nearby communist positions.

Westmoreland said he didn't recall who told him that the girl in the photo, which he said he has seen once or twice, was burned by a hibachi.

"I did not say I had personal knowledge of that," he said. "I don't remember who told me, and I don't remember seeing a formal investigation."

In an interview, Westmoreland said his comments about the photo were in the context of explaining how the press distorts news in foreign countries by applying domestic standards of what is news.

"Murders and rapes that is what makes headlines," he said.

From the Washington Post, January 19.

able, but are much more important.

Unfortunately, Americans are much more keen on the quantitative than the qualitative, and they focus more on the Soviets' military hardware than on their limited political prestige. That is why you overestimate Soviet power, as if power in history is the same as force of arms! What shortsightedness! There is more power in rock music, videos, blue jeans, fast food, news networks, and TV satellites than in the entire Red Army.

Qualitative power operates without mass destruction or high political costs. Quantitative power certainly isn't negligible, but its use is quite limited in times of peace. And, even in Afghanistan, Soviet firepower is being broken by the strength of Moslem faith. The growing gulf between the classic forms of power and their political-ideological influence has strengthened the military's role in the maintenance of the Soviet Union's established positions. Look at the Warsaw Pact, and the example of Poland.

On the U.S. side, there is a military resurgence and global expansion, even as there have

been limited territorial losses—such as the defeat in Vietnam. The indirect power of the United States, exercised through its allies and clients, continues to grow. With the Strategic Defense Initiative, the United States is exploiting its advanced position in civilian technology in order to rupture the military parity gained through great sacrifice by the Soviet Union. Strategically, SDI seems to me both illusory and counterproductive, but the technological and scientific benefits from the research will permit the United States to take a leap forward in state-of-the-art technologies, and thus increase its margin of superiority over the Soviet Union.

Among recent American gains, let us not forget the refutation of the dogma of "the irreversibility of socialist victory." This has held true only where there is territorial contiguity with the Soviet Union. All Soviet gains in the Third World are clearly reversible, as we have seen in Egypt and Mozambique. Even at the Soviet periphery in Europe, there is a wasting away of the Soviet system and a slow reemergence of civil societies, with their national culture and coun-

tervailing institutions such as the church, trade unions, and universities. Look at Poland.

GARDELS: You have said that the Soviet Union has "expended its goodwill quota in the Third World." Does this mean that the goodwill quota of the United States is increasing, or that both superpowers have lost influence?

DEBRAY: Both have lost some of their authority, but the United States seems to have retained its superior means of influence: the food weapon, financial pressures which can be exerted through the international banking system, the cultural penetration of television, the manipulation of commercial markets. The United States has so many levers that are beyond the Soviet Union's reach.

GARDELS: The demise of détente has been blamed on U.S.-Soviet conflict in the Third World, such as in Angola, Ethiopia, and the Middle East. What do you see as the future of superpower competition in the Third World?

DEBRAY: This planet is not a chessboard, because the people of the world aren't pawns. There are not two players, but a hundred, all playing at the same time, each with his own plan. The superpowers must confront the unforeseen and the imponderable. In this jungle, the only widely admitted rule is the threat of force or the fear of reprisal in the superpower's own sphere of influence, where intervention can be carried out with impunity. Grenada paid for the American failure in Lebanon. Nicaragua is paying for Afghanistan.

The great error of détente was the belief, in the West, that the course of world events could be regulated through accords with the East. The Eastern bloc has no desire for such accords. But even if it did, it would be incapable of stopping a handful of young Sandinistas from mobilizing the Nicaraguan people and toppling a hopelessly corrupt dictatorship. Can Moscow stop Lenin or Che from being read in Central America? Can Washington promise Moscow that Afghans will not read the Koran?

GARDELS: Is the Soviet threat the main question in Europe today?

DEBRAY: Not at all. The inexorable decline of Communist parties in Western Europe has finally rendered the dream of the Sovietization of Europe utopian. Conquest of Western Europe by force of arms—that is a joke. The possibility of nuclear retaliation nullifies the conventional military superiority of the Soviet Union, which would be obliged to destroy the very prey it seeks to capture.

Today in Europe the West wind is far stronger than the East wind. The real problem is how to

extricate ourselves from Yalta, that is, remove the Iron Curtain and bring back into our family and culture 110 million cousins who have been cut off from their historical mainstream.

The stronger the role Europe plays in the West, the weaker the role of the East in "the other Europe," as Czeslaw Milosz calls it. The more unity between Europe and the rest of the West, the more divergence between it and Eastern Europe. If the choice for Western Europe is Washington or Moscow, then we must bid farewell to the other Europe, because Moscow will never accept having Washington at its borders. The only real issue, then, is European independence.

GARDELS: What are the conditions for dissolving the cold war blocs in Europe?

DEBRAY: A policy of presence, contacts, and exchanges, and not one of saber rattling and verbal attacks. There are many illusions about détente, but it did correspond to a particularly fruitful period. If change through détente is slow and limited, change through confrontation is clearly an unmitigated failure. Confrontation is what communist regimes prefer, since they are better equipped than we are for it—politically, intellectually, and morally. Communism wins wars but loses the peace.

GARDELS: Finally, what is the idea of the West that you are promoting?

DEBRAY: I refuse to recognize the idea or the reality of American leadership in the West. A country that accepts the protection of another country quickly becomes a client state, and a client state can never be a reliable ally because it has no real responsibility.

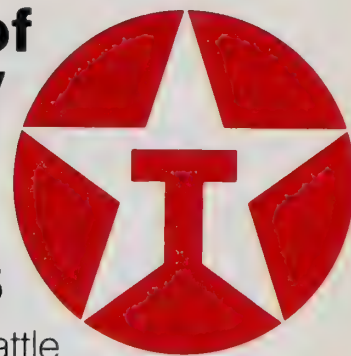
A country of equal status may be a nuisance at times, but it is much more reliable than a vassal. It is the European countries with traditionally the strongest Atlanticist orientation, like Germany and the Netherlands, which have been the hardest hit by the neutralist and pacifist movements. France has not been greatly affected by these movements because, since de Gaulle, it has taken responsibility for its own defense.

The road to Finlandization passes through Panamaization. Independence is costly and unwieldy in the short run, but the mentality of dependence is deadly.

In weakening the spirit of resistance and national identity of Western nations, the policy of American hegemony in NATO plays into the hands of its Soviet adversary. Liberty means responsibility. If the "free world" becomes the "American world," it should no longer be called "free"; it certainly won't remain free for very long if that is the case.

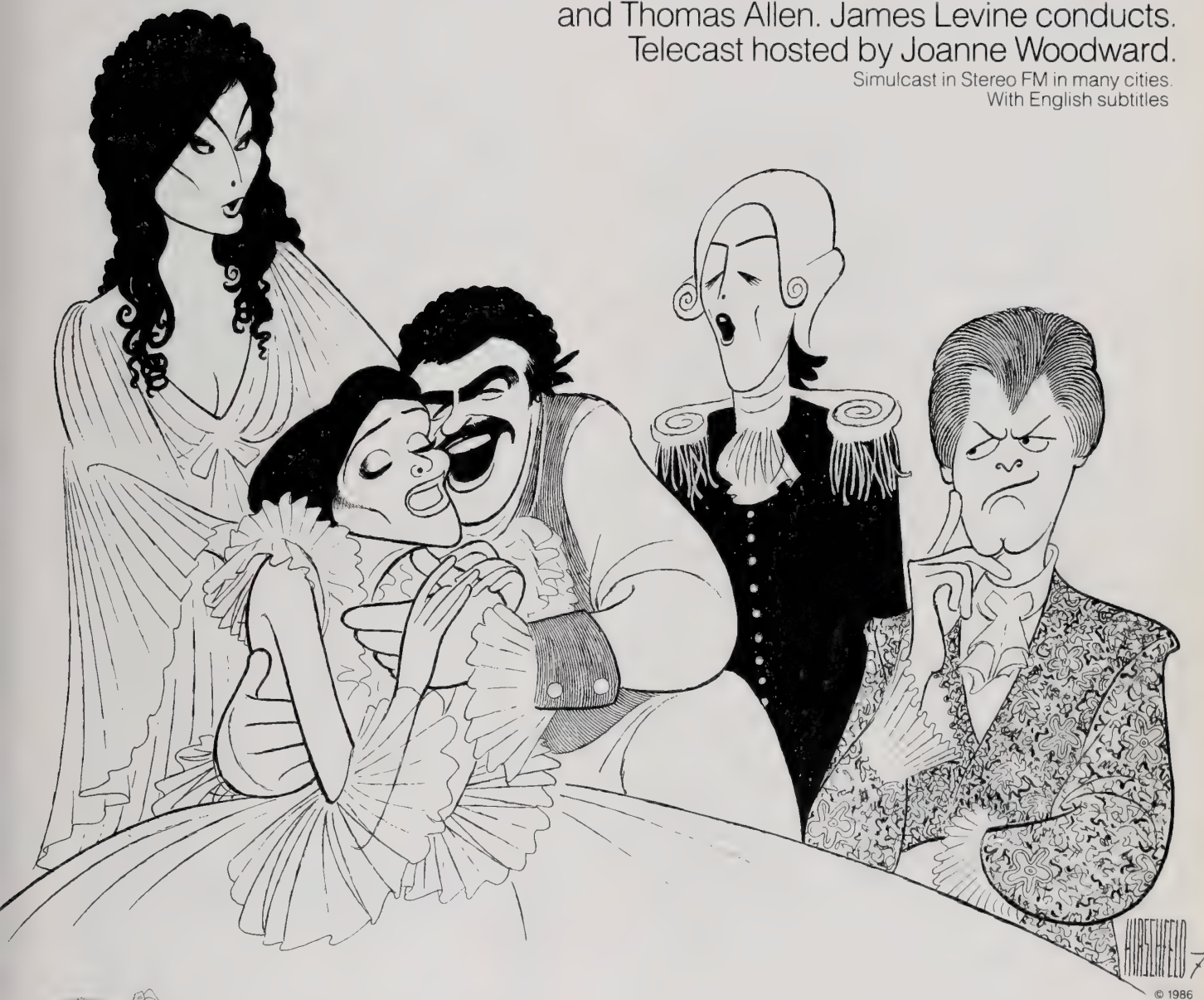
"LIVE FROM THE MET"

**Celebrating 10 Seasons of
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


© 1986



Mozart matches a sense of humor with a sense of humanity in Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's lively new production of "The Marriage of Figaro." It seems a comedy of manners, morals and machinations as "Figaro" and his intended bride, Susanna, match wits with the autocratic power of Count Almaviva and his Court. But this delightful evening of mixups, mistaken identities and misunderstandings leads to a joyous finale that's as moving as it is amusing.

TEXACO PHILANTHROPIC FOUNDATION INC.

Funding for "Live From The Met" is made possible by a major grant from Texaco Philanthropic Foundation Inc. with additional grants from  **PIONEER** Electronic Corporation, the National Endowment for the Arts, the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, and the Charles E. Culpeper Foundation.

[Aphorisms]

THE ONE-MINUTE MISANTHROPE

From Half-Truths & One-and-a-Half Truths, a selection of Karl Kraus's aphorisms, edited and translated by Harry Zohn and published by Carcanet. Kraus, the Viennese satirist, lived from 1874 to 1936.

I and my public understand each other very well: it does not hear what I say, and I don't say what it wants to hear.

I have often been asked to be fair and view a matter from all sides. I did so, hoping that something might improve if I viewed all sides of it. But the result was the same. So I went back to viewing things only from one side, which saves me a lot of work and disappointment. For it is comforting to regard something as bad and to be able to use one's prejudices as an excuse.

Many desire to kill me, and many wish to spend an hour chatting with me. The law protects me from the former.

In the beginning was the review copy, and a man received it from the publisher. Then he wrote a review. Then he wrote a book that the publisher accepted and sent on to someone else as a review copy. The man who received it did likewise. This is how modern literature came into being.

Sentimental irony is a dog that bays at the moon while pissing on graves.

Satires that the censor understands are rightly prohibited.

An aphorism never coincides with the truth: it is either a half-truth or one-and-a-half truths.

There is a shortage of clerks. Everyone is going into journalism.

One of the most widespread diseases is diagnosis.

Psychoanalysis is that mental illness for which it regards itself as therapy.

How is the world ruled and led to war? Diplomats lie to journalists and believe these lies when they see them in print.

Moral responsibility is what is lacking in a man when he demands it of a woman.

It is regarded as normal to consecrate virginity in general and to lust for its destruction in particular.

There is no more unfortunate creature under the sun than a fetishist who yearns for a woman's shoe and has to settle for the whole woman.

The conjugal bedroom is the coexistence of brutality and martyrdom.

When someone has behaved like an animal, he says: "I'm only human!" But when he is treated like an animal, he says: "I'm human, too!"

"A cigar," says the altruist, "a cigar, my good man, I cannot give you. But anytime you need a light, just come round; mine is always lit."

Medicine: "Your money and your life!"

The pimp is the executive organ of immorality. The executive organ of morality is the blackmailer.

The secret of the demagogue is to appear as dumb as his audience so that these people can believe themselves as smart as he.

Family life is an encroachment on private life.

It is the height of ingratitude if a sausage calls a pig a pig.

The unattractive thing about chauvinism is not so much the aversion to other nations but the love of one's own.

Technology is a servant who makes so much noise cleaning up in the next room that his master cannot make music.

Life is an effort that deserves a better cause.

You don't even live once.

[Short Story]

JOYCE MADE EASY

By Gordon Lish. Lish recently read this story at Southern Methodist University. He is the author of Peru, a novel published by E. P. Dutton.

She went to the closet and got out her nightie and put on her nightie and brushed her hair just as hard as hard as she could brush it, all the while instructing herself thus: "Oh, you darned old sleepikins, you had just better just hurry yourself up and start being a better girlikins and start getting busy and doing better about things and stop being such a darned old lazikins about things, just some mean old darned old procrastikins about things, just some darned old nasty old grumpikins about things, some person who just only gets up and goes all around

with her darned old earrings always hanging from her earikins and who has a nice neck and sleeps, sleeps, sleeps!"

So she sat herself down and wrote a poem about her nightie and then another poem about her hair and then another poem about her hairbrush and then a really great big old sort of tremendously philosophical poem about her closet and then just a teensy little sort of wry non-philosophical one about her shoebag—and then, when all that was all over and done with, she went and got into the bed and had herself a really magnificent sleep, mainly because it was the sleep of the totally expressed, not to mention that of the unimpeachably unsuppressed—and then, when she got up out of her bed in the morningtime, she just could not believe how wonderfully and unbelievably rested she felt, all sort of absolutely refreshed and wide-awake, which was a feeling which right away gave her the most marvelous thought, which was the thought to sit herself down and go ahead and write a story about a person who wakes up and who realizes that she has this sort of incredibly wide-awake feeling running around all over her, so she did it, she sat herself down, except she decided to just go ahead and write a novel about it instead.

So then she got really busy and buckled down and wrote out a tax opinion for the king of Sweden, a letter home for Brooke Shields, and a check to the Eberhard Faber people for another shitload, F.O.B. the nearest Mongol plant.

[Essay]

TRUTH, BUT WITHOUT RESPECT FOR TRUTH

By George W. S. Trow. Trow wrote this essay for the catalogue to Infotainment, a traveling group exhibition organized by New York's Nature Morte gallery. Trow is the author of *Within the Context of No Context*.

It is my idea that the history of this century is the history of the image escaped from man and God into thin air. Stories, it seems to me, work down to an image; lives work up from one, into a story, and back down to one. The problem of modernity has been defined as too many images, but it is rather a problem of displacement: too many in the *air*.

So that the honest opinion of an apprehending man or woman now might be (must be, for

[Advisories]

FACE THE NATION

The following are excerpts from "advisories" sent to clients by Frank N. Magid Associates, the leading consultant to local television news departments.

FACIAL EXPRESSION

Since the face is visible on tight close-ups as well as long shots, it's always going to affect your message. Pay attention to these things:

Mouth. Open your mouth fully when you speak. It's not only crucial for articulation: listeners need to *see* you enunciate. Speaking through slightly clenched teeth or through thin, barely opened lips suggests tension or a lack of energy.

Chin. Too upturned? Careful, you could look haughty. Always tucked under? It could appear coy—à la Princess Di.

Eyes. If squinting is the problem, make certain you can really see. Consider all variables—lights, prompter, glasses/contacts. If furrowing the brow is noticeable, it could be due to tension. Try using relaxation exercises. Or place Scotch tape on your brow when you're not on the air so that every time you scrunch up the brow you'll feel it. Then, you can begin to *unlearn* the habit when you're on TV.

MOUTH EXERCISES

For warm-up and articulation:

1. Repeat this list of words daily.
2. Exaggerate lip movement.

mellifluous	proselytized
ontological	nuclear
ecumenical	peculiarities
superfluity	impracticable
categorically	irremediable
posthumously	synopsis
impossibility	impenetrable
Nicaraguan	Sandinista
schizophrenic	voluptuousness
existentialism	regulatory
ignominiously	irrevocable
philosophical	polysyllabic
disingenuousness	incalculable
preposterous	antidisestablishmentarianism
investigatory	Jaruzelski
palatable	particularly

some): too many images in the air; none in me. And yet some have lodged in me; but are they mine?

A rule of thumb for an apprehending man or woman might be: You are living in what is a lie for someone else. For you it is the truth—whether you like it or not.

My assumptions are that art exists within truth, and nowhere else; that there are ways of passing on a respect for truth from generation to generation (so that several styles of expression might exist simultaneously); that truths-of-the-moment have extraordinary power now.

As to the second assumption: that there are ways of passing on a respect for truth from generation to generation. This can happen in one of two ways. A particular tradition can be passed on in such a way that the original truth is manifest to the modern practitioner, or there can develop within a culture a respect for the integrity of the artist's search for new truth-configurations.

In what does a search for new truth-configurations consist? I propose that it is an attempt to discover the true configuration of lies and truth that impressed itself on one's mind during the formation of one's personality. Now we return to our rule of thumb to express it differently. What an apprehending man or woman often says today is: This configuration of lies and truth is truth to me.

Much art of our time is directed toward an audience (a collective *adult*) that does not exist. An artist applies for healing and finds he is the healer. Certain old hindrances and tests of conviction have been removed. What this means to the artist is that his *first* description of the configuration of lies and truth that has been impressed on his brain—the refinement of which must be part of (perhaps the whole of) his life's work—may be accepted as enough, when it is not enough.

Decadence is not remembering when through effort one might remember. The image is debased and enthroned at the same time. Debased, because if one chooses not to remember when one might remember, or actually thrusts away (as inconvenient) the memory one does have, one has not acknowledged the power of the images in one's mind. Enthroned, because having abandoned the search for the true configuration in one's mind (and in the mind of the culture), one is free to embrace all the configurations that are possible—even the ones that are absurd or vicious. And so the possibility of *any configuration at all* comes up. The image is freed to do any work. It is in the history of the freedom of the image to do any work that we should look for the real history of our time.

I will state this all in another way:

Decadence appears first in the ruling group (who are, next to other artists, the first receivers of art), and it appears as the will not to remember. To take an extreme example: it is decadent not to repeal "emergency regulations" simply because one has discovered some benefit of convenience in them or because one has developed a habit of leaving well enough or bad enough alone. One result of such a situation is confusion. Are we living in an "emergency" or not? Confusion of this kind may serve as a stimulus to certain artists. Lies, after all, are raw material. "This is what your lies look like to me," an artist says. *Whose* lies? This is the important question now. *Whose* lies? If the collective adult no longer exists, who is lying? We are in a situation in which people struggle valiantly for the chance to lie—to lie with a little style or with a little humor. In any case, the receivers of art are not being shocked into action; the same process that has destroyed the collective adult and confused the artist has produced receivers of art who are interested in *any configuration at all*. Part of the artist's work now is to educate receivers of art who will remember and act.

No one ever suggested out loud that our attempts to have a civilization be abandoned. Rather, certain forces, converging at times to produce emergencies, loosened the connections between people, particularly between the living and the dead. I would say that we are caught between two possibilities: *imagism*, which embraces rituals in which the order of images makes deep sense; and *anti-imagism*, which allows (insists on) a chaos of images. This is a productive dialectic, possibly. No imagism can be powerful now without accepting the existence of anti-imagist materials (the vast chaos of images); but no art can be important now which does not attempt to establish control over them.

Each made image carries within it DNA material from a mighty idea: that every image is self-justifying. This idea has come down to us from Wordsworth and Coleridge. It was first stated in the first edition of their joint work, the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798. The statement is, prophetically, an *advertisement*. (It is called that.) It puts the reader on notice, announces, in a businesslike tone of voice, a new state of affairs. *I will no longer be responsible for the debts of my wife, that sort of thing*. It reads:

It is the honorable characteristic of Poetry, that its materials are to be found in every subject which can interest the human mind. The evidence of this fact is to be sought, not in the writings of critics, but in those of the Poets themselves.

In other words, poetry will be free to consider what it does consider; poems will be self-justifying.

Our particular manner of thinking is Wordsworth's and Coleridge's. We are not classicists. Attempts at classicism in our time are marked at birth with attitudes which ensure that there will be no cleansing, only a reference to a smooth surface. (We can refer to the "wit" of postmodern architecture, for instance.) Our neoclassical manners are born postclassical: new babies who are old at birth. Their wrinkles do not smooth out in infancy; they deepen.

Our manner of thinking is Wordsworth's and Coleridge's, but there have been peculiar developments. Every image can claim that it is of "interest [to] the human mind," but apparently, some images (of the kind that curdle the mind) did not used to come to mind. Artists must admit that the orthodoxy of any configuration has taken nourishment from the freedom artists have won to consider any possibility. *Truth, but without respect for truth*, would be one description of any one of one billion billion images.

Truth, but without respect for truth, would seem to be an idea which could arise only among a dispirited people who have decided not to struggle any more to reconcile the idea of truth as "something true for me—true for a member of us, now" with the idea of truth as "something true for someone who respects the Truth." This struggle is what the artist must undertake.

[Essay]

FRAMEWORKS

From A Country Year: Living the Questions, a collection of essays by Sue Hubbell, published this month by Random House. Hubbell is a writer and beekeeper who lives in the Ozarks.

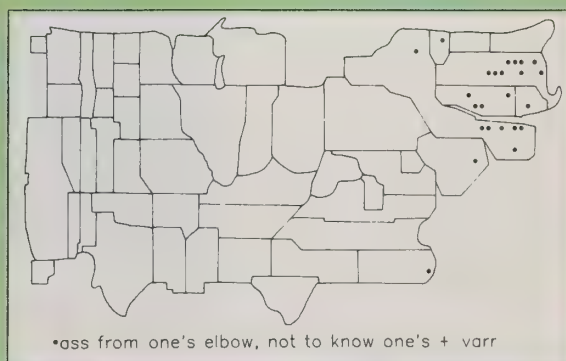
I met Paul, the boy who was to become my husband, when he was sixteen and I was fifteen. We were married some years later, and the legal arrangement that is called marriage worked well enough while we were children and while we had a child. But we grew older, and the son went off to school, and marriage did not serve as a structure for our lives as well as it once had. Still, he was the man in my life for all those years. There was no other. So when the legal arrangement was ended, I had a difficult time sifting through the emotional debris that was left after the framework of an intimate, thirty-year association had broken.

I went through all the usual things: I couldn't sleep or eat, talked feverishly to friends, plunged recklessly into a destructive affair with a man who had more problems than I did but who was convenient, made a series of stupid decisions

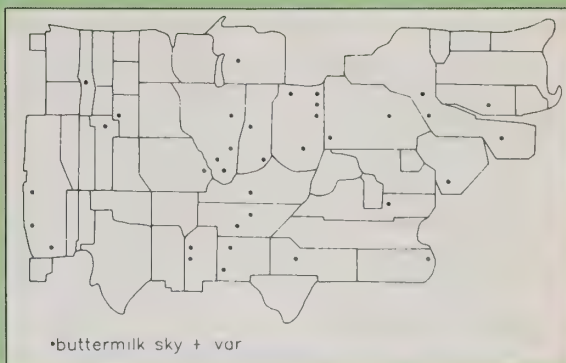
[Maps]

A COLLOQUIAL GEOGRAPHY

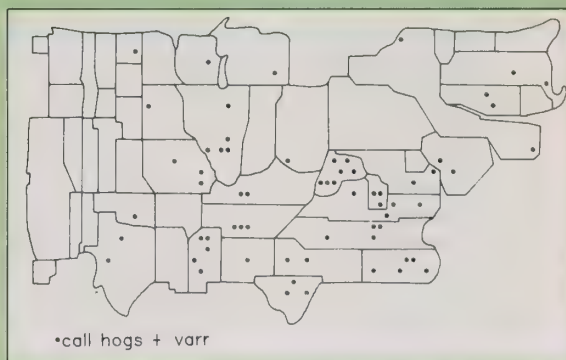
From the Dictionary of American Regional English, Vol. 1, published by Harvard University Press. The dictionary is based on a five-year national survey in which 2.5 million colloquial words and phrases were collected. These computer-generated maps show the regional distribution of three usages. The size and shape of each state reflect population density. Each dot represents a community where the usage in question was reported; in all, 1,002 communities were surveyed.



Ass from one's elbow, not to know one's: To be ignorant; not to possess the most rudimentary knowledge.



Buttermilk sky: The sky when filled with small, curd-like or patchy clouds.



Call hogs: To snore.



National Freshwater Fishing Hall of Fame, Hayward, Wisconsin, 1984, by David Graham. The photograph appeared in the Fall 1985 issue of *Aperture*.

about my honey business, and pretty generally botched up my life for several years running. And for a long, long time, my mind didn't work. I could not listen to the news on the radio with understanding. My attention came unglued when I tried to read anything but the lightest froth. My brain spun in endless, painful loops, and I could neither concentrate nor think with any semblance of order. I had always rather enjoyed having a mind, and I missed mine extravagantly. I was out to lunch for three years.

During that time, I often mused about structure, framework, schemata, system, classification, and order. I discovered a classification Jorge Luis Borges devised, claiming that

A certain Chinese encyclopedia divides animals into:

- a. Belonging to the Emperor
- b. Embalmed
- c. Tame
- d. Sucking pigs
- e. Sirens
- f. Fabulous
- g. Stray dogs
- h. Included in the present classification
- i. Frenzied
- j. Innumerable
- k. Drawn with a very fine camel-hair brush
- l. *Et cetera*
- m. Having just broken the water pitcher
- n. That from a long way off look like flies.

I laughed over the list. We believe we have a more proper concept of how the natural world should be classified, and when Borges rumples that concept it amuses us. That I was able to laugh made me realize I must have retained some sense of that order, no matter how disorderly my mind seemed to have become.

My father was a botanist. When I was a child he reserved Saturday afternoons for me, and we spent many of them walking in woods and rough places. He would name the plants we came upon by their Latin binomials and tell me how they grew. The names were too hard for me, but I did understand that plants had names that described their relationships one to another and found this elegant and interesting even when I was six years old.

So after reading the Borges list, I turned to Linnaeus. Whatever faults the man may have had as a scientist, he gave us a beautiful tool for thinking about diversity in the world. The first word in his scheme of Latin binomials tells the genus, grouping diverse plants which nevertheless share a commonality; the second word names the species, plants alike enough to regularly interbreed and produce offspring like themselves. It is a framework for understanding, a way to show how pieces of the world fit together.

I have no Latin, but as I began to botanize, to learn to call the plants around me up here on my hill by their Latin names, I was diverted from my lack of wits by the wit of the system.

Commelina virginica, the common dayflower, is a rangy weed bearing blue flowers with unequal sepals, two of them showy and rounded, the third hardly noticeable. After I identified it as that particular *Commelina*, named from a sample taken in Virginia, I read in one of my handbooks, written before it was considered necessary to be dull to be taken seriously:

Delightful Linnaeus, who dearly loved his little joke, himself confesses to have named the dayflowers after three brothers Commelyn, Dutch botanists, because two of them—commemorated in the showy blue petals of the blossom—published their works; the third, lacking application and ambition, amounted to nothing, like the third inconspicuous whitish third petal.

There is a tree growing in the woodland with shiny, oval leaves that turn brilliant red early in the fall, sometimes even at summer's end. It has small clusters of white flowers in June that bees like, and later blue fruits that are eaten by bluebirds and robins. It is one of the tupelos, and people in this part of the country call it black gum or sour gum. When I was growing up in Michigan I knew it as pepperidge. Its botanic name is *Nyssa sylvatica*. *Nyssa* groups the tupelos and is derived from the Greek Nyseides—the nymphs of Mount Nysa who cared for the infant Dionysus. *Sylvatica* means “of the woodlands.” *Nyssa sylvatica*—a wild, untamed name.

I botanized obsessively during that difficult time. Every day I learned new plants by their Latin names. I wandered about the woods that winter, good for little else, examining the bark of leafless trees. As wildflowers began to bloom in the spring, I carried my guidebooks with me and filled a fat notebook as I identified the plants, their habitats, habits, and dates of blooming. I had to write them down, for my brain, unaccustomed to exercise, was now on overload.

One spring afternoon, I was walking back down my lane after getting the mail. I had two fine new flowers to look up when I got back to the cabin. Warblers were migrating, and I had been watching them with binoculars; I had identified one I had never before seen. The sun was slanting through new leaves, and the air was fragrant with wild cherry (*Prunus serotina*: *Prunus*—plum, *serotina*—late blooming) blossoms, which my bees were working eagerly. I stopped to watch them, standing in the sunbeam. The world appeared to have been running along quite nicely without my even noticing it. Quietly, gratefully, I discovered that a part of me that had been off somewhere nurs-

ing grief and pain had returned. I had come back from lunch.

Once back, I set about doing all the things that one does when one returns from lunch. I cleared the desk and tended to the messages that others had left. I had been gone for a long time, so there was quite a pile to clear away before I could settle down to the work of the afternoon of my life, the work of building a new kind of order, a structure on which a fifty-year-old woman can live her life alone, at peace with herself and the world around her.

[Essay]

INSPIRED DISCRETION

By Marguerite Duras. From a special issue of *Le Nouvel Observateur* on love. Duras is commenting here on the results of a poll the magazine conducted on the subject of love and sex. Among the findings: 61% of French women (and 49% of French men) consider fidelity the most beautiful expression of love. As for the sexual act itself, both men and women ranked it behind fidelity, caresses, and declarations of love; most women considered it only slightly more romantic than a gift from a lover. The essay is translated by Christopher Benfey.

So fidelity, for certain people, is still the main thing in a love story. And why not? Fidelity, enforced and unto death, is the price you pay for the kind of love you never want to give up, for someone you want to hold forever, tighter and tighter, whether he's close or far away, someone who becomes dearer to you the more you've sacrificed for his sake. This sacrificial relationship is precisely the one that exists in the Christian church between pain and absolution. It can survive outside the church, but it retains its ecclesiastical form. There can be no more violent, and beautiful, strategy than this for seizing time, for restoring eternity to life.

Such fidelity between lovers comes close to sexual abstinence between lovers. For making love, really making love, isn't something you repeat. You discover love, once, in your desire for someone who is still unknown, still irreplaceable in his newness. It's almost criminal, make no mistake. Otherwise, it's not making love. It's something else entirely.

The “lovers” in Mme. de La Fayette's *La Princesse de Clèves* (1678), like all those dedicated to courtly love, took orders from outside—from the feudal lord or the prince—and under pain of death pledged not to know each other except through the mind. The strange

martyrdom sometimes chosen by lovers today, and called fidelity, is also a highly thought out, spiritual arrangement, but they themselves have consented to it. It's an attempt to make passion last, to keep it from going astray.

Infidelity, on the other hand, has taken over the place that fidelity had in our grandparents' time. The equivalence is almost perfect. Now people are unfaithful with the same obstinacy with which they used to be faithful. They generally make love without feeling any desire, in the name of some overblown notion of freedom. It all makes me a little sick to my stomach. Such infidelity is a filthy habit picked up in childhood, like saying dirty words: a sign of a bad upbringing.

As for the other preferences of the people in the poll, I'll pass over the subject of gifts and declarations. Likewise the wish for tenderness—I've never really understood what place it could possibly have in love.

But then I don't believe in opinion polls. I don't think anyone speaks from the heart when responding to a poll. Therefore no one really responds at all. I can only judge from my friends, even if they weren't polled. I know I've never known a woman, not one, who talked about gifts as if they showed someone loved her, or of declarations or fine phrases as if they meant the same thing. I don't know about other women. I see them in the streets, in the shops, leaving offices. Yes, it does seem to me they've changed. It's possible to think that they're not as pretty now, with their clothes so large their bodies disappear. . . .

Twenty years ago you could hear women walking in the street, just as you could hear silence. The sound of high heels in the street: you could hear it from far away. The stiletto heel, ten centimeters high, grates; it doesn't sound like the leather heel, six centimeters high. Woman, for many of us, meant Chanel—skirt below the knee, blouse, jewels. I knew a woman named Jeanne who was Chanel to a T: the uniform, the pattern, the theme of each day's variation. Jeanne was Chanel: the perfume, the colors, the necklaces; Chanel in the evening, Chanel at night. One day she changed. No more jewels, a straight dress all of a piece, gray flannel or russet, simple lapels. It was over. Do women walk badly today? A tiny bit, yes. They walk for exercise or to move from one place to another. Jeanne just walked, for no reason. People watched her, she let them. People smiled at her, she smiled. When she made love with a man, she fell in love with him. When it didn't last, she left him, without leaving a trace. When it lasted, love took over her whole life; it spread from coast to coast. I don't know what she'd think of these questions. I don't

know if women still have lovers. I just don't know.

And then there is that woman I remember, the one on the *Queen Elizabeth*, one of the last women of the world. What became of her? And of him? Every night in a black sheath, black satin, black organdy flounces, her hair loosened, a rain of sequins and gold on her shoulders, her body naked under the dress. Every evening they walked on the bridge and she danced with him, with that man, beautiful like her, supernatural—knockouts, both of them. I feel like crying whenever I think of them. They'd spotted me also, smiled "hello" to me each evening, danced with gay abandon. For them I was the woman who writes. For me they were the English lovers, the ones you always meet on boats. They're always behind the times, the fashion, but only the least bit—for the sake of discretion, inspired discretion.

TWO BY CORTAZAR

From Around the Day in Eighty Worlds, a posthumous collection of stories and essays by Julio Cortázar, published this month by North Point Press. Translated by Thomas Christensen.

No, No, and No—Mr. Silicose is completely mad if he thinks that I am going to give him an ant. At the moment he is only asking for one, hoping to persuade me by his moderation, but at the beginning (the afternoon of 22 November) he asked for a lot more, he wanted whole anthills, legions of ants, practically all the ants. He's crazy. Not only am I not going to give him the ant, but I intend to walk past his house with it on me, just to make him furious. I'll do it like this: first I'll put on my yellow tie, and then, having picked out the liveliest and shapeliest of my ants, I will let it crawl over my tie. So it will be a double promenade, me walking in front of Mr. Silicose's house and the ant walking on my tie. Did I say a double promenade? It will be an open, spiraling infinity of promenades, because if the ant is walking on my tie, my tie is moving with me, the earth is carrying me along on its ellipse, which is moving through the galaxy, which is wandering around the star Beta in the Centaurus, and the very moment that Mr. Silicose, thinking himself immobile, leans over his balcony to see my perfectly formed ant with all its feet and antennae on my yellow tie, he will comprehend, poor man, my flamboyant gesture. He will start to slobber something like macramé from his mouth and nose and his wife and daughters will try to revive

HARPER'S INDEX

- Interest payments on the federal debt that were made to foreigners in 1984 : \$19,800,000,000
- U.S. foreign aid in 1984 : \$15,583,000,000
- Hours spent on strike by Italians in 1979 : 192,700,000
- In 1984 : 51,000,000
- Rank of Italy, Argentina, and Libya in annual per capita pasta consumption : 1, 2, 3
- Pounds of pasta the average American ate in 1975 : 6.8
- In 1984 : 11
- Number of Americans who drink Coca-Cola for breakfast : 965,000
- Quarts of ice cream the average Southerner eats each year : 12
- The average New Englander : 23
- Potholes in the United States : 55,961,000
- Cost of having a car blessed at the Daishi Buddhist temple in Kawasaki, Japan : \$10.77
- Cost of a car wash at Steve's Detailing in New York City : \$145
- Percentage of American women who said they liked sports cars in 1976 : 39
- Who say that today : 56
- Percentage of American men who say they sleep in the nude : 19
- Percentage of American women : 6
- Copies of *Bride's* bought by the magazine's average reader : 7
- Percentage of black high-school graduates under 25 who are unemployed : 26.8
- Percentage of white high-school dropouts under 25 who are unemployed : 26.2
- Amount South Africa spends to educate the average white student each year (in rand) : 1,385
- The average "colored" student : 872
- The average black student : 192
- Number of Jews permitted to emigrate from the Soviet Union in 1979 : 51,320
- In 1984 : 896
- Number of Americans who emigrate each year : 100,000
- Percentage of New York City children who live below the poverty line : 40
- Average age at which American girls began to menstruate in 1900 : 14.3
- In 1984 : 12.9
- Percentage of American obstetricians/gynecologists who have been sued for malpractice : 67
- Number of Americans who have been killed on the job by robots : 1
- Number of Americans currently frozen in the hope of one day coming back to life : 11
- Number of Americans holding reservations with Pan Am for a trip to the moon : 90,002

Figures cited are the latest available as of April 1985. Sources are listed on page 74

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HARPER'S
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him with smelling salts and will lay him across the sofa in the living room. That living room, I know it only too well, having spent so many evenings drinking iced tea there with that family avid of insects.

Stairs Again—Somewhere among the works of someone I would rather forget it is said that there are stairs for climbing and others for going down; what is not mentioned is that there can also be stairs for going backward.

Users of these practical devices readily understand that all stairs go backward if you climb

them backward, but *what remains to be seen* is the result of such an unusual activity. Try it on an exterior stairway: once you get past the impression of inconvenience (and vertigo), with each step you will discover a new horizon, which emerges from the preceding one but at the same time corrects, criticizes, and expands it. Now recall how a moment ago, when you climbed the usual way, the world, behind you, was abolished by that same stairway, by its hypnotic succession of steps; whereas you only have to climb up backward for the horizon, at first blocked by the wall of your garden, to leap out to the Peñaloza fields, then embrace the Turkish mill, burst through the cypresses of the cemetery, and with a little luck at last attain the true horizon, that of the schoolteacher's definition. And the sky? And the clouds? Count them when you are at the very top, drink the sky that falls upon your face through its immense funnel. Maybe then, when you make a half turn and enter the rooms on the top floor of your house, your everyday domestic life, you will realize that there too you should look at many things the same way, that a mouth, a love, a novel, should all be climbed backward. But be careful: it is easy to totter and fall; some things can only be seen by climbing backward, while others resist, fearing this way of climbing that lays them bare. Insisting on their viewpoints behind their masks, they revenge themselves cruelly on those who climb backward the better to see the rest, the Peñaloza fields or the cypresses of the cemetery. Beware of that chair, beware that woman.

[Letter Home]

BAUDELAIRE'S NEW LEAF

From Selected Letters of Charles Baudelaire: The Conquest of Solitude, translated and edited by Rosemary Lloyd, published this month by the University of Chicago Press. This letter to Caroline Aupick, Baudelaire's mother, was written in 1847, when the poet was twenty-six.

In spite of the cruel letter you wrote in reply to my last request, I thought I could turn to you once again, not because I'm not perfectly aware of what a bad mood I'm going to put you in, and how hard it'll be to make you understand that my request is entirely legitimate, but because I feel so convinced that such an action can be infinitely and indisputably helpful to me, and I'm hoping to make you share that conviction. You'll note that I say *once again*, by which I

[Photomontage]

L.A. CAR WASH



DUSTIN SHULER

California Car Wash, by Dustin Shuler, from the November 1985 issue of California magazine. Shuler is a West Coast artist who "skins" automobiles with a blowtorch. Pictured here is a 1963 Volkswagen that Shuler proposes to hang from a length of aircraft cable strung between two palms in Los Angeles' MacArthur Park.

mean in complete sincerity: *for the last time*.

If you only knew what an effort I've had to make just to take up a pen and write to you again, in no hope of explaining to someone whose life is easy and well regulated how it is possible for me to be in such a mess! Imagine a chronic inability to work caused by a perpetual illness, suffered by someone with a deep hatred for that inability to work, and completely incapable of getting out of it because of the constant lack of money. In such cases it's certainly better, however humiliating, to turn again to you rather than to outsiders, in whom I wouldn't find the same sympathy. Here's what's happening to me now. Overjoyed at having somewhere to live and some furniture, but deprived of money, I'd spent the last two or three days trying to get hold of some cash, when last Monday evening, worn out with weariness, worry, and hunger, I went into the first hotel I came across, and since that time I've stayed put, with good cause. I'd given the address of this hotel to a friend whom I'd lent money four years ago, in the days when I had money, but he hasn't kept his word to me. Moreover, the sum I had in mind wasn't large—thirty to thirty-five francs a week; but that's not the whole problem. For even if, with your usual generosity (alas it's never sufficient), you're willing to get me out of this mess, what shall I do *tomorrow*? For this idleness is killing me; it devours and corrodes me. I really don't know how I have the strength to overcome the disastrous effects of this idleness and have absolute clarity in my thinking and a constant faith in fortune, happiness, and calm. And that's why I beg on *bended knees*, so close I feel to the end not only of other people's patience but of my own. Send me, even if it costs you great suffering and even if you don't believe in the real usefulness of this final service, not merely the sum in question but enough to let me survive for three weeks. Arrange things as you think best. I believe so firmly in my timetable and in the strength of my willpower that I *know for a fact* that if I could succeed in leading a regular life for two or three weeks, *my intelligence would be saved*. This is a final attempt, *a gamble*. Take a chance on the outsider, my dear mother, I do beg of you. The explanation for these six years—spent in a way that would have been so strange and so disastrous did I not enjoy a physical and intellectual health that nothing can destroy—is very simple. You could sum it up in the following way: thoughtlessness, procrastination of the most easily realizable plans, resulting in poverty, unending poverty. Do you want a sample? On occasion I've had to spend up to three days in bed, sometimes because I had no clean linen, sometimes because there was no wood. To be honest, laudanum and wine are of little

help against sorrow. They make the time pass but they don't change one's life. Moreover, even to sink into brutishness you need money. The last time you were kind enough to give me fifteen francs I hadn't eaten for *two days*—forty-eight hours. The only way I kept awake and on my feet was through the brandy I'd been given, and I hate liquors because they burn my stomach. May such confessions—for your sake or mine—never be known to living men or to posterity! For I still believe that posterity concerns me. No one could ever believe that a rational being born of a good, kind mother could have fallen into such a state. So never let this letter, which is addressed to you alone, to the first person to whom I've ever made such a confession—never let it out of your keeping. You must have in your heart sufficient reasons to understand that such complaints can be addressed only to you and cannot go beyond you.

I have just reread these two pages and even to me they seem extraordinary. I've never dared to complain so intensely before. I hope you'll attribute this excitement to the sufferings I'm undergoing and of which you know nothing. The absolute idleness of my life as it appears to others, contrasting with the perpetual activity of my ideas, throws me into extraordinary fits of rage. I'm angered by my faults, and I'm angry at you for believing I'm not sincere in my intentions. The fact is that for the last few months I've been living in a supernatural state of mind. Now—to return to the central part of the proof I'm trying to give you—the absurdity of my existence can be explained, generally speaking, in the following way: thoughtless spending of money that should be devoted to work. Time rushes by, but my needs continue. *One last time*, in my longing to be finished with this situation and in my belief in my willpower, I'm turning to you, to make an attempt, a final throw of the dice, as I was saying a moment ago, even if this should seem to you exorbitant yet again, and even if it causes you financial difficulties. I can guess and understand very well how any irregularity in expenditure must be unbearable to you, and must throw you into disarray, and how particularly unsettling it must be for a good housekeeper like you, as I know from living with you—but I'm in an exceptional state of mind. I wanted to see once more if my mother's money could help me—and I believe that it's indisputably certain to do so. I'm suffering too much not to want to end it *once and for all*. That expression has, I think, already appeared several times.

This is my plan. It's simple in the extreme. About eight months ago I was asked to write two full-length articles, which I still haven't completed, one on the *history of caricature*, the other

one on the *history of sculpture*. That would bring in 600 francs, and would cover only urgent needs. Articles like these are a mere game for me.

Starting on New Year's Day, I'm embarking on a new career—the creation of works of pure imagination, novels. I don't need to prove to you here the seriousness, the beauty, and the infinite nature of that art. While we're dealing with material concerns, I'll just tell you that *any novel can be sold, good or bad*—you just need determination.

Well, I've *calculated* that the excessive weariness of most of my creditors, who look on their loans as deplorable and have into the bargain the secret knowledge that they've *shamefully robbed* me, would enable me to reduce the total amount of money I owe to 6,000 or 8,000 at the most. With a bit of care and persistence, I could easily raise that sum.

If you only knew what a complicated blend of large and small torments makes up my habitual suffering. At least I've forced myself this time to write you a letter that is entirely suitable and can prove the complete lucidity of mind I enjoy in good moments. The sad thing is that I need you and that there's nothing I can do concerning you without appearing selfish.

I'm very tired. It's as though a wheel keeps spinning around in my head. One last time, dear Mother, I beg you in the name of my salvation. I believe it's the first time I've confided in you at such length about so many plans that I cherish and consider so important.

One more thing. For a long time you've been trying to cut me completely out of your life. You probably hope that this isolation will bring my problems to an end. Whatever I've done wrong, it isn't my fault. Do you think I'm strong enough to put up with perpetual isolation? *I undertake not to visit you until I can bring good news.*

Farewell, I'm glad I've written to you.

[Jacket Copy]

THE HOWARD ROSE STORY

From the book jacket of Private I, by Howard N. Rose, published by Dorrance & Company, of Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.

In this heartwarming autobiography, Howard N. Rose of Albuquerque, New Mexico, brings forth remembrances of his careers as a journalist; screenwriter; percussionist with orchestras in Cleveland and Columbus, Ohio, and Albu-

querque, New Mexico; public relations; and printing.

Mr. Rose's early days in Cleveland provide the backdrop for an interesting trip back to the days of the Great Depression. He recounts many experiences with some of the most noted musicians and conductors of the time. With candor and honesty, the author relates the behind-the-scenes goings-on in the music industry.

The years of World War II and the glamour of 1940s Hollywood come to life on the pages of *Private I* as the author recounts his days while stationed in Las Vegas, New Mexico, and Palm Springs, California, working with some of the biggest names in Hollywood in war bond drives.

A life full of exciting events and the author's humor and forthright sincerity provide enjoyable reading for both young and old. Mr. Rose is a man who made, and continues to make, the most of every opportunity—and writes about them in a most warm and enchanting way.

[Poem]

A PERSONAL HISTORY OF THE CURVEBALL

By Jonathan Holden. From the Winter 1986 issue of the Kenyon Review. A collection of Holden's poems, The Names of the Rapids, was published last year by the University of Massachusetts Press.

It came to us like sex.

Years before we ever faced the thing
we'd heard about the curve
and studied it. Aerial photos
snapped by night in *Life*, mapping
Ewell "The Whip" Blackwell's sidearm hook,
made it look a fake, the dotted line
hardly swerved at all.

Such power had to be a gift
or else some trick, we didn't care which.
My hope was on technique.

In one mail-order course in hypnotism
that I took from the back cover
of a comic book, the hypnotist
like a ringmaster wore a suit,
sporting a black, Errol Flynn moustache
as he loomed, stern but benign
over a maiden.

Her eyes half-closed, she gazed
upward at his eyes, ready
to obey, as the zigzag lightning strokes
of his hypnotic power, emanating
from his fingertips and eyes,
passed into her stilled, receptive face.



TORO, TORO, TORO MEET THE LAWN NYMPHS OF NYACK, N.Y.

from Notes from the Nervous Breakdown Lane, a collection of cartoons by Ken Brown, published by Harper & Row.

She could feel
the tingling force-field of his powers.
After school, not knowing
what to look for, only
that we'd know it when it came—
that it would be strange—
we'd practice curves, trying
through trial and error to pick up by luck
whatever secret knack a curveball took,
sighting down the trajectory
of each pitch we caught
for signs of magic.
Those throws spun in like drills
and just as straight,
every one the same.
In Ebbets Field I'd watch
Sal "The Barber" Maglie train
his batter with a hard one at the head
for the next pitch,
some dirty sleight of hand down and away
he'd picked up somewhere
in the Mexican League. Done,
he'd trudge in from the mound.
His tired, mangy face had no illusions.
But the first curve I ever threw
that worked astonished me
as much as the lefty cleanup man I faced.

He dropped, and when I grinned
smiled weakly back. What he'd seen
I couldn't even guess
until one tepid evening in the Pony League
I stepped in against a southpaw,
a kid with catfish lips
and greased-back hair,
who had to be too stupid
to know any magic tricks. He lunged,
smote one at my neck.
I ducked. Then, either
that ball's spin broke every law
I'd ever heard about or else
Morris County moved almost
a foot. I was out
by the cheapest trick the air
can pull—Bernoulli's Principle.
Like "magic," the common love songs
wail and are eager to repeat
it helplessly, *magic*, as if to say
what else can I say, it's magic,
which is the stupidest of words
because it stands for nothing,
there is no magic. And yet
what other word does the heartbroken
or the strikeout victim have
to mean what cannot be and means what is? ■

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It's a different world today.

WHAT DOES THE GOVERNMENT OWE THE POOR?

An American's distrust of welfare should come as no surprise. Public assistance threatens what is after all the central doctrine of capitalism: that the incentive to work is born of the burning desire to *have*, and then to have more. Why risk dulling the spur of poverty, and thereby dooming the supposed beneficiaries to perpetual dependence?

Critics of the Great Society voiced these concerns during the mid-1960s, but in the last three or four years much louder, more confident voices have raised them again. The new critics maintain that America's inner cities have become great wastelands of poverty, a poverty largely subsidized and thus encouraged by our own government. Far from "lifting Americans out of poverty," welfare has succeeded mainly in breaking up families, encouraging young girls to have babies out of wedlock, and generally denigrating the value of hard work. So why not dismantle it?

Charles Murray's *Losing Ground* is the most influential presentation of the radical view that government can best help the poor by leaving them to their own devices. Jesse Jackson is a longtime civil rights activist known for his eloquent and sympathetic advocacy of the interests of the poor. *Harper's* invited Murray and Jackson to discuss welfare, government, and the nature of American poverty.

The following conversation took place at the Harvard Club in New York City.

CHARLES MURRAY

is a senior research fellow at the Manhattan Institute for Policy Research. He is the author of *Losing Ground: American Social Policy, 1950–1980*, which criticizes the effects of social programs on the poor. He was formerly chief scientist at the American Institutes for Research, where he evaluated government programs involving urban education, welfare services, child nutrition, day care, adolescent pregnancy, juvenile delinquency, and criminal justice.

JESSE JACKSON

is president of the National Rainbow Coalition and co-pastor of the Fellowship Missionary Baptist Church in Chicago. From 1967 to 1971 he served as national director of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference's Operation Breadbasket. In 1971 he founded Operation PUSH, which promotes excellence in inner-city public schools and negotiates with major corporations to increase the amount of business they do with minority-owned companies. Jackson sought the Democratic presidential nomination in 1984.

CHARLES MURRAY: **H**ow can government help the poor? The problem is that, so far, we haven't been very good at it. During the late 1960s and early 1970s, we began a major effort to bring people out of poverty, to educate the uneducated, to employ the unemployable. We have to confront the fact that the effort to help the poor did not have the desired effect. In terms of education, crime, family stability, the lives of poor people have gotten worse since the 1960s, and we have to explain why.

During those years we, in effect, changed the rules of the game for poor people. Essentially we said, in a variety of ways: "It's not your fault. If you are not learning in school, it is because the educational system is biased; if you are committing crimes, it is because the environment is poor; if you have a baby that you can't care for, it's because your own upbringing was bad." Having absolved everybody of responsibility, we then said: "You can get along without holding a job. You can get along if you have a baby but have no husband and no income. You can survive without participating in society the way your parents had to." And lots of young people took the bait. So the question remains: What, if anything, does the government owe the poor?

JESSE JACKSON: I'm as unimpressed with boundless liberalism as I am with heartless conservatism. Creative thinking has to take place. But to begin to think creatively, we have to be realistic: about the role of government, for example.

We cannot be blindly anti-government. The government has made significant interventions in many, many areas for the common good. Without public schools, most Americans would not be educated. Without land-grant colleges, the United States would not have the number one agricultural system in the world. Without

federal transit programs, we would not have an interstate highway system. Without subsidized hospitals, most Americans could not afford decent medical care. And the government has played a significant role in providing a base for many American industries. The defense industries, for example, may be considered private, part of the market, but many of them are almost wholly supported by government contracts.

Now, we consider spending the public's money toward these ends to be in our national interest. When we saw the devastation in Europe after World War II, we devised the Marshall Plan—a comprehensive, long-term program. Had the Marshall Plan been a five-year investment program—as the War on Poverty essentially was—Europe would have collapsed. But we determined that the redevelopment of Europe was in our national interest. That's an instance where a vigorous government investment made something positive happen.

But when we shift from the notion of subsidy as something that serves our national interest, to that of welfare, the attitudes suddenly shift from positive to negative. In this country there is a negative predisposition toward the poor. We must learn to see the *development* of people who are poor as in our national interest, as cost-efficient, as an investment that can bring an enormous return to every American. The government definitely has a big role to play.

MURRAY: I agree it has a role. There are some things government *can* do, and one of them is to ensure that a whole range of opportunities is available to everyone. For example, in my ideal world, whether a child lived in the inner city or in the suburbs, everything from preschool to graduate school would be available to him—free. In this ideal world, if someone really

looked for a job and just couldn't find one, perhaps because of a downturn in the economy, some minimal unemployment insurance would be in place to help him.

Opportunity should be assured, but attempts at achieving equal outcome abandoned. What would happen if you took away all other government-supported welfare, if the system were dismantled? Well, believe it or not, a lot of good things would begin to happen.

JACKSON: The notion of "opportunity" is more complicated than it sounds. For example, some people are poor *because* of government. When a nation is 51 percent female yet can't get an equal rights amendment passed; when many women still cannot borrow money with the same freedom men can, cannot pursue their ideas and aspirations in the marketplace because they are not equally protected—that amounts to government interference, too, but on the side of the status quo. Many blacks and Hispanics cannot borrow money from banks, on subjective grounds—because some bank official doesn't like their color, or because whole neighborhoods are redlined so that money will not be loaned to anyone living there. Government must be committed to the vigorous enforcement of equal protection under the law and other basic principles; without that enforcement, it is not a government handout that's the issue as much as it is the government's shoving people into a hole and not *letting* them out. When Legal Aid is cut, and the poor no longer have access to the courts, that's an example of government playing a role in *perpetuating* poverty.

MURRAY: If you try to rent an inexpensive apartment in my hometown of Newton, Iowa, even if you're white, you may very well not be able to rent that apartment, on "subjective grounds." I mean, you come to the door, and because of the way you act or the way you look or whatever, the landlord says to himself: "My apartment's going to get trashed." These subjective grounds often have a basis in fact. And it's real tough for people renting out apartments—and maybe even for banks—to operate in ways that enable them to make money if they aren't permitted to make these kinds of subjective judgments.

JACKSON: Dr. Murray, the farmer wearing his bib overalls who walks up to that apartment door and is rejected for the way he looks is not a victim of racial prejudice. That man could put on a suit and get the apartment. Blacks can't change color. The idea is that bankers choose not to make loans to blacks *institutionally*.

Now, I'm not just throwing around a charge here. John H. Johnson, the president of John-

son Publishing Company, which publishes *Ebony*, is perhaps the most established black businessman in the country. Yet several banks turned down his loan application to build in downtown Chicago. Maybe the most established black businessman in the country was turned down for a loan simply because of the institutional racism of banks. And so we need laws enforced, we need the government to protect people who are black or Hispanic or Asian or Indian or female, from the bankers' ability to do that.

A lot of people, to this day, are simply locked out. Until 1967, there had never been more than a couple of black car dealerships, because the automobile industry's policy was not to allow a black to invest in a car dealership or to learn to run one in any neighborhood, black or white. So blacks now have fewer than 240 dealerships out of the 22,050 in this country. Blacks always had the ability, but they were locked out by race, even if they had the money. Operation PUSH confronted Ford as late as July 1982, when there were fewer than 40 black automobile dealerships out of 5,600. Ford finally agreed to grant thirty new black dealerships in one year, which they had previously claimed was impossible. Well, those thirty dealerships are still operating, employing an average of more than fifty people each, and those jobs represent the alternative to welfare and despair.

MURRAY: If you say that in 1960 blacks as a people were locked out, well, I have no problem with that. But that is no longer accurate. Let's talk about black youth unemployment. Are you saying that America's black youth are marching resolutely from door to door, interviewing for jobs, and that they are getting turned down because they're black? If so, then a jobs program ought to do wonders. CETA ought to have done wonders. But it didn't.

JACKSON: The private economy, by being so closed for so long, has pushed many people into the public economy. There's just no reason why, in a population of 30 million blacks, there are only two black beverage-bottling franchises. You can't explain it by lack of ambition or an unwillingness to take risks, because for the past twenty years blacks have been the top salesmen in that industry. A lot of people got locked into poverty because of the government's failure to enforce equal protection under the law. Until the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and Lyndon Johnson's executive order of 1965, beverage companies could get lucrative government contracts to operate on U.S. military bases around the world, even though they locked out a significant body of Americans.

MURRAY: I'm not in a position to argue with you about wholesalers and franchises. But I don't think we can assume that if blacks gain more access to entrepreneurial business positions—which I'm all in favor of—it will have a fundamental effect on poverty and the underclass.

JACKSON: If there is an artificial ceiling limiting the growth of the so-called talented 10 percent—I use the term advisedly—then it compounds the problem of the disinherited 90 percent. If where we live, our money won't "spend" because of redlining, which becomes a de facto law; if where we live, our money cannot buy a car franchise or a beer franchise or a soft-drink franchise—which are some of the great American ways out of poverty—then blacks are effectively locked out of the private economy. And so, just as the political grandfather clause locked blacks out of the political system, economic grandfather clauses have effectively locked blacks out of the economic system. Blacks today can take over a town politically, because its population is mostly black. But the economic territory—the entrepreneurial opportunities, beyond mom-and-pop businesses, which allow a people to develop a leadership class in the private economy, which in turn begins to lift others as it hires them and trains them—is still closed. Blacks who worked as salesmen and saleswomen for the first generation of black entrepreneurs now have franchises of their own, because they have access to the franchise head. But that has not happened historically.

MURRAY: Why is it that the Koreans and Vietnamese and all sorts of other people who come here with very few resources do well, including West Indian blacks? They come here, start businesses, and manage to earn a median income which rivals or surpasses that of whites. I'm not trying to say racism doesn't exist. I'm saying it doesn't explain nearly as much as it ought to.

JACKSON: Do not underestimate the impact of 250 years of legal slavery followed by a hundred years of legal segregation. The damage it did to the minds of the oppressor and the oppressed must not be played down. When I grew up in South Carolina, I could caddy but I couldn't play golf. That's why I can't play golf now; I could have been arrested for hitting a golf ball at the Greenville Country Club. I could shag balls, but I couldn't play tennis. I could shine shoes, but I couldn't sit on the stand and couldn't own a stand at the train station. I could wait tables, but I couldn't sit at them; and I could not borrow money to build a competing establishment.

The other groups you mentioned have not known that level of degradation. The Cubans

came to Miami as beneficiaries of a cold war between this country and Cuba; we used money and subsidies to induce them to come here, and those who came were in large measure from a class that had some history of business acumen. Many of the Vietnamese were beneficiaries of the same kind of cold war policy.

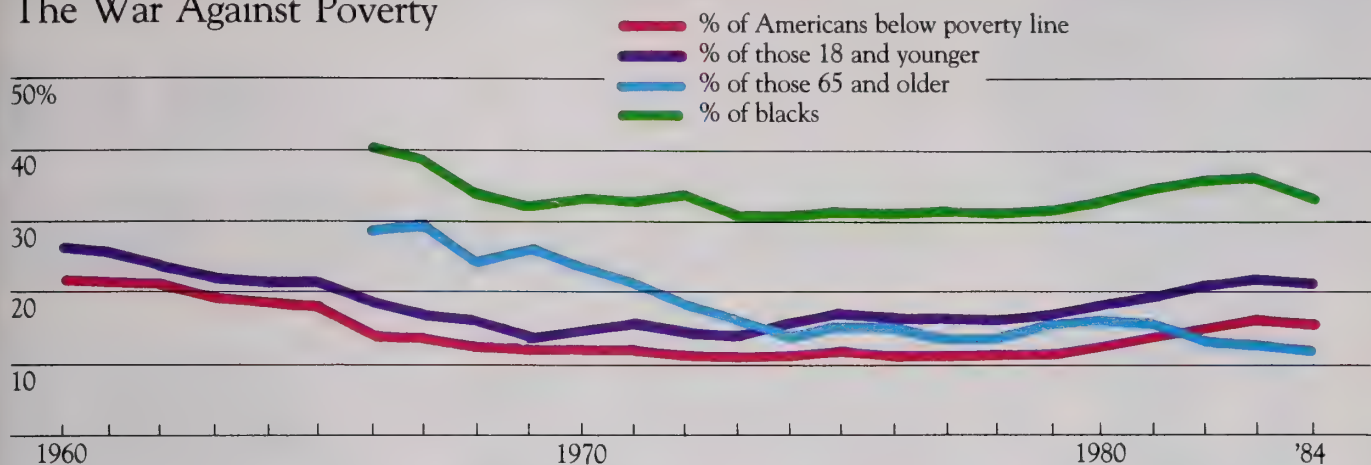
Now, shagging balls and not playing tennis, caddying and not playing golf, not voting and seeing others vote—all of this had the cumulative effect of lowering people's ambitions and limiting their horizons. Let me give an example. I saw a story in *USA Today* last summer headlined "More Blacks Graduating from High School, Fewer Going to College." A young lady from Chicago was quoted in the story, and I decided to meet with her and her mother. It turned out she had a B+ average, was a member of the National Honor Society—the whole business. I said to the girl, "Do you want to go to college?" She said she did. I said, "Well, have you taken the SAT tests?" She said she hadn't. "Why not?" "Well, the counselor told me that since I couldn't afford to go to college, that stuff was a waste of time." In other words, she was being programmed for failure, taught to be mediocre, programmed downward.

Once I discovered what was happening, I went on the radio and asked any high school student—black, white, brown—who had every college qualification except money to come to Operation PUSH. Seven hundred fifty young people came with their parents; we have placed 250 of them in colleges, including that young lady. But if that young lady hadn't gone to college, she would have been written off three or four years later: people would have said the family was subsidized, dependent; she didn't go to college; now she's pregnant; and the whole cycle begins again. She was programmed into lower ambition, programmed away from college. Yet many schools, especially the better ones like Harvard and Columbia, provide scholarship money. But so many students don't know this; it's a well-kept secret. Those who have, know; the circle remains essentially closed.

MURRAY: Getting that information out would serve as an *incentive*. I know how I'd spend money on educational programs. I'd put up a bunch of posters saying that anybody who gets such-and-such a score on the SATs will get a free ride through college. I'm willing to bet that I'd get more results from my program than the government would get by trying directly to improve the schools.

JACKSON: There's a role for that kind of motivation. There's also a role for increasing opportunity. Often it's not lack of ability or ambition

The War Against Poverty



Source: U.S. Census Department

that locks people out, but lack of information.

MURRAY: I'm worried, because I'm starting to agree with you too much!

JACKSON: Just give me time, you'll be all right.

MURRAY: Oh, I think we'll find some things to disagree on. I come from an all-white town. I went back to visit this Christmas, and I said to myself, "I wonder what poverty is like here in Newton, Iowa." So I got in touch with the human services people and spent some time riding around with a caseworker. And as I listened to this caseworker describe what her problems were, I realized that if I closed my eyes, I could have been listening to a caseworker in the South Bronx. The problems were indistinguishable from what are usually considered "black problems."

JACKSON: Yes, we must whiten the face of poverty. It's an *American* problem, not a black problem. But the face of poverty in this country is portrayed as a black face, and that reinforces certain attitudes. I mean, John Kennedy holds up a sick black baby in his arms and people say, "Gee, he's a nice guy." He holds up a sick white baby in West Virginia and people say, "We've got to do something about this."

Of the 34 million people living in poverty in America, 23 million are white. The poor are mostly white and female and young. Most poor people work every day. They're not on welfare; they're changing beds in hospitals and hotels and mopping floors and driving cabs and raising other people's children. And there is no basis for taking a few people who cheat the system as examples, and using them to smear millions of people who by and large work very hard.

MURRAY: The welfare queen is not the problem.

And the dynamics of dependency operate pretty much the same for both blacks and whites. For example, I did some checking on what the out-of-wedlock birthrate is among poor whites. Guess what? Middle-class blacks don't have much of a problem with out-of-wedlock births, just as middle-class whites don't; but poor blacks and poor whites alike have a big problem with it.

Now, when I visit a school in inner-city Washington, I see a couple of different kinds of kids. A lot of kids are sent out of their houses every morning by their moms and dads, who tell them, "Get that education. Study hard. Do what the teacher says." And these youngsters go off to school and study hard, do exactly what the teacher says, and still graduate a couple of years behind grade level—not because they're stupid, but because of what has happened to the school systems during the past twenty years. A great deal of energy and attention has been spent catering to the kind of kid who, for whatever reason, makes it real hard for the first set of kids to learn.

So I think we need to reintroduce a notion which has a disreputable recent history in America: the notion of class. A good part of our problem can be characterized as one of "lower-class behavior," which is distinct from the behavior of poor people.

JACKSON: In other words, the Watergate burglars, though white, male, and rich, were engaging in "lower-class behavior."

MURRAY: No, but if you talk about the danger posed by the increase in crime, it so happens that it is not the rich white folks who are suffering.

JACKSON: Back up now, back up. You introduced a phenomenon there, Dr. Murray, about "lower-class behavior." I suppose that means low morals.



ALICE WALKER

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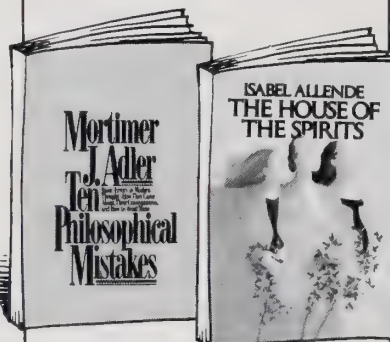
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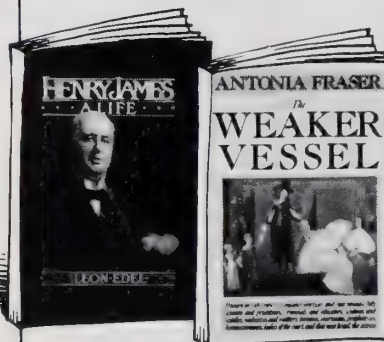
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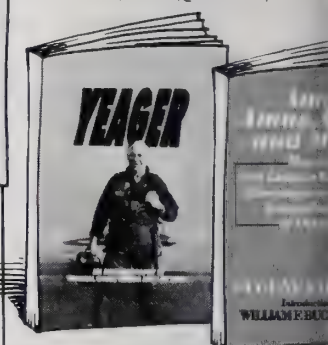
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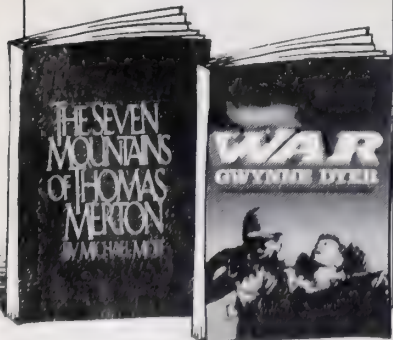
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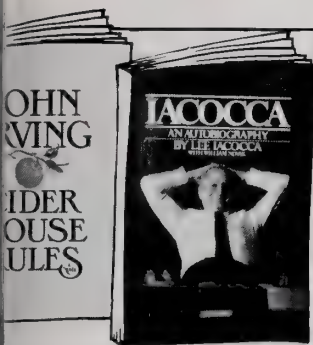
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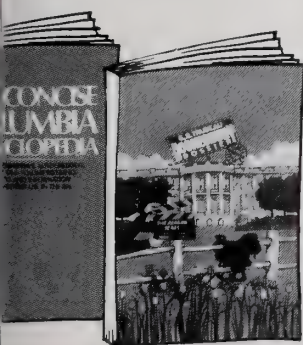
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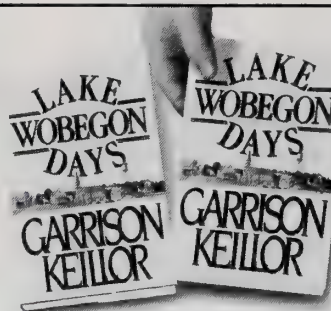
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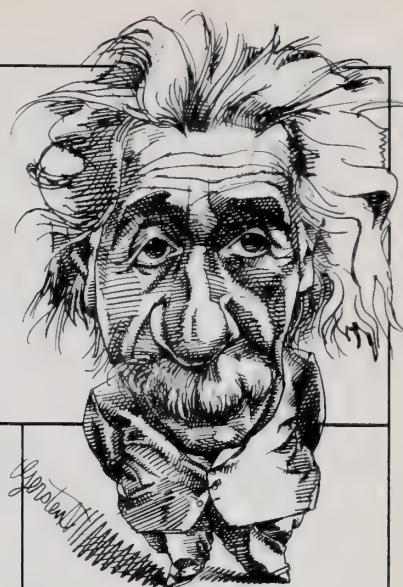
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who
aren't rich.**

MURRAY: You added that.

JACKSON: Well, I *guessed* that's what it means. What does "lower-class behavior" mean?

MURRAY: The syndrome was identified long ago, although the term is more recent. People in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries would simply talk about "trash," for example, and later there was the concept of the "undeserving poor." The sociologist who did the Elmstown study certainly recognized the syndrome, as did Edward Banfield. It is characterized by chronic unemployment due to people working for a while and then dropping out, unstable family life, and so on.

JACKSON: But you know, Dr. Murray, you made a distinction here on this "lower-class behavior," and I was trying to get a definition of it, but I did not get it. I'm sorry, I haven't read all those books you mentioned. But I suppose it means *immoral* behavior.

MURRAY: I'm not using words like "moral" and "immoral."

JACKSON: Well, I guess it means violence against people, unprovoked violence—lower-class behavior. Sex without love, making unwanted babies—lower-class behavior. Taking what belongs to other people—lower-class behavior. Filling your nose full of cocaine, driving drunk—lower-class behavior. That's not lower-class behavior, Dr. Murray, that's immoral.

It seems to me that whether it is stealing in the suites or stealing in the streets, whether it is happening in ghetto, barrio, reservation, or suburb, we should condemn lower-class behavior. Cain killing Abel, brother killing brother, is lower-class behavior because it's low morals, it's unethical, it's not right. Whether they're welfare-ized or subsidized, people should not engage in lower-class behavior. Is it more moral for a business executive to sniff cocaine than a welfare recipient?

MURRAY: If you are saying that rich white people can be lousy, I agree. But my point is that if we continue to pretend that all poor people are victims, if we do not once again recognize in social policy the distinctions that have been recognized all along on the street, we will continue to victimize those poor people who most deserve our respect and our help.

Parents, black or white, who are working at lousy jobs but who are *working*, paying the rent, teaching their kids how to behave—yes, those people are behaving differently, and certainly in a more praiseworthy way, than parents who fail

to do those things. Poor people fall into very different classes, distinguished by differences in work behavior, such as chronic unemployment whether there are jobs or not. And there are differences in child rearing. Working-class people pay a lot of attention to how their children are doing; they talk to them, ask how they're doing in school. But there are children who come to school at the age of five and do not know, for example, the words for the colors; nobody's talked to them, they've been utterly neglected. Finally, when there is divorce among the working class the man takes continued responsibility for supporting the children. Lower-class behavior, on the other hand, is characterized by serial monogamy or promiscuity and a failure of the man to take responsibility for his children.

JACKSON: Dr. Murray, the lady who lived across the street from us while I was growing up ran what they called a "bootleg house." She was a woman of high character: she was a seamstress, and all her children graduated from college. But on the weekend people came over to her house to drink and gamble, and so Mrs. X was considered an outcast. Now, another lady named Mrs. Y, who lived about three blocks from us, owned a liquor store; because she was white she could get a liquor license. Mrs. Y was an entrepreneur, Mrs. X was a moral outcast. But something told me early in the game that the only difference between Mrs. X and Mrs. Y was a license.

Men and women would come over to Mrs. X's house sometimes and have sex down in the basement: promiscuity, also a sign of lower-class behavior, and another reason why people looked down on her. Well, I began working at the hotel in town; I was paid to carry in the booze for the men who would meet women there, often other people's wives, sometimes even their friends' wives. They'd each leave at a different time and by a different door to maintain their respectability, but I knew where they lived because I used to cut their grass and rake their leaves. This is distinctly lower-class behavior—sleeping with other people's wives.

MURRAY: No, engaging in sexual behavior, even promiscuity, does not make you lower class. What makes you lower class is having kids you can't or don't take care of.

JACKSON: Now, Dr. Murray, are you saying that a lawyer who has sex with his partner's wife and uses a prophylactic is engaging in behavior that's higher class than that of someone who does the same thing but does not have the sense or ability to use a prophylactic?

MURRAY: Look, I'm not against sex. I'm not even

necessarily against sex outside of marriage.

JACKSON: Now, don't get too swift on me here. The act of going to bed with another man's wife is adultery.

MURRAY: Fine.

JACKSON: It ain't fine. It's *immoral*. It's lower-class behavior, and whether it takes place in the White House, statehouse, courthouse, out-house, your house, my house, that behavior is unethical.

MURRAY: But that has nothing to do with what I'm saying.

JACKSON: It shows a certain attitude: If you do something and it's subsidized, it's all right. If others do it and it's welfarized, it's not so good.

I was in inner-city Washington several months ago, talking to a gym full of high school kids. I challenged those who had taken drugs to come down front. About 300 came down. Next day the *Washington Post* published three pictures and the headline "Jackson does phenomenal thing—kids admit drug usage." Editorial: "It's a great thing that Jackson did, but you know he has a special way with black kids." Next day I went to a school in Maryland—in one of the richest counties in America, about 97 percent white, single-family dwellings, upper middle class, and all that. The principal said to me, "Well, you can make your pitch, but of course it won't work here." So I made my pitch. I said, "Taking drugs is morally wrong, except in con-

trolled medical situations; it's morally wrong and ungodly." Six hundred students were present. I said, "Those who have tried drugs, come forward." About 200 came forward. This was a junior high school; these kids were thirteen, fourteen years old. The principal was in a daze. Now *that's* lower-class behavior and upper-class economic status. Rich folks embezzle and poor folks steal; rich folks prevaricate and poor folks lie. But I think a lie is a lie is a lie.

MURRAY: If we agree that lying is lying and stealing is stealing, that doesn't help the little old lady who is trying to get from her apartment to the grocery store without getting her Social Security check ripped off. If we take the attitude that white-collar crime is just as bad as street crime, so let's not go after the street criminals when we let the embezzlers get away, the problem is that we ignore that little old lady, who is not in much immediate danger from embezzlers. Poor people, first of all, need safety. We'll take care of the white-collar criminals as best as we can, but first I want to make it safe in the neighborhoods. And if that requires putting a whole bunch of people behind bars, let's do it.

JACKSON: We should remember that four years at a state university in New York costs less than \$25,000; four years at Attica costs \$104,000. I am more inclined to take these young kids and lock them up in dormitories, give them years of mind expansion and trade development. It costs too much to leave them around for years without education, hope, or training.

The present welfare system should be replaced

The Millionaire and the Dishwasher

Fear of the mob is a superstitious fear. It is based on the idea that there is some mysterious, fundamental difference between rich and poor, as though they were two different races, like negroes and white men. But in reality there is no such difference. The mass of the rich and the poor are differentiated by their incomes and nothing else, and the average millionaire is only the average dishwasher dressed in a new suit. Change places, and handy dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Everyone who has mixed on equal terms with the poor knows this quite well. But the trouble is that intelligent, cultivated people, the very people who might be expected to have liberal opinions, never do mix with the poor. For what do the majority of edu-

cated people know about poverty? . . . From this ignorance a superstitious fear of the mob results quite naturally. The educated man pictures a horde of submen, wanting only a day's liberty to loot his house, burn his books, and set him to work minding a machine or sweeping out a lavatory. "Anything," he thinks, "any injustice, sooner than let that mob loose." He does not see that since there is no difference between the mass of rich and poor, there is no question of setting the mob loose. The mob is in fact loose now, and—in the shape of rich men—is using its power to set up enormous treadmills of boredom, such as "smart" hotels.

—from *Down and Out in Paris and London* (1933), by George Orwell

with a human development system. As presently constructed, the welfare system has built-in snares: there's no earn-incentive, no learn-incentive to get out. Assume you are locked into this box: a girl with a tenth-grade education and a baby. If she's making, say, \$200 a month on welfare, why not provide some positive incentives? If she went back to school and got her junior college degree, she should get \$240, \$250. Why? Because that's making her employable, moving her closer to the market, where she can earn her own money. She can go back to junior college and study computer science, or learn cosmetology or business. The way it is now in most states, if she went out and found a job and made \$200, they would take away \$200 from welfare. So why earn the \$200? Maybe if she earns \$200 she should keep at least \$100.

The point is that incentives to earn and learn must be built into the system. As it is now, if the young man who fathered the child doesn't have a job but comes back to live with the mother, she loses her check. So there's an incentive to keep the father away. And one of the few ways she can get any extra money is by engaging in an activity that may get her an extra child.

Now this young girl—white, black, Hispanic, Asian, Indian—is the victim of a system that is not oriented toward human development. We must take away the punishment and threats and disincentives and move toward a sense of optimism and increasing options.

MURRAY: One part of me endorses what you're saying in principle. But when I think of all the practical difficulties I get depressed. Most of all, it is extremely difficult to make much progress with youngsters who already have certain behavior patterns. If we go to a poor part of New York City, white or black, and pick a hundred kids who really have problems—drugs, illegitimate kids, the rest of it—and I say: "Here's a blank check; hire the best people, use the latest technologies, do whatever you can." At the end of three or four or even five years, if you start with seventeen- or eighteen-year-olds, *maybe* you will be able to point to ten or fifteen out of that hundred who show any major signs of getting somewhere.

Human beings aren't plastic. We don't know how to deal with certain kinds of problems after a certain age. The only route we have is prevention. So if you're hearing me say we're going to have to write off a generation, you can certainly back me into that corner.

JACKSON: Dr. Murray, I have seen these same kids, who you say can't do anything, volunteer for the Army, and in six to eight months they are building bridges, assuming responsibility. Why? Be-

cause it's an effective program that teaches, inspires, and sets clear goals.

So many young people step into sex and have babies because of ignorance, lack of discipline, and the like. If there was sex education before the fact, as well as the teaching of moral values, then there'd be less debate about abortion after the fact. Today, there is this whole group of people who *love* the fetus; they march across America to save a fetus and march right back to cut off aid for a baby.

Aid to women for prenatal care has a lot of value. The Head Start program saved and salvaged a whole generation. The drive to wipe out malnutrition by Senators McGovern and Hollings in the food stamp program actually worked; it brought about balanced diets where there had been none. We should drop programs that aren't working, not those that are.

MURRAY: It is beginning to percolate into the consciousness of policymakers that we just don't know how to affect large numbers of people who are leading blighted lives. The only way we can deal with this is by prevention.

JACKSON: I agree that there are ways to change this situation without just paying another top-heavy layer of overseers and administrators who'd be sending paperwork back to Albany. I would take 500 young people and say, "How many of you would like this neighborhood to be cleaner?" Most hands would go up. "How many of you would like to have windows in your buildings in the wintertime?" Hands would go up. "How many of you would like to make \$12 to \$20 an hour?" Many hands. "Then here's what you must do if you want to make \$12 to \$20 an hour. We'll teach you how to be a mason. You can lay bricks and not throw them. You can learn how to be a glazier, how to be a plasterer. And at the end of this time we'll get you certified in a trade union. You will then have the skill to build where you live; if the floor's buckling in your gymnasium, you can fix it."

And so these young men and women would be empowered and enfranchised: they would much rather make \$20 an hour than be on welfare. Just to do things *for* them while keeping them economically disenfranchised is no systemic change at all. And, Dr. Murray, people who can lay bricks and carpet and cut glass have no intention of going back on welfare.

MURRAY: I should point out that in my ideal world, by God, any black youngster who wants to can become a glazier, any poor youngster can learn a trade. And, Reverend Jackson, in my ideal world I would also clone *you*, because I've heard you speak to these kids.

JACKSON: But why do you think black kids everywhere are playing basketball so well? I submit to you that they're playing basketball and football and baseball so well and in such great numbers because there is a clear and obvious reward; there's a carrot. Do this and you'll be in the paper, on the radio, on television. And you'll get a college scholarship. And if you're real good, you'll get a professional contract. So these same kids that you say are unreachable and unteachable will gravitate to a carrot if they can see it. There must be a way out. And right now we must come up with ways out.

MURRAY: Yes, education and training opportunity—the carrots—are absolutely central. But once you have those, you have to have a support system, and this is where we've got a real problem. For example, let's say a youngster graduates from high school without many skills. He gets into a good job-training program, one that will really teach him a skill if he buckles down. But the youngster has never learned good work habits, so he flunks out of the training program. For that youngster to come out of high school ready to take advantage of a training program, there must be changes in the school he came from.

Now, what about the youngster who is offered an opportunity but who is below average in intelligence? I mean, half the country is below average in intelligence, and in industriousness.

JACKSON: Does that apply all the way through the government?

MURRAY: Let's just say this youngster is no great shakes, not much of anything. How is this youngster going to have a life that lets him look back when he's sixty and say, "Well, I did O.K., given what I had. At least I always supported myself and raised my kids and so on." The only way that eighteen-year-old kid is ever going to get to that position is by taking jobs that aren't much fun and don't pay much money. In order to reach the point where he feels good about supporting himself and his family, he's got to survive those years of eighteen, nineteen, twenty, when kids want to do things which make a whole lot of sense when you're that age but turn out to have been real stupid by the time you're thirty. Here is where, after you've provided the opportunities, which I am for in abundance, you've still got to worry.

JACKSON: But Dr. Murray, democracy must first guarantee opportunity. It doesn't guarantee success. Now, why do you think these ghetto and barrio youngsters are doing so well in athletics?

MURRAY: Because they see people just like them,

who came out of those same streets, making a whole lot of money doing it.

JACKSON: So successful role models are a great motivator.

MURRAY: They make a huge difference. Now, how do we get the Jesse Jacksons of the world to be more visible role models?

JACKSON: Well, I've been working on that for a few years. But the point is that where the rules are clear, even though the work is hard, the locked-out tend to achieve. Ain't no low-class and high-class touchdowns. But there are no black baseball managers and no black professional football coaches. Why? Because in those areas where the decisions are made behind closed doors and where the rules are not so clear, those who are locked out don't do well.

That is basically true in the private economy: the more subjective the rules, the less the penetration. When people go behind closed doors to, say, determine who the dean of the medical school will be, eight people who are doctors, all of them graduated from the same school, tend to come up with someone from the same lineage. Why are there so many blacks in government? Because if you do well on the test, you can get in, and the rules of seniority are established.

MURRAY: In 1983, the New York City Police Department gave a sergeant's exam, and 10.6 percent of the white candidates passed but only 1.6 percent of the blacks. So it was decided that even though the rules were clear, some blacks who had failed the test would be promoted in order to fill a quota. Now, either you assume that the test measured nothing relevant to being a sergeant and that skill is randomly distributed, so it didn't make any difference that a whole bunch of blacks were arbitrarily promoted despite the fact that they didn't pass the test, or you assume that the test did in fact measure abilities that are important to advancement. If that's true, a few years down the road very few of the black sergeants will become lieutenants. This ensures, in an almost diabolically clever way, that no matter how able blacks become, they will continue to be segmented, and whites will always be looking at black co-workers who aren't quite as good at their jobs as the whites are. You build in an appearance of inferiority where none need exist.

Now, your son went to St. Albans and my daughters go to National Cathedral. These are among the finest schools in Washington. Your son, when he applies for a job, doesn't need or want any special consideration. The fact that he's black is irrelevant.

JACKSON: You're making dangerous comparisons here, Doctor, which tend to inflame weak minds. My son is not a good example because, like his father, his achievements are above average. The fact is that all of America, in some sense, must be educated about its past and must face the corrective surgery that is needed.

When there's moral leadership from the White House and from the academy, people tend to adjust. When Lyndon Johnson said—with the moral authority of a converted Texan—that to make a great society we must make adjustments, people took the Voting Rights Act and affirmative action and said, "Let's go."

There are a lot of positive examples around the country where integrated schools have worked, where busing has worked, where affirmative action has worked, when that spirit of moral leadership was present. The same school where the National Guard had to take two blacks to school in 1961—the University of Georgia—is where Herschel Walker won the Heisman Trophy. Later he was able to marry a

white woman without protest in rural Georgia. Why? Because people had been taught that it was all right.

MURRAY: You've got the cart before the horse. By the mid-1960s, white folks finally, after far too long, had had their consciousnesses raised. They said to themselves, "We've done wrong. We have violated a principle that's one of the tap-roots of America; we haven't given people a fair shot just because their skin's a different color." A chord was struck that triggered a strong desire not only to stop doing the bad things but also to help people make up for lost ground.

That additional response was, from the very beginning, sort of pushing it. The principle that had actually been violated was that of the fair shot; but the black civil rights movement isn't feeding off that important nutrient anymore. It's gone beyond that. Today, when white folks aren't making public pronouncements, I hear far too many of them saying things which are pretty damned racist. I see a convergence of the old

The Projects of Poverty

The projects in Harlem are hated. They are hated almost as much as policemen, and this is saying a great deal. And they are hated for the same reason: both reveal, unbearably, the real attitude of the white world, no matter how many liberal speeches are made, no matter how many lofty editorials are written, no matter how many civil-rights commissions are set up.

The projects are hideous, of course, there being a law, apparently respected throughout the world, that popular housing shall be as cheerless as a prison. They are lumped all over Harlem, colorless, bleak, high, and revolting. The wide windows look out on Harlem's invincible and indescribable squalor: the Park Avenue railroad tracks, around which, about forty years ago, the present dark community began; the unrehabilitated houses, bowed down, it would seem, under the great weight of frustration and bitterness they contain; the dark, the ominous school-houses from which the child may emerge maimed, blinded, hooked, or enraged for life; and the churches, churches, block upon block of churches, niched in the walls like cannon in the walls of a fortress. . . .

Harlem got its first private project, River-ton—which is now, naturally, a slum—about twelve years ago because at that time Negroes were not allowed to live in Stuyvesant Town.

Harlem watched Riverton go up, therefore, in the most violent bitterness of spirit, and hated it long before the builders arrived. They began hating it at about the time people began moving out of their condemned houses to make room for this additional proof of how thoroughly the white world despised them. And they had scarcely moved in, naturally, before they began smashing windows, defacing walls, urinating in the elevators, and fornicating in the playgrounds. Liberals, both white and black, were appalled at the spectacle. I was appalled by the liberal innocence—or cynicism, which comes out in practice as much the same thing. Other people were delighted to be able to point to proof positive that nothing could be done to better the lot of the colored people. They were, and are, right in one respect: that nothing can be done as long as they are treated like colored people. The people in Harlem know they are living there because white people do not think they are good enough to live anywhere else. No amount of "improvement" can sweeten this fact. Whatever money is now being earmarked to improve this or any other ghetto might as well be burnt. A ghetto can be improved in one way only: out of existence.

—from *Nobody Knows My Name*,
by James Baldwin

racism, which is still out there, with a new racism, from people who are saying, "Well, gee, it's been twenty years now. You'd think they'd be catching up by now."

JACKSON: They're getting strong signals from the highest pulpit in the nation. When the White House and the Justice Department close their doors to the Afro-American leadership; when the Congressional Black Caucus cannot meet with the President of the United States; when the government closes its doors to the NAACP, the SCLC, the Urban League, Operation PUSH; when the White House will not meet with the Conference of Black Mayors; when those who work in the vineyards daily will not even engage in the dialogue you and I have engaged in today—that's reprehensible behavior. It sends out signals that hurt people. When leadership is present, people behave differently.

MURRAY: In addition to spending a lot of time talking to white people in general, I also spend a lot of time talking to conservatives. And I happen to know that their passion for a colorblind society is not just rhetoric.

JACKSON: Are you a consultant for an optometrist? Because the only people who would benefit from people going colorblind would be optometrists.

Nobody wants to be that way, man. We don't need to be colorblind; we need to affirm the beauty of colors and the diversity of people. I do not have to see you as some color other than what you are to affirm your person.

MURRAY: I mean that the ideal of giving everybody a fair shot—of not saying to anyone, "Because you're black I'm going to refuse to give you a chance"—is something which a lot of conservatives feel more passionately about than a lot of your putative friends do.

JACKSON: But if two people are in a one-mile race and one starts off with a half-mile head start and one starts off at point zero—O.K., now let's take the chains off, every man for himself—well, such a race is not just. We are starting out behind. I mean, of the top 600 television executives, fewer than fifteen are black.

MURRAY: I had a talk with somebody from one of the networks a few weeks ago, as a matter of fact. He said to me: "Well, we figured we ought to have a black producer, so we went out and hired the best one we could find. But he really isn't very good, so we do most of his work for him." Now, insofar as people aren't allowed to be TV producers because they're black, that's bad. But insofar as white people go around say-

ing, "We had to get our black TV producer, so we brought in someone who can't make it on his own," they are not doing blacks a service.

JACKSON: Man, for most of my life I have seen black people train white people to be their boss. Incompetent whites have stood on the shoulders of blacks for a long time. Do you know how impressed I am when a white rock singer who is selling millions of records explains how he got his inspiration from a black artist, who can't even afford to come to the white man's concert? A few months ago *Time* said in an article that Gary Hart was the only Democrat who has run a coast-to-coast campaign. I was on the cover of *Time* twice during the 1984 campaign. But Hart's the only one. Isn't that a strange phenomenon? It's like Ralph Ellison's invisible man: they look at you but they don't see you.

By and large, the black people the White House sees are those one or two exceptions who did something great. They take a Hispanic kid or a black person and try to impose that model on the nation. I could take the position, "Well, if I can make it from a poor community in South Carolina, explain to me how a white person can be in poverty," and it would be absurd. But I could argue it and get lots of applause.

MURRAY: I'm willing to grant that we shouldn't make so much of the exception if you grant me that just because folks may be against certain kinds of programs, it doesn't mean that they're mean-spirited, or don't care about problems.

JACKSON: If we can avoid the demagoguery and turn debate into dialogue and stereotypes into creative thinking, we can begin to develop ideas. I mean, I agree that this welfare system hurts people fundamentally. Many of the things that come from this Administration, like the enterprise zone idea, have a lot of validity. If an enterprise zone creates a green line, instead of a red line, where if you live in that area you get certain incentives—that idea has merit. It may mean that a young man or a young woman teaching school will want to move to a district because of a tax incentive, or perhaps a doctor or a lawyer will want to move his office there. You establish an incentive for people to locate there, through the tax system or otherwise; you begin to shift capital, and the people who live there have first option on the new jobs. But the Administration has never really discussed this idea with those who would have to communicate with the masses about it.

So that idea has merit. Together we could make sense of such an idea. I'm anxious to open up the door of social policy, and I'm impressed with this opportunity today. ■

A STUDY IN RED

Zambia succumbs to its debts

By Edward Zuckerman

Zambia begins independence today with an impressive glow of prosperity.

—New York Times, October 24, 1964

The President has declared a week of prayer for economic recovery.

—Zambia Daily Mail, November 4, 1985

The Finnish ambassador handed me a Dutch cigar and a can of South African beer. I crossed to the TV and turned down the variety show being broadcast by Television Zambia so I could hear what he was saying.

It was: "I understand it's a very good saw."

We were in the ambassador's room in the Hotel Edinburgh, in the northern Zambian city of Kitwe, and he was referring to a sawmill in the nearby village of Kafubu. He had just driven 220 miles from Lusaka, the capital, so he could take part in a ceremony at the sawmill tomorrow morning. He would be formally presenting the state-owned Zambia Forestry and Forest Industries Corporation (ZAFFICO), which operates the mill, with some forestry equipment from the Finnish government. I was going to Kafubu too. I wanted to have a firsthand look at the Third World debt crisis.

For several years now, the debt crisis, involving some \$970 billion in unpaid, and perhaps unpayable, loans to Third World nations, has been a topic for eye-glazing rumination on the world's financial and Op-Ed pages. I knew the debt crisis was important, and I suspected it might also be interesting. The way to find out, I

Edward Zuckerman is the author of The Day After World War III.

decided, was to steer clear of general statements by international bureaucrats and concentrate instead on a sampling of specifics. Why, for example, had this loan or that been made in the first place? The bankers and governments that had loaned money to now-insolvent Third World countries were presumably not lunatics. There had to have been some coherent theory behind the loans, some vision of how the borrowing countries would use the money to build facilities to produce income to pay the money back. Hadn't there?

Zambia, a landlocked nation in southern Africa that until 1964 was the British colony of Northern Rhodesia, is far from being the world's largest debtor. Its foreign debt (part of which was incurred on behalf of ZAFFICO) is about \$4 billion (Brazil's foreign debt is \$102 billion). But Zambia has fewer than seven million people. On a per capita basis, its debt is among the highest in the world. As a percentage of its gross national product, Zambia's debt (equal to 84 percent of GNP) ranks seventh in the world, well ahead of super-debtors Brazil and Mexico. Zambia is a small country, but it has messed up in a big way. I was going to Kafubu to see what happened to the money.

"Finnish aid may not be the best example for your article," said the ambassador, a tall, dignified man who previously served his country in Paris and New York. He was unpacking. "Several years ago we decided it was appropriate to convert our loans here to grants."

It was appropriate because the Zambian economy had begun to go entirely to hell. The loans that the Finns forgave stood in no immediate

anger of being repaid. In 1975, the price of copper, which brings in 90 percent of Zambia's foreign income, began a long slide from which it has never recovered. As Zambia's earnings declined, its borrowings increased. Foreign debt rose from less than \$1 billion in 1974 to more than \$3 billion in 1983. By that year, Zambia could no longer make its monthly payments; it appealed to its creditors to reschedule its debts. One rescheduling agreement, covering money owed to Western governments, was promptly negotiated but collapsed a few months later, when Zambia was unable to meet the new payment schedule. A second rescheduling was negotiated. It called for Zambia to pay \$6 million a month for one year, just to cover its interest arrears. Zambia made one payment, and then that agreement collapsed too.

More significantly, Zambia fell behind in repaying the money it had borrowed from the International Monetary Fund, the Washington-based institution that lends money to broke countries, often in exchange for policy "adjustments" designed to bring the broke country's economy back into kilter with the Western economic system. The IMF suspended its credit agreement with Zambia early in 1985. This had the effect of putting all other negotiations and renegotiations on hold, as an IMF agreement is a sort of seal of approval for Western lenders. For much of last year, Zambia was involved in intensive discussions with the IMF, looking for a way to pay debts that seemed unpayable.

"Write what you want," said the Finnish ambassador, "but do try to get a positive tone. I have faith. I believe the country has colossal potential. It is very difficult to put the show together, but I believe they can do it."

Just before my arrival in Zambia last October, the show had become especially grim. Inflation had for some time been running at an annual rate of about 20 percent. Per capita income had already declined 44 percent since 1974. And now a batch of economic "reforms," instituted under pressure from the IMF, the World Bank, and the United States Agency for International Development—or, one could argue, instituted because they held out the only logical hope of ever putting right the Zambian economy, pressure or no pressure—had just made the life of the average Zambian appreciably worse. The price of "mealie meal," the cornmeal that is the country's staple food, was suddenly up 50 percent, as part of a plan to encourage Zambian farmers to grow more of the stuff and end the country's reliance on food imports. The Zambian kwacha, which had been pegged at an artificially high exchange rate, had just been drastically devalued by the introduction of a weekly auction of dollars, which let freely com-

peting bidders set the rate of exchange. Devaluation was intended, over the long run, to discourage the consumption of imported goods, to make Zambian products more competitive on the world market, and to encourage enterprising Zambians to enter the export business and earn desperately needed foreign exchange for their country. The immediate effect of devaluation was to double the price of gasoline and raise the price of everything else that relies on gasoline or any other imported ingredient in its production or distribution—in other words, everything. Bread was up 100 percent, bus fares 70 percent, coffins 90 percent. From Mongu to Chipata, Zambians were grumbling. In Lusaka, there were a couple of boisterous demonstrations. "How are we going to survive?" asked the writer of a letter to the editor of the *Zambia Daily Mail*. "We people of Chilenje are starving a lot." There was concern in high places about social stability. "While we are being stoned, the IMF won't be here," the governor of the Bank of Zambia had said in the midst of negotiations.

"The adjustment will be difficult," said the Finnish ambassador, "but we feel it is correct." He considered for a moment. "That is perhaps easy for someone from an industrialized country to say."

Outside, in the streets of Kitwe, the workday was coming to an end. Zambians were browsing in shops and hurrying to catch buses and gathering inside and outside crowded and noisy bars. The small public library was jammed with people reading newspapers and magazines. A Hare Krishna troupe was dancing and preaching in a flowered square.

Kitwe lies in the center of the Zambian Copperbelt, an area along the Zairean border where half a dozen major mines were developed during the days of British rule. The colony's economy was built around the mines, and, as the first years of Zambian independence coincided with a general boom in the price of commodities, Zambia was born one of the richest countries in Africa. (Its per capita GNP in 1965 was \$267, ten times that of neighboring Zaire, which had gained independence in 1960.) Copper earnings bought trainloads of imported goods for Zambia, including food. Its own agricultural development was neglected, while money was spent on industries (such as auto assembly plants) that were highly dependent on imported parts and materials. Whenever Zambia needed to borrow money, foreign banks were pleased to be of service.

When the price of copper first plummeted in 1975, everyone assumed the trend was temporary. Zambia borrowed heavily to maintain its standard of living, assuming it could repay the

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money when the price of copper went back up. This never happened. In its mistaken optimism, Zambia did not stand alone. Those it relied on for advice and support, including the World Bank and foreign commercial bankers, also expected an upturn in copper, and said so. "In retrospect," a World Bank report concluded last year, "it must be admitted that both the acuteness and duration of the decline in copper prices were grossly underestimated by all parties."

"I was in the mining division in 1975," a former World Bank employee told me, "and nobody got it right. A lot of decisions were based on price expectations which turned out not to be true."

These misjudgments continued as late as 1984, when a World Bank report predicted that copper would sell for eighty-three cents a pound in 1985. As it turned out, copper sold last summer for sixty-seven cents a pound, about one-third (in constant-dollar terms) of its price in 1966.

Copper fell because of recession in the industrialized countries and because users found cheaper materials and new technologies (such as fiber optic cables) to replace it. Moreover, the major copper exporters (Zambia, Chile, Zaire, Peru) were unable to exercise OPEC-like control over the market, which would have required them to reduce production in order to drive the price back up. "The oil producers have small populations," a British banker explained to me, "and the oil industry doesn't employ that many people. Once the wells are set up, you either open the tap or close it. With copper, the chaps actually go down into the mines and bring it up."

The miners in Zambia were numerous and well organized. Reducing production—and thus employment—to reduce the world copper glut was a politically unacceptable option. In any case, Zambia had not accumulated enough savings to enable it to ride out a period of reduced production. It needed every dollar and pound it could earn, even if that meant selling copper for less, by some accounting measures, than it cost to produce.

It is clear, but only in retrospect, that those who lent money to Zambia in the late 1970s made a mistake. "Zambia had no problem getting a line of credit from us," said one Western banker. "It still had a cash flow coming in. The credit was looked on as a temporary thing. And we were pleased to do it. It was in the bank's interest. . . . Today it's a very big problem. I think we will get paid back, but it will take a long time."

"We have a severe credit-approval process," said another banker. "Every prospective borrower is questioned ad nauseam. It starts at the

branch level, then goes to a committee at the regional level, then another at divisional level and then goes to headquarters. These guys are paid to be devil's advocates. And all these guys missed it. To predict a commodity price in five years' time is pretty difficult."

But isn't it a principle of country risk assessment, I asked, to beware of borrowers whose income comes from a single commodity?

"Sure," he said, "that's a good, sound banking practice. But if Saudi Arabia came to you asking for a hundred million dollars, would you turn them down?"

The Zambian predicament is, finally, akin to a good news/bad news joke. The bad news is that the price of copper is down. The good news is that Zambia is running out of copper anyway. Production is expected to decline significantly starting in about fifteen years. This has added urgency to Zambia's new program of economic adjustment, which is designed to diversify the economy—to move it away from mining, particularly into agriculture. The currency devaluation and the increase in food prices (and corresponding increase in farm producer prices) are intended to drive urban workers back to the underpopulated countryside. "I asked one of our drivers if he'd go back to his village and grow maize," a Western businessman in Lusaka told me. "He said no. The village has lousy schools and a bad water supply. But when the price of mealie meal reaches a certain point in Lusaka and the price paid to farmers for maize reaches a certain point, he'll say to hell with the schools, to hell with the water supply, and go back to the village."

This is the intended fate of many of the people I saw as I strolled the streets of Kitwe before dinner. Some of their families had lived in the cities of the Copperbelt for two or three generations. How would they feel about returning to isolated rural villages to plant maize? "Some recent research has shown that there's more linkage than we thought between urbanites and their extended families in rural areas," a Western aid official had told me. "People move back and forth quite a bit."

Maybe, and maybe not. At least they won't have to deal with Hare Krishnas back in mud-hut villages, I reflected, as I stood and watched the yellow-robed dancers with their shaved heads. I moved to go, but was cornered by a preaching Krishna with a familiar accent. He was a black American, it turned out, as were several of his colleagues. After I assured him New York was doing fine, he started to tell me, in elaborate detail, about the difference between body and consciousness. I made my escape by consenting to be handed a leaflet on the subject.

Two blocks away, across from a Zambian stand

(the local equivalent of McDonald's), I stopped to look at a statue commemorating the Zambian struggle for independence (which was actually relatively peaceful). It depicted an angry, shirtless black man, manacles hanging from one wrist, about to throw a rock.

"I made that statue." I turned to see a young man with a bandaged hand. "So give me twenty ngwee," he said. Twenty ngwee is about three cents (there are 100 ngwee in a kwacha), but I shook my head and walked away. He followed. I paused in front of a state-owned department store, where the shelves displayed rough-hewn ax handles next to colorful Zambian-made clothing, Chinese silverware, Indian tennis rackets, and Western consumer products made under license in Zambia, including Johnson's Baby Shampoo and Colgate toothpaste (which carried an endorsement on the box from the Zambian Dental Association).

There was a sign in the store window with the headline "Exploitation." Under it was a drawing of a sidewalk vendor offering a scowling customer an overpriced soft drink. (It is common in Zambia for stores to be swept clean of scarce products by vendors, who then resell them on the street at inflated prices.) "Exploitation of man by man is an evil in a humanistic society," the sign said. ("Humanism," a blend of socialism, Christianity, and traditional African values devised by Zambian President Kenneth Kaunda, is the official Zambian national philosophy.) "Are you a price shark, blackmarketeer, or mugger? Stop this evil act. Help to build Zambia. Be a faithful citizen."

I turned to go and saw that the sculptor-beggar was still with me. I went into a hotel bar for a beer, came out, and found him with me still. "Can I have that?" he said. Without thinking, I handed over the Hare Krishna brochure. He took it in his good hand and walked away, looking vindicated.

In the morning, I rode to Kafubu in the ambassador's car, passing en route tall stands of eucalyptus trees planted in neat rows by the foresters of ZAFFICO. As we approached the sawmill gate about ten o'clock we were intercepted by the ambassador's aide, who had come out to Kafubu before us and now drove toward us flashing his lights and waving his arms. The ambassador was too early, he explained; the ceremony was not ready to begin. To avoid embarrassing anyone, the ambassador diplomatically turned around and drove back to Kitwe, twenty-five miles away.

I decided to stay in Kafubu, where I was promptly introduced to Juha Kormanu, a beefy Finn who is a technical adviser on sawmill operations to ZAFFICO and also an amateur jazz

bass player. (He plays in a Kitwe group, he told me later, with two of the American Hare Krishnas I had seen in the square. "One of them used to play drums with George Benson," he said.) To pass the time, Kormanu led me on a tour of ZAFFICO worker housing, small concrete homes served by more than a dozen little churches and a single store stocked with canned corned beef, baked beans, plastic mugs, Coca-Cola, and matches. There were three signs on the store walls:

CUSTOMERS. THIS IS NOT THE BOXING RING.

PLEASE CUSTOMERS—MONEY FIRST,
COMMODITY LAST.

DUE TO KWACHA DEPRECIATION, SOFT DRINKS
PRICE RISED FROM 60N TO 95N PER BOTTLE. DEPOSITS
SHOTS UP TO 45 NGWEE.

In the sawmill compound, arrangements for the ceremony were well under way. A large canopy had been erected on eucalyptus poles over

There was a sign with the headline 'Exploitation.' Under it was a drawing of a sidewalk vendor offering an overpriced soft drink



eucalyptus benches and a stage; fresh-smelling pine needles were strewn underfoot to cover the dusty ground. The Finnish and Zambian flags flew from staffs in the hot sun. Twenty tractors and eight trucks, gifts from Finland to ZAFFICO, were neatly arranged on a dirt lot. Their drivers, in clean blue work suits and shiny green

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imported raw
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capacity*

plastic hardhats, lounged against the vehicles' shady sides.

From elsewhere in the compound came the noise of work. Logs were being unloaded from trucks onto sawmill chutes, and sawmill blades were whirring. This activity had just begun. The workday was supposed to start at 7 A.M., but at 7 A.M. there had been no diesel fuel for the front-end loaders that hoist the logs from the trucks to the chutes, so no work could be done. A fuel truck had finally arrived shortly before ten.

Such debilitating shortages are common at ZAFFICO—and throughout Zambia. A week before, in Lusaka, I had been riding with a local resident when a policeman at the side of the road motioned for him to stop. My friend drove on. "I've been driving the police around all day," he explained to me. "Two of them waved me down this morning on the Cairo Road. They said they were chasing a man who'd stolen a car a couple of miles away, and they wanted to go out the Great East Road and have a look round for him. They thought he'd gone in that direction. I said, 'You're chasing a man in a stolen car on foot?' They said they'd had four rides already." I'd thought my friend might be exaggerating until I saw an item in the paper a few days later about a housewife in Ndola who had been shot and killed by bandits. A neighbor had found her bleeding but still alive. "I rushed to the police and reported the matter," he told the press. "The police could not respond immediately because they had no fuel." By the time they rounded some up, it was too late.

The shortage of foreign exchange, much of which is siphoned off as soon as it is earned to make payments on Zambia's foreign debt, has made many imported items scarce. An American doctor working at Zambia's leading hospital told me it was chronically short of surgical gloves and scalpel blades; most surgery patients bring their own, and non-emergency operations are postponed until they do. While I was in Lusaka, a Kitwe auto parts store bought time on the national television station to announce that it had just received a shipment of imported spares and now had available oil filters for Mercedes-Benz trucks and rings for Datsun 1200s.

Zambian industry, hamstrung by shortages of spare parts and imported raw materials, is currently running at less than 50 percent capacity. As of last November, only 2,000 of 6,500 tractors in the country were operational; 320 of the national bus company's 555 buses were out of service; the airport at Livingstone, site of Victoria Falls and thus Zambia's major tourist center, was closed because the airport fire truck had broken down; two and a half million bags of harvested corn had not yet been hauled from the countryside to dry storage, despite the imminent

arrival of the rainy season, because of shortage of trucks, tires, fuel, and tarpaulins. At the nation's largest copper mine, only 57 of 190 ore hauling vehicles were serviceable. Copper production, the country's main earner of foreign exchange, has declined steadily for several years because of shortages of spare parts, fuel, and explosives. There is a vicious circle rolling here. The shortage of foreign exchange makes it impossible to buy the foreign goods necessary to increase production to reduce the shortage of foreign exchange.

This situation had, however, been taken into account in the Finnish gift to ZAFFICO. The trucks and tractors lined up in the lot had arrived in Zambia accompanied by an 8,000-kilogram container of spare parts. "That should be a two year supply," a Swedish adviser to the company told me as we waited for the ceremony to begin.

At 11:40 A.M., the ambassador returned from his quick round trip to Kitwe and entered the compound to be greeted by a receiving line of ZAFFICO officials. Trailed by a cameraman from Television Zambia, they all took their places on the stage. "We will stand," said a master of ceremonies, "for the Finnish national anthem." The music played, a little tinnily, over a tape deck. (The cassette had been brought by the ambassador's aide that morning.) Then the crowd, still standing, burst into the Zambian national anthem:

Stand and sing of Zambia, proud and free,
Land of work and joy and unity.
Victors in the struggle for the right,
We won freedom's fight.

There were several more verses and a chorus that was sung (with no direction from the stage) as a complex round.

"I'm always impressed by the clear song of the Zambian national anthem," said the Finnish ambassador when he was introduced to speak. "Although geographically we are poles apart, Zambia and Finland entertain exceptionally close relations. . . . Finland is prepared to join Zambia in its economic crusade." His country's contribution to ZAFFICO alone, the ambassador noted to appreciative applause, amounted to more than \$14 million.

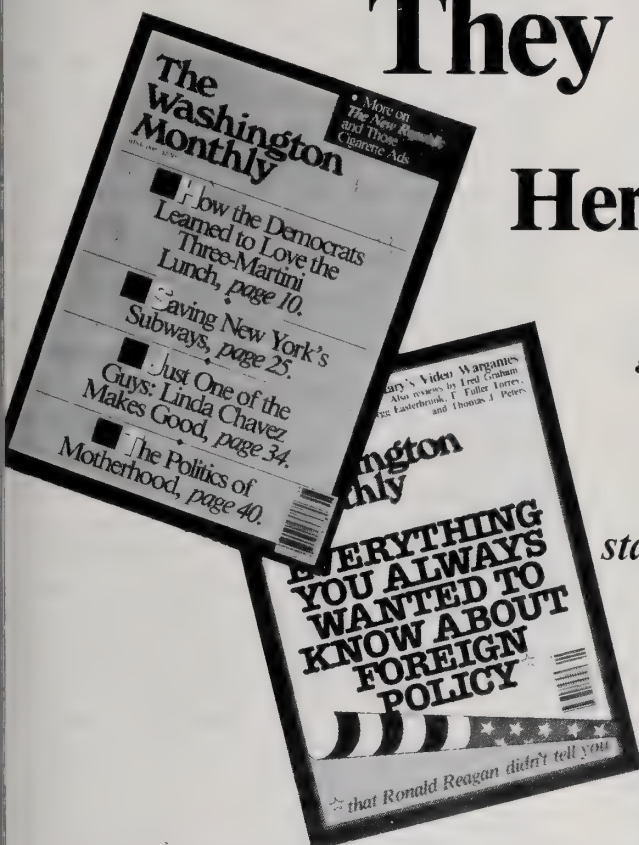
Fanwell Nduna, a big man in a beige safari suit and dark glasses who is the managing director of ZAFFICO, thanked the ambassador and the Finns for their grants to the company and for having converted their previous loans to grants. He also thanked lenders who are still lenders. "In 1968," he said proudly, "we were the first country in the world to be afforded a World Bank loan for forestry development." And he proceeded to list the other loans that have underwritten ZAFFICO for eighteen years.

John Kenneth Galbraith

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HR46

Zambia was encouraged to plant forests not only for its own needs but also for export. Then the paper market fell off

In 1968, when the World Bank—which specializes in making specific project loans to developing countries—made a \$5.3 million loan to what is now ZAFFICO (and was then the Industrial Plantations Division of the Forest Department of the Zambian government), it announced that the loan was intended to reduce Zambia's dependence on imported wood. This was orthodox development strategy—to back a project that would substitute local products for imports. The money formerly spent on imports would stay within the country, increasing national wealth (and providing funds to repay the loan). In pursuit of this goal, the World Bank lent ZAFFICO another \$16.8 million in 1977, and the Commonwealth Development Corporation, a British agency, lent £3.6 million in 1978.

In the years that followed, however, not everything went according to plan. Productivity was low, equipment badly maintained, management ineffective. The World Bank officially rated the institutional and financial performance of the project as "poor." A 1984 World Bank press release noted that ZAFFICO suffered from an "inadequately trained staff and deficient processing facilities." The occasion for the release was, nevertheless, the announcement of yet another loan, this one for \$22.4 million. One stated purpose of the new loan, as with the first loan sixteen years before, was to "reduce log imports."

Despite ZAFFICO's problems, the World Bank concluded last year that the forestry project was "on balance . . . reasonably successful." Zambia currently requires 90,000 cubic meters of sawed wood every year; ZAFFICO, even though it operates well below its theoretical capacity, is producing about 20,000 cubic meters. And in one area, at least, ZAFFICO's success has been unambiguous. All of its tree planting goals have been exceeded. The company has established more than 50,000 hectares (125,000 acres) of pine and eucalyptus forests. "They're growing trees like mad," an aid official told me, "without having a very clear idea of what they're going to do with them." There is, indeed, more wood growing in ZAFFICO's forests than Zambia can conceivably want or use in the foreseeable future.

This tree-planting frenzy was not ZAFFICO's own mad lark; it was encouraged by the company's backers. The World Bank and Commonwealth Development Corporation loans had been earmarked primarily for plantation development. The resulting tree surplus, one aid official explained to me, is the outcome of "a planning problem." During the 1960s, he said, there was a lot of demand in the world for paper. Zambia and other countries receiving development loans were encouraged to plant forests not

only for their own needs but also for export. Then the paper market fell off. And Zambia's wood products proved, in any case, to be more expensive than wood from alternate sources, because of inefficiencies in production and high transportation costs (Zambia is not only landlocked but far away from almost everywhere). Ergo, there are a lot of trees in Zambia.

But not quite as many as there might have been. ZAFFICO plantations have suffered a large number of forest fires, not a few of the occurring when ZAFFICO employees set out to burn off underbrush (as a fire prevention measure) and things accidentally got out of hand. That was the conclusion of World Bank evaluators, anyway, a conclusion that was vigorously denied by Frank Kufakwandi, a young ZAFFICO plantation manager I met at Kafubwe. "They exaggerated the situation," he said. "It must be understood, when you are handling fire, a lot of things can happen. But only three percent of our fires went out of control."

Kufakwandi was standing beneath the ceremonial canopy in the sawmill compound with R. M. Das, a Calcutta-born Indian who is ZAFFICO's controller, and Leif Stolphe, a member of a Swedish management team brought in by the World Bank. Both Das and Stolphe leaped to ZAFFICO's defense when I mentioned another World Bank critique of the company's performance—that the number of logs arriving at ZAFFICO's sawmills was at one time suspiciously low compared with the number of trees that were felled.

"There was not stealing," declared Leif Stolphe, who has white hair and was dressed all in white and was taking pictures of the ceremony. "You can never never have the same number felled as transported to the mill."

I knew that was true, I said. But wasn't the percentage of logs arriving at the mill lower here than in, say, Sweden?

"In Sweden the trees are straight like candles," Stolphe said. "Here they are hooky, so some cannot be used. And here, by mistake, a tree might fall on an anthill"—there are ten-foot-high termite mounds all over Zambia—"and the tree will be damaged."

R. M. Das, a middle-aged man in a conservative gray suit and a shamrock tie, backed up Stolphe. "It was a measuring problem," he said. "There was a theoretical shortage, not a real shortage."

All three men agreed—as, with hindsight, does everyone else connected with ZAFFICO—that the company's main problem today results from too low a priority being given in the past to the construction of sawmills and other wood-processing facilities. While ZAFFICO has trees to burn, so to speak, it lacks the means to process

more than a small fraction of them. There are more trees than Zambia can use, and fewer finished wood products than Zambia needs. A new sawmill was built in Kitwe with the 1977 World Bank loan (ZAFFICO now has six sawmills), but it was put into service four years behind schedule and with deficient power, water, and other support facilities. The current World Bank loan and Finnish aid will pay for another new sawmill, the renovation of old mills, and other measures to increase production, but demand in Zambia for wood products is still expected to outstrip supply.

ZAFFICO wants a paper mill too. It argues that a paper mill would eliminate Zambia's need to import paper, would make use of small logs that are now being wasted, and would produce a product for export. "We are pinning our hopes on it," said Kufakwandi, the plantation manager.

But ZAFFICO's backers are skeptical (although China has expressed some interest). ZAFFICO has prepared documents projecting that a paper mill would export forty percent of its output to Tanzania and twenty percent to Malawi," said a Western aid official. "Meanwhile, Tanzania has built a paper mill that projects exporting forty percent of its output to Zambia. If only Malawi had a paper mill, we would have the perfect projects. They wouldn't have to bother shipping paper about. They could just exchange debit and credit notices." In any case, he added, Zambia can probably buy foreign paper for less than it would spend on building and running a mill.

This skepticism points to a possible flaw in the current grand scheme to renovate the Zambian economy. Some of the biggest changes, since the currency devaluation, are designed to encourage Zambian exports. But the world is full of developing countries being encouraged to export their products—often the very same products. Zambia and its wood production is a case in point. ZAFFICO's major goal is to reduce Zambia's lumber imports. One of its foreign backers is the Commonwealth Development Corporation. The Commonwealth Development Corporation also backs development projects in Swaziland, to the south. One of its projects there is a forestry company. Most of Zambia's lumber imports currently come from Swaziland. So the CDC is encouraging Zambia to reduce its imports from Swaziland while it is encouraging Swaziland to increase its exports to Zambia.

Such contradictions have not inhibited predictions of ZAFFICO's future role as an export sector. "I believe this sector can develop into one of the pillars of the Zambian economy and thus a major source of export earnings," the Finnish ambassador said in his speech at Kafubu. ("They

could perhaps export to Botswana and Zaire," he told me later.)

When the speeches were done, the Zambian drivers of the new Finnish vehicles demonstrated some of their uses. Tractors equipped for fire-fighting were rolled out and attached to hoses. Water shot high into the air. Spectators applauded. Then everyone trooped over to one of the sawmills, now in full operation. This was Perils of Pauline territory, with tree trunks hauled by chains toward roaring open blades. Sawdust flew. The visitors were impressed. ("You may not have noticed it," one of ZAFFICO's European advisers told me later, "but a lot of the men were pissed [drunk]. Yesterday was payday.")

As we walked along, I heard encouraging words about ZAFFICO's Zambian managers from Leif Stolpe. "I have very, very clever people around me. Each of us Swedes has a Zambian counterpart who works with him. Our goal is to say goodbye after three years."

But I heard different comments at lunch—a buffet at the Katembula Club in nearby Chati. While the ambassador and the ZAFFICO brass dined in a private room, company employees and others ate at picnic tables in the yard. I shared a table with the only other white people present—several Finnish instructors and technicians. When I said something nice about ZAFFICO, two of them rolled their eyes. "They are some very nice boys," one Finn said, "but they are hopeless with the equipment. I tell them they must do regular maintenance, but they don't care." We'd all had several beers by then and the man was getting emotional. "It makes me sick!"

When he left Zambia, I asked, would the new Finnish equipment be properly maintained?

"For sure no."

His colleague nodded in agreement.

"They need us five hundred years."

The issue of competence arises again and again in Zambia. Foreign aid workers and "expatriate" (foreign) managers tell numberless stories of Zambian follies. "They can take the equipment apart and maintain it," one European manager (not at ZAFFICO) told me of his Zambian workers, "but, in planning and organization, there is a big problem. They use the last sheet of toilet paper, and then they go to look for more."

"Zambianization," the replacement of expatriate managers by Zambians, is a national priority, but in several notable cases the Zambianization of state-owned enterprises has led to disaster and been reversed. "They've gone through their emotion now about expatriate management," a Western aid official told me. "They've come to

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to manage*

appreciate our ability to run things."

The same official did moderate his smugness somewhat. "There are incredible pressures on Zambian managers—relations hanging about, political pressures—that expatriates don't have to deal with."

And it would, certainly, be something of a miracle if Zambia were well stocked with competent executives. At independence, twenty-two years ago, there were 100 university graduates in the country. Most Zambian managers today are young; those of the preceding generation who would now be senior managers should have been junior managers under British rule, but the British did not, to say the least, encourage Zambians to pursue white-collar careers.

Finally, management in Zambia is difficult for anybody. Things taken for granted in Wichita or Nottingham—like the ability to get goods in and out of the country—can be monstrously complicated in Lusaka. The railway to the port of Lobito, in Angola, once a major copper export route, has been closed as a result of the lengthy Angolan civil war. The route to the sea through Zimbabwe, formerly Rhodesia, was closed for years while that country's white minority regime was battling black guerrillas. A railway from Zambia to the Tanzanian port of Dar-es-Salaam, built and financed by China (the debt is coming due), carries a substantial portion of Zambia's foreign trade, but the port and the railway are rife with inefficiency and crime. (In 1984 an 8,000-ton shipment of steel disappeared somewhere along the route.) About half of Zambia's foreign trade now travels the "Southern route," via Zimbabwe or Botswana to and from South Africa; it is an uncomfortable if efficient choice for a country that is home to the leadership of the exiled African National Congress and a leader of the anti-apartheid crusade. (The Southern route was called into emergency service during my stay in Zambia when the country's only bottle cap factory ran out of raw materials and shut down, forcing the closure of the national brewery, which immediately produced a substantial drop in tax revenues and great national discontent. A supply of bottle-cap raw materials was hurriedly trucked up from South Africa.)

Zambian companies also face difficulties imposed by internal politics. Until recently the government administered extensive price controls. Low fixed prices benefited consumers, but many companies were unable to earn decent (or any) profits.

And all companies have had nightmarish experiences with the shortage of foreign exchange. Until the inauguration of the foreign exchange auction system last fall, forex (as it is known in Zambian headlines) was allocated by a mysteri-

ous and cumbersome bureaucracy. Companies never knew when they might get what they needed to buy crucial spare parts, so when they were allocated forex they went on spare part binges. "We have money tied up in twenty thousand different parts," a Zambian manager told me. "We end up keeping some of them for years and years, until the machines they are in are replaced, and then we throw them away. This is uneconomic."

"Many nations go through a difficult patch," said the Finnish ambassador as we motored back to Lusaka. "They're going through a difficult period here, but one believes this will make them more economically successful. . . . I like to strike a positive note."

We were on the highway between Kitwe and Ndola, and had just passed through a police checkpoint. "This is the most dangerous spot for some reason," explained the ambassador's aide who was driving. The danger comes from bandits from Zaire; the border is just a few miles away through the bush. Earlier that morning we had stopped for a visit at the Zambia Forestry College, in an isolated spot near Kitwe. A Finnish teacher there told us of a recent attack by bandits. There had been gunfire. "That is why the Finnish teachers prefer to live in town," said the ambassador.

We talked about ZAFFICO as we drove. Both the ambassador and his aide were cautiously optimistic. "At the new rate of exchange," said the aide, "they have good possibilities to export if they had something to sell."

And what about the reports of worker incompetence I had heard? Did the Finnish advisers tell such things to the ambassador?

"Yes," said the ambassador. "We're all on the same team. I want to hear it—but I don't want to hear it too often, because I have faith in the Zambians. I spoke with another expert there having heard the same mutterings, and he said his workers are as good as anywhere in the world."

As it happened, I too had spoken to that other expert, at a cocktail party for the Finnish community in Kitwe. I asked him if his workers could maintain the area he supervised if he were gone. He made a face.

"A couple of the guys are very good," he said. "Some of the others don't understand about keeping the hydraulic system clean. They open the system and lean forward to look. They're wearing a hat covered with sawdust, and when they lean forward . . ." He pantomimed a hat full of sawdust falling into the open system.

"It does take a long time to train people," said the Finnish ambassador, as we drove away from the border and into the heart of Zambia.

THE IMPRESARIO

By Isaac Bashevis Singer

On my journey to Argentina I stopped for some two weeks in Brazil. The Yiddishists were to have organized a lecture for me, but they kept postponing it. When I arrived on the boat to Santos the sponsor had given me a large manuscript of his, apparently expecting a letter of praise. I was not in need of the lecture and neither was I willing to tell lies about his work, which I didn't like. Suddenly I had a lot of spare time on my hands.

Autumn had begun in New York, but here it was the beginning of spring. I had brought my own writings and I was working on them in my hotel room, which faced the Atlantic. Fresh breezes wafted scents of tropical plants and fruits for which I had no name in Yiddish. White sailboats rocked over the waves. They reminded me of corpses in shrouds. The sponsor of my lecture called repeatedly but I was not in a rush to respond to him. This time, after finally picking up the receiver, I heard an unfamiliar voice and the coughing and stammering of one who does not know where to begin. He was saying, "I am a devoted reader of yours. I discovered you years before anyone else. It would be a great honor for me if..." The man on the other end lost his tongue.

I invited him up to the room and ten minutes later he knocked at my door. I opened it and saw an emaciated man, pale, with a thin nose, sunken cheeks, and a protruding Adam's apple. He carried a little valise which I was sure was full of manuscripts. Like an old doctor, I made the diagnosis at first sight. He had written for years without recognition. The editors are ignorant, the publishers a bunch of money-minded fakers. Should he continue to write? I offered him a chair and he sat down, thanking me and apologizing profusely. Then I heard him say, "I have a gift for you."

"My hearty thanks," I said. Yet I heard the

cynic in me saying: It's a book of poems he published himself with a dedication to his wife without whose help this work would have never been written or printed.

He took a bottle of wine and an ornate box of cookies from his valise. He mumbled something which I could not make out. My estimation of the man was completely false. He was not a poet but a professor of German and French at the University of Rio. He had deserted the Austrian army at the time of the First World War. His father had owned an oil well in Galicia, in the region of Drohobycz. My guest's name was Alfred Reisner. He spoke an idiomatic Yiddish and had come to tell me a story and to find out why my lecture had been postponed. We became quite familiar and I said to him, "If your story is interesting, I will tell you why my lecture was postponed. But you will have to keep it a secret."

"I keep many secrets."

"Before you begin the story, may I ask you about your health? You seem frail to me, or fatigued," I said.

"What? You are mistaken, like all the others," Alfred Reisner answered. "Every time I get on a bus, passengers get up for me, even young women, as if I were a tottering old man. But I'm strong like iron. I am in my early sixties and I walk each day between twelve and sixteen kilometers. I was never sick a day in my life. As they say, 'It should remain so for a hundred and twenty years.' However, I am not eager to live long."

"Why not?"

"You will soon know."

I called room service and ordered coffee—not the strong black coffee they drink in Brazil, but coffee with cream and sugar. We nibbled on the cookies which Alfred Reisner had brought. I heard him say, "I was afraid to call you. I have great respect for creative people. Every time I read you, I have a desire to contact you, but I never do. Why should I take up your valuable time? I hoped to meet you at the lecture here in

Isaac Bashevis Singer won the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1978. His most recent book is The Image and Other Stories.

Rio, but I knew that you would be surrounded by hordes of people. You often mention Spinoza in your stories. I imagine that he is your most beloved philosopher. Are you still a Spinozaist?"

"Not a Spinozaist, but a pantheist," I said. "Spinoza was a determinist, but I believe in free will, or *bechira*. This means..."

"I know what *bechira* means," Alfred Reisner said. "My father arranged for a Hebrew teacher to tutor me in the Bible and the Mishnah. When the First World War broke out and the Russians invaded Galicia, our family escaped to Vienna. My father was religious to a degree but not at all a fanatic. He was a worldly man and knew eight languages. I was born a linguist, so to speak, myself. I entered the university in Vienna, but later I was mobilized and sent to the Italian front. As I told you, I had no desire to defend the Hapsburg empire, and so I deserted."

"Is this your story?"

"Only the beginning, if you will spare me some of your time. I hope that what I want to tell you will be of interest to you. You often write on the topic of jealousy. Have you noticed that modern fiction writers ceased writing about this subject? The critics have written with so much aversion about what they call the bedroom novel that the writers have become frightened. Jealousy has become almost an anachronism in modern literature. But I always considered jealousy a mighty human and even animal instinct and the very crux of the novel. I admired Strindberg highly and read every word he wrote. The reason for this admiration was the fact that I was, and perhaps deep in my heart still am, an extremely jealous man. When I studied in the gymnasium it was enough that my girlfriend would smile at another student for me to cut off all relations with her. I had decided to marry a virgin; if possible, one who had never dated another man. To me a man betrayed was a man defiled—a leper. You asked before if I was sick. The truth is that when I was twenty years of age I already looked old, sick, frail. I sometimes think that the fear of ending up a cuckold, and the knowledge that the whole male gender is at the mercy of women, wore me out. But my seeming frailty also helped me during the war. No one suspected me of being a deserter. Do you still want me to continue my story?" Alfred Reisner asked.

"Yes, I do."

"Well, it's very kind of you. At that time in Vienna I became involved with a young woman from the Russian part of Poland. She was three years younger than I. Her father and mother were unknown Yiddish actors who dragged around performing in stables and firehouses. Her name is Manya. She began to act with her parents when she was only five. They put on Goldfa-

den's and Latteiner's plays and she also formed in some kitsch plays which her father had written. He spelled Noah with seven takes, as they say.

"At the time of the war Manya came to Vienna and tried to produce her father's plays. Warsaw, a wealthy man impressed with her voice paid for her singing lessons. She eventually got a job in the opera chorus—no small achievement for a Jewish wench. Her father died of typhoid fever in 1915. Her mother became someone's housekeeper, and mist as well.

"Even now, at sixty, Manya is still good-looking, but when I met her she was a rare beauty. I watched as she sang lascivious songs in a Yiddish theater to which Galician refugees came. It was a combination of a restaurant, a nightclub hangout. If she came to visit late at night she always brought me a bag of leftovers. Once in a while I had to give her two crowns to pay for her fare.* When she sang 'In the Holy Temple in the corner of the room sits the widow of Zion wrapped in gloom,' her voice enchanted me and stirred up a storm in my soul. I fell passionately in love with her and was ready to marry her at the spot. But when Manya began to reveal her sexual past, it created a terrible crisis in me. I was so shattered that I felt like killing her as well as myself. By nineteen she had had a roster of over twenty lovers, among them her own father, whom he should roast in Gehenna. She also had some experience as a lesbian. She had tasted it all: sadism, masochism, exhibitionism, every possible perversion. She boasted to me about her sins and despite my love, I developed a fierce hatred toward her. I did not force her to confess, she did it willingly. She was proud of her *leche*. Most of the men she had had were low-lives, people of the underworld. In some cases she did not even remember their names. Some of them were Poles connected with the Warsaw opera. She spoke to me and laughed as if the whole thing were nothing but a joke. This woman who sang so beautifully about the Holy Temple and the widow of Zion had not the slightest respect for Jewishness and Jewish history and no feeling for the Holy Land. Her body was nothing more than a piece of flesh for her to give away for the slightest favor, for a bit of flattery, or for the mere curiosity of tasting another male. She spoke profanities like the shells of sunflower seeds. Millions of men fought on the fronts and died for their country, while Manya had one ambition: to become a cheap operetta singer and to sing out all the banalities with which the librettos are packed. And also to go to bed with those rich charlatans who boast about sleeping with actresses.

"While she confessed, she kissed and fondled

and tried to assure me that she was deeply in love with me, but I knew she spoke the same way to all the other men and would continue to do so to those who would come after me. I had fallen in love with a whore. That night I had a desire to leap from the bed and run. But that could have been pure suicide, since I was a deserter and Vienna was teeming with military police. To go home to my parents would endanger them, too."

Alfred Reisner took out a cigarette, rolled it between his fingers, and lit it with a lighter. Yes, I wanted to run away from this lewd piece, but I did not run. She disgusted me, but as I kissed her and caressed her I was silly enough to demand that she be a woman like my mother and grandmother. She was so sure of her power over me that she refused even to promise. Instead she proposed marriage, with an agreement that both of us should be allowed to have others.

"What did she look like, you are wondering. She was not tall, but slim, with black hair and black eyes which expressed passion, insolence,

mockery. She had an uncanny power of speech. We in Galicia speak Yiddish slightly mixed with German. But her Warsaw Yiddish had all the idioms and linguistic gems of your region. And they flowed from her mouth like from a sack with holes. When she cursed, the curses poured out like a stream of poison. When she became erotically excited, she used words at which a regiment of Cossacks would blush. I have met many cynics in my life, but Manya's cynicism was incomparable. I often played with the idea of writing down her salacious expressions, all her vulgar jokes, and then publishing them, but this plan of mine, like many others, was never realized.

"Everything came at once: the revolution in Russia, the pogroms in the Ukraine, the German defeat in France, the collapse of the Hapsburg empire. Poland became independent almost overnight and my parents demanded that I go back home with them. But after Vienna, Drohobycz looked like a hamlet, not a city. Besides, Manya wanted to go back to Warsaw, and that is



where we went. The hooligans in Lemberg made a pogrom against the Jews. The trains were swarming with General Haler's soldiers, who cut Jewish beards. England came out with the Balfour Declaration and Zionism ceased being a dream. If you were in Warsaw at that time, you know what went on: a mixture of war, revolution, assassinations. First Pilsudski chased the Bolsheviks to Kiev. Then Trotsky chased the Polish army to the Vistula, where a military miracle was supposed to have occurred. They wanted to make a Polish soldier out of me and send me to fight for my freshly hatched fatherland. But a 'miracle' happened to me, too. I acquired a passport with a false birth date.

"Jewish Warsaw was boiling like a kettle: Zionist demonstrators, communist adventurers. We had arrived in Warsaw penniless, but Manya bumped into a former lover, a speculator, a would-be patron of the arts. His name was Zygmund Pelzer. When Zygmund kissed Manya, I became dizzy, and my heart was beating like a hammer. I knew that to live with this woman would be permanent hell for me. I swore a holy oath to get rid of her once and for all. Two weeks later, we got married.

"She had given me an ultimatum: either get married or get out. She gave me three days to think it over. I convinced myself then that I was nothing but a miserable slave. I don't think I slept a wink those three nights.

"I once read an article of yours where you complained that the philosophers ignored the emotions and considered them a plague. Actually, the emotions are the very essence of our being. When Descartes said *Cogito, ergo sum*, he should have been talking about the emotions. Your Spinoza's adoration of adequate ideas is nothing but naive rationalism.

"To make it short, we went to an unofficial rabbi and he filled out a *Ketubah* and then set up a canopy. And who do you suppose gave away the bride? The same Zygmund Pelzer, her lover."

"**H**ow did you become a professor in Brazil?" I asked.

Alfred Reisner did not answer immediately. "How did it happen? Some years later, a so-called impresario, a Pole, came from South America to Warsaw. I say 'so-called' because I've never seen him practice his profession, or any other profession, for that matter. His name is Zdzislaw Romanski, a tall blond fellow and quite a charmer. He heard Manya sing in a trashy vaudeville theater and decided that she was exactly what he was looking for. He signed her up, took her to Brazil, and I dragged after them.

"For me to learn Portuguese was easy, since I

knew Latin and French. A position was open at the University of Rio for an assistant professor of German and I was hired. In time I began to teach French too. Manya could have become rich with her voice, but the charlatan, the impresario, invaded her life and my life as well. It began on the ship to Brazil.

"Two things I have learned in my life of grace. First, that the whole concept of free will, free choice, and all other phrases about human freedom are sheer nonsense. Man has no more freedom than a bedbug. In this respect, Spinoza was right. However, consistent determinist that he was, he had no reason to preach ethics. The second thing I have learned is that under certain circumstances, every human passion can reveal itself and become the very opposite of what it was. From a psychological point of view, Heidegger was right: each thesis proceeds in the direction of its antithesis. The mightiest love can become the most venomous hatred. A wild anti-Semite can become an ardent lover of the Jews or even convert to Judaism. A miser can suddenly begin to throw all his money around. A pacifist can become a murderer. The man who sits before you lived through many metamorphoses. One time I was burning with jealousy. The mere thought that my wife could have the slightest desire for another man drove me to insanity. A few years later, I came to the point that I could lie with Manya and her lover in one bed. Please don't ask me for any details or explanation. Pleasure itself is a form of suffering. Asceticism and hedonism are actually synonymous. I know that I am not revealing anything new to you. Our religious sages knew about it in their way.

"What kind of person is this impresario?" I asked.

"A demon."

"How old is he?"

"Who knows how old a demon is? A true word never came out of his mouth—a psychopathic liar, a crazy boaster. According to him, all the beauties in Poland were his concubines. Pilsudski and his generals were all on a first-name basis with him. In the war with the Bolsheviks he managed to perform all kinds of heroic acts and he received countless medals. As far as I could tell, he never served in the military. Neither was he descended from counts and barons. His father was nothing but a notary public in Wolhynia.

"After all I have been through, nothing astonishes me anymore. Nevertheless, whenever I have the feeling that he can no longer surprise me, he does something which baffles me completely. His physical strength was and still is extraordinary. Although he is the worst alcoholic I've known, I have never known him to be ill. According to medical theory, he should have

med out his stomach and his bowels by now. Every morning when he opens his eyes, he repeats the same joke, 'I'm going to gargle with mouthwash,' and the mouthwash is a tea glass of kasha on an empty stomach. He turned Manya into a drunkard also. He continually threatens Manya and me with suicide, or that he is going to kill both of us. He also babbles about converting to Judaism."

"Who pays the bills?" I asked.

"I do."

"Didn't he ever try to do anything?"

"Only when he was sure to fail."

"Would you call yourself a masochist?" I asked.

"As good a name as any. Yes, me, them, and the whole human race; its wars, revolutions, its religions. Humanity is nothing but permanent rebellion against God and what He called the order of things, or nature. Man was born a slave and with the bitterness of a slave. He has to do the opposite of what he is supposed to do. He is God's eternal opposition: actually Satan."

"Do you believe that your impresario is still in love with Manya?" I asked.

Alfred Reisner seemed to shudder. "In love? No one knows what love is! The whole notion of love is vague and ambiguous. But when you are dealing with a demon, what kind of love is he capable of? He destroyed her. She calls him 'my angel of death.' She drank until she lost her voice. She has a throat disease which the doctors in Brazil cannot identify, a type of cancer. Quite often she becomes dangerously sick and we have to take her to the hospital. She gets pneumonia and loses the power of speech. Once she coughed so terribly I had to rush her to the hospital, and they discovered a collapsed lung.

"It all came as a result of drinking, screaming, trying to sing without a voice, pushing the body to be young when it was ordered to be old. These two have waged a twenty-year war, a bitter war, a war of madness and mutiny. Unbelievable as it sounds, I haven't figured out in all these years what they are fighting about. You get such things like a nightmare. Both of them rave at the same time, she in Yiddish and I in Polish. They carry on unrelated monologues. I've often thought that if one could record their wild conversations, it would be material for a literary masterpiece. Different as we are, all three of us have one common quality: we have not the slightest sense for practical matters. When a fuse blows in our home, we sit in the dark for hours helplessly waiting for the superintendent, who is a drunk himself and never available. We lose money, we forget things, we are constantly in a state of utter confusion. A day doesn't pass when something doesn't

break down in our caricature of a house: the electricity, the gas, the toilet, the telephone. When it rains, the water leaks right through the roof into the bedroom and we have to cover the floor with buckets. Yes, you can call us masochists. But why just the three of us? And what miserable fate keeps us together year after year after year? We have given ourselves the holiest oaths to part once and for all and put an end to this tragicomedy of an existence. We have actually run away from each other the devil knows how many times and under the most bizarre circumstances, but we always come back to the same mess, the same madness, drawn by a power for which I haven't yet found a name in any dictionary, encyclopedia, you name it. Neither Freud nor Adler nor Jung could have ever explained it by their various theories. Passion? You can call it passion, complex, insanity, or simply *meshugas*. We leave and we get sick from yearning and brooding. We write desperate letters to one another and plead for peace, forgiveness, a fresh start, and other ridiculous banalities of which we make fun ourselves. We laugh and cry and spit when we meet again and we drink a toast to our mutual dybbuk. Yes, I too have learned to drink, although not as much as they. I could not afford it. I have a family to provide for, woe is to me."

Alfred Reisner glanced at his wristwatch and said, "It is later than I thought. Please forgive me for taking up so much of your precious time. To whom could I tell a story like this? There are philosophers, psychologists, and even those who consider themselves writers at the university, but to confide in them would be sheer suicide. Aside from the office girl who sends my salary every month, no one knows my address. Now that I'm as good as retired, I'm as good as a corpse. Well, how about your lecture? Will it ever take place?"

"I'm afraid it won't," I said.

"Could you tell me the reason?"

The telephone rang and the sponsor told me that my lecture had been rescheduled. He gave me the date. I conveyed the news to my guest and for a moment his eyes lit up.

"These are good tidings. It will be an event. We will come to hear you. All three of us."

"The Pole also?" I asked.

Alfred Reisner thought it over. "Since he is really not of this world, who knows whether he is a Pole, a Russian, or a Jew? He is a great admirer of yours. He reads you in English and in French. A little bit in Yiddish, too. Don't be afraid. He won't come to the lecture riding on a broom, with a tail and horns. When he needs to, he can be a perfect gentleman." ■

(Translated from the Yiddish by the author.)

WHO PROFITS IN

The invention of

This is the cover sheet of the 4,237,224th patent issued in the United States. It was granted for a "process for producing biologically functional molecular chimeras"—in short, for the technology known as genetic engineering. The Founding Fathers saw fit to protect inventors' rights: Article 1 of the Constitution calls for Congress to "Promote the Progress of Science and useful Arts, by securing for limited Times to . . . Inventors the exclusive Right to their respective . . . Discoveries." Patents are good for seventeen years. This one gives the inventors of genetic engineering the right to determine who in the United States may use gene-splicing methods for profit until December 2, 1997. By then, perhaps \$50 billion worth of genetically engineered products—from compounds that can clean up oil spills to synthetic means of producing petroleum—will be sold annually.

Genetic engineering was invented in November 1972 by Stanley Cohen, of Stanford University, and Herbert Boyer, of the University of California. In June 1973, Cohen and Boyer, both molecular biology professors, described their research at a scientific meeting. Filing for a patent did not cross their minds. Nearly a year later, in May, the *New York Times* printed an article about Cohen and Boyer's research. Stanford's news director saw the piece. He sent it to the university's director of technology licensing, who, knowing that time was running out—an inventor has only one year after his or her discovery is made public to file for a patent—persuaded Cohen and Boyer to cooperate in filing. They beat the clock by one week.

Only individuals can apply for a patent. But patent rights may be assigned by individuals to organizations. In fact, most universities and companies require their employees to sign over any patentable research they develop. Cohen and Boyer assigned the genetic engineering patent to Stanford. To utilize the patented process, biotechnology companies will have to sign licensing agreements with Stanford. Stanford has so far granted more than seventy-five licenses at \$10,000 a year each—this money being an advance on royalty payments for U.S. sales of products created by the process. To date, the patent has grossed more than \$4 million. Stanford takes 15 percent off the top for administrative costs. What's left is split between Stanford and the University of California, which in turn give a percentage to the two professors. Last year, the nation's ten leading research universities made as much as \$10 million from patents.

United States Patent [19] Cohen et al.

[54] **PROCESS FOR PRODUCING BIOLOGICALLY FUNCTIONAL MOLECULAR CHIMERAS**

[75] Inventors: Stanley N. Cohen, Portland, Ore.; Herbert W. Boyer, Milpitas, Calif.

[73] Assignee: Board of Trustees of the Stanford Jr. University, Stanford, Calif.

[21] Appl. No.: 1,021

[22] Filed: Jan. 4, 1979

Related U.S. Application

[63] Continuation-in-part of Ser. No. 959, which is a continuation-in-part of Ser. No. 958, filed May 17, 1976, abandoned, which is part of Ser. No. 520,691, Nov. 4, 1976.

[51] Int. Cl.³

[52] U.S. Cl.
435/231; 435/183; 435/317;
435/91; 435/207; 260/112.5 S; . . .

[58] Field of Search 195/1,
195/78, 79; 435

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GENING GENES?

cess, by Joseph Alper

[11] **4,237,224**
[45] **Dec. 2, 1980**

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Engineering News, p. 6, Sep. 11, 1978.
Inventor—Alvin E. Tanenholz
Attorney or Firm—Bertram I. Rowland

ABSTRACT

Compositions are provided for replication of exogenous genes in microorganisms. Virus DNA are cleaved to provide linear ligatable termini to which is inserted a complementary termini, to provide a bio-functional replicon with a desired phenotypic. The replicon is inserted into a microorganism by transformation. Isolation of the transformed cells for replication and expression of molecules present in the modified plasmid. provides a convenient and efficient way to transfer genetic capability into microorganisms for production of nucleic acids and proteins, such as commercially useful enzymes, which may have usefulness, or may find expression in the production of drugs, such as hormones, antibiotics, or utilization of nitrogen, fermentation, utilization of feedstocks, or the like.

14 Claims, No Drawings

To qualify for patent protection an invention must be new and not "obvious," to use the legal term. These are references to publications citing what patent law calls prior art—in this case, the research that laid the foundation for genetic engineering. The articles and papers are cited to support the case that Cohen and Boyer actually invented a new process, one that was not merely a straightforward extension of earlier research.

This is the essence of genetic engineering. As required by patent law, details are provided in the eight pages attached to the cover sheet. This information makes it possible for any molecular biologist to remove DNA (genetic material) from two species of bacteria, splice the pieces together, and put the recombined DNA back into one of the organisms. The key to genetic engineering is that the genes of all creatures, except certain viruses, are made of DNA. An organism's genes are like a book containing the directions to make the organism what it is—rose, fruit fly, human. Taking a gene from one organism and putting it into another will give the recipient some trait possessed by the donor. The first commercial product of genetic engineering was human insulin. The human insulin gene was added to the genes of the bacterium known as *Escherichia coli*, which can then act like a human pancreas and make insulin.

"Claims" are just that—what the inventor claims the invention is. In the pages that follow, Cohen and Boyer explain fourteen ways of carrying out genetic engineering. Claims are what give a patent its value, and so patent writers try to stake their claim to as many processes, objects, etc., as they can. The trick is to include some claims that are very specific and can be proven under the closest scrutiny—thus increasing the likelihood that the examiner will approve the patent—while adding some broad claims that are probably valid but may not be supported by work the inventor has already completed. In the original application, Cohen and Boyer claimed not only the methods of gene splicing but the recombinant DNA molecules themselves. The patent examiner decided that the claim to the molecules should be put into another application, which was also approved, albeit four years later.

Joseph Alper is a contributing editor of Science 86.

LESS IS LESS

The dwindling American short story

By Madison Bell

Among the books discussed in this essay:

Reasons to Live, by Amy Hempel. Alfred A. Knopf. 129 pages. \$11.95.

Distortions, by Ann Beattie. Warner Books. 284 pages. \$3.95.

Cathedral, by Raymond Carver. Alfred A. Knopf. 247 pages. \$13.95.

Family Dancing, by David Leavitt. Alfred A. Knopf. 206 pages. \$13.95.

Shiloh and Other Stories, by Bobbie Ann Mason. Harper & Row. 247 pages. \$12.95.

Moon Deluxe, by Frederick Barthelme. Penguin Books. 240 pages. \$5.95.

The Old Forest and Other Stories, by Peter Taylor. Doubleday and Company. 358 pages. \$16.95.

Hail nothing full of nothing, nothing is with thee.

—Ernest Hemingway

"A Clean, Well-Lighted Place"

"It is just inside the front door. It is the first thing she sees when she stops to wipe her feet."

Mrs. Hatano, cleaning lady, arrives in the house of mourning. The wife of her employer is recently deceased. But Mrs. Hatano's duties remain much the same: to clean and now to cook a little also. The only thing that perplexes her is a stain on the hall carpet. "She wonders if the stain is from water leaking in. But the plaster isn't buckled on the ceiling above the spot. It's as big as a three-quart saucepan, though it is not a perfect circle."

So little else happens in this extremely short story (just over four pages of printed text) that everything points to the spot on the floor. After some chores, a little snooping, and a couple of ambiguous encounters with the speechlessly grieving husband, Mrs. Hatano essays to remove the spot with a vinegar solution. No luck. She calls another cleaning lady, Ruthie, for advice:

She says, "A dog wets—you can pretty much forget it. Best idea, you cut a runner from one of those carpet squares, you just cover the whole thing up."

Then Ruthie tells her it wasn't a dog. "That's

Madison Bell has published two novels, The Washington Square Ensemble and Waiting for the End of the World. His short story "Zero db" appeared in the August 1985 issue of Harper's Magazine.

where the lady died," Ruthie says. "No dog there."

Undaunted, and with absolutely no reaction to this piece of news, Mrs. Hatano contacts a second cleaning lady, who seems bewildered by her own repertory of household hints:

She says lemon is acid, and a stain like that is the opposite.

"Unless I am confused and it is the other way around," Esther Fat says. "Is it different when it's human instead of when it's dog?"

In the remaining 200 words of the story, Mr. Hatano and the bereaved husband coincidentally meet in the vicinity of the stubborn stain now outlined with ineffectual cleansing foam.

There is no question that they see the same thing. The thin line of foam has dried to white powder, calling attention to—a state on a map. No, Mrs. Hatano thinks it looks like something else now. The white traced shape is like a chalk-drawn victim on a sidewalk.

Aha, the reader may remark, *here is the inscape, the epiphany, the moment of truth. That stubborn spot has become an image of the agony of human life and death.* But on closer inspection, it appears that the point of this metaphor is really the opposite. As far as the priorities of cleaning ladies are concerned, there is no qualitative difference "when it's human instead of when it's dog." The movement of the story is not expansive but reductive. The essential meaning of human mortality is reduced to a urine stain on the rug.

"When It's Human Instead of When It's Dog"

s one of fifteen "ferocious little dramas" (to quote the jacket copy) that compose Amy Hempel's first collection of short stories, *Reasons to Live*. The chief merits of this particular piece are technical. It is an admirably well-made story, as tidily constructed a bit of nastiness as anyone could wish for. In this quality, at least, it is representative of what has lately been touted as a renaissance in the short story. Hempel's collection of spare, elliptical stories has been by and large a critical success; reviewers consistently locate it on the crest of a wave of a new and newly popular mode of story writing.

Of course, a substantial number of American writers have been publishing short stories for quite a long time, but those whose stories constitute this short fiction "renaissance" are for the most part relative newcomers. The mainstream of the new short fiction has been characterized in a recent essay by David Leavitt in a somewhat alarming manner. Writing in the *New York Times Book Review*, Leavitt describes his grouping of new story writers (e.g., Elizabeth Tallent, Peter Cameron, Amy Hempel) as one that finds the short story form "most appropriate to the age of shortened attention spans." This formulation does not inspire confidence, though it may very well be true. Equally perturbing is Leavitt's identification of Mary Robison, Ann Beattie, and Raymond Carver as the "older writers" providing the sources of all influence for the younger ones he mentions. These are three able writers, to be sure, but none of them is as old as all that, for one thing, and for another the history of the twentieth-century American short story does not begin with them. Surely Leavitt (himself a talented story writer) cannot be completely unaware of Dubus and Boyle and Yates and Wolff and Bowles and Morris and Paley, to name only a few "older writers" of short stories currently publishing, not to mention John Cheever or Peter Taylor. For some reason Leavitt has chosen to live in an excessively small literary world, one in which everyone tends to resemble everyone else.

Nevertheless, he has put his finger squarely in the middle of the most visible school in American short fiction today. It may fairly be described as a school because its representative work contains, as if by prescription, a number of specific elements: a trim, "minimal" style, an obsessive concern for surface detail, a tendency to ignore or eliminate distinctions among the people it renders, and a studiously deterministic, at times nihilistic, vision of the world.

It has not been very long at all since short story collections were considered by trade publishers to be a drug on the market. But now, as the new breed of story writers emerges, collections have again become commercial. Their style,

and its success, was foreshadowed by the publication in 1974 of Ann Beattie's first collection, *Distortions*. The book consists of nineteen rather anorexic stories, stripped of all but vestigial traces of emotion and often of plot. All these stories are technically very adept, if a little frosty in style and tone.

It's early afternoon and no one is in the house. There are dishes on the dining-room table, records and record album covers. There's a plate, a spoon, two bowls, three coffee cups. How many people have been here? There's no one to ask.

This sort of description is economical and exact; it conveys precisely what is there and nothing more. Its sparseness suggests an instruction for a stage or a movie set. Beattie's dialogue is similarly compressed:

Betty smiles.

"If you don't feel like smiling, don't smile," he says.

"Then all the pills would be for nothing."

"Everything is for nothing," he says.

The exchange—a man is trying to pick up his secretary—has a certain starved elegance to it. But while its elliptical quality implies that it means more than it says, in fact there is no hidden agenda, only the mannerisms that suggest the possibility of a meaning below the surface.

In "Vermont," a long story of marital rearrangement, characters drift about their apartment building with a near total lack of volition, like particles in suspension. Noel's wife, Susan, abandons him for a character on a higher floor whose own wife has "left him the way popcorn flies out of the bag on the roller coaster." Then David, husband of the nameless "I" who tells this story, follows suit. The narrator and Noel begin to keep company over meals that end like this one: "The waiter brings two fortune cookies. We open them; the fortunes make no sense."

The incomprehensible, inapplicable fortune cookie is a perfect image for the situation in "Vermont," which, like many of the stories in *Distortions*, appears to make nonsense of personal freedom and personal responsibility. This quality does not come about by accident but would seem to be a conscious and deliberate achievement on Beattie's part. At every important juncture the stories insist on their own lack of depth (e.g., "Everything is for nothing"). In each there is a remarkably skillful accretion of realistic surface detail—beneath which nothing happens. Each, finally, seems to be informed by a sort of polite nihilism.

A side effect of Beattie's technique is a kind of relentless leveling. Despite a considerable diversity of locale and character, the places and the people run together. Beattie's, as Grace Paley remarks in a recent interview, is a "voice that

At every important juncture Beattie's stories insist on their own lack of depth

The new short
story writers
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too little

doesn't come from anywhere." The people in Beattie's stories are as facelessly uniform as the people on television, though unlike television characters they are not witlessly happy. They are witlessly and hopelessly unhappy, so much so that the reader may be tempted to scream at them to get up and do something to improve their condition. These are people reduced to a single common attribute of casual despair.

Variations on Beattie's emaciated prose style have been adopted by many more recent writers of short fiction, and in *Reasons to Live* Amy Hempel makes full use of the technique. Her book is grouped around "In the Cemetery Where Al Jolson Is Buried," an extremely strong story about its narrator's inability to cope with (or even behave well during) the lingering death of her best friend. Much like one of Beattie's stories, "Cemetery" works by indirection, skirting the edges of its real subject: the accommodation of loss. A strategy of distraction is imported into the story via the narrator's habit of amusing her friend with real or invented trivia: the behavior of insects, the antics of a "hearing-ear dog," the

accomplishments of a talking chimp. The chimp eventually rises above the trivial to provide the story with its spectacular finishing stroke:

And when the baby died, the mother stood over the body, her wrinkled hands moving with animal grace, forming again and again the words: Baby, come hug, Baby, come hug, fluent now in the language of grief.

Regrettably, in most of the other stories in the volume, the trivial remains just that. In "Cemetery" the grievousness of the situation as well as the narrator's difficulty in giving it expression justify the indirection, the circling the subject, and the final resolution in the form of analogy. In the rest of the book this approach is not successful, though most of the other stories are morbid enough. "Beg, Sit, Tog, In, Cont, Rep," a story in which the narrator tries to recover from an abortion through obsessive knitting, fails to transform its dreariness into an epiphany. There are too many stories like "One Night Is a Favor to Holly," where nothing is at issue except the characters' groundless angst. The book reaches its nadir with "When It's Human Instead of When It's Dog," when the human essence so relentlessly refined is finally pronounced to be urine.

Hempel shares with the most modish of our new story writers an increasingly familiar sparseness of style which suggests, in the end, that there is not too much to be said but too little. The "new short story" appears to work through a policy of exclusion, by leaving things out. There is nothing all that new under the sun, and that particular strategy was introduced into our literature by Ernest Hemingway in the 1920s. Hemingway was, and remains, the exemplary master of compression. "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place" was one of his own favorite stories because, as he said, so much was excluded from it. That story is almost perfectly purged of everything but two waiters casually discuss an old man who is outstaying his welcome in their café, and that's all. Everything else is left out. But there is an important difference between exclusion and nonbeing. In composing "Place," Hemingway conceived entire life histories not only for the old man and the waiters but also for the soldier and the girl who briefly pass by on the street. Those unspoken elements of the story add to its force, but in its myriad contemporary imitations the unspoken has simply been left unthought. For all its "hail nothing," "Place" remains a story written about nihilism, not informed by nihilism. The sounding vacancy of its conclusion has been earned.

That Raymond Carver has been powerfully influenced by Hemingway is no great news. Like Hemingway, he is credited with or accused of realism, when in fact his writing is elaborately



annered. Carver's style has gotten a lot skinner since "Will You Please Be Quiet, Please?" a story replete with description, exposition, and retrospection that was chosen to appear in *The Best American Short Stories* in 1967. He now writes the classic stripped-down story, at the height of current minimalist style, which his own work has done much to set. He is a superb technician of this mode, probably the best, but as a trend-setter he is a little dangerous.

The stories in *Cathedral*, his most recent collection, are deliberately flat and declarative in tone. Details of place are seldom given and the backgrounds of the situations are usually elided. Carver has a taste for the predicaments of blue-collar workers verging on the skids, and he likes to set these people up as first-person narrators. The result is a slightly artificial lowering of diction: "It was a place called the Off-Broadway. It was a spade place in a spade neighborhood. It was run by a spade named Khaki."

Carver's characters speak an impoverished language distinctly less expressive than that of their real-life counterparts. At the same time they select and describe a very sophisticated pattern of events. "The Bridle," for example, is constructed almost as strictly as a poem around a leading image:

I watch them unload their boxes, suitcases, and clothes. Holits carries in something that has straps hanging from it. It takes a minute, but then I figure out it's a bridle. I don't know what to do next. I don't feel like doing anything.

Of course not. The narrator is a woman who manages a seedy apartment complex; she has a boring, listless husband and a boring, listless life. The new tenants are passing this first course in the race for the bottom, though the narrator, who discusses them in a steadily understated fashion, pretends not to notice. She observes the new family closely, and her encounters with them are rife with significant detail, as when Mrs. Holits comes in for a hairstyle: "I'm wearing the rose-colored uniform that I put on when I do hair. . . . She's wearing the black-and-white uniform from her job. I can see how we're both wearing uniforms."

No kidding? Carver likes to establish meaningful information right over the heads of his own narrators, but their gee-whiz, *faux-naïf* importment is not always convincing. During the hairstyling, the narrator learns that Holits has put his family into a long tailspin by sinking his resources into a slow racehorse. Thus the title. Later, when the Holitses have bottomed out altogether and moved away, she finds that the bridle has been left behind, and she steps entirely out of character to operate the symbolic mechanism of the story:

The rider pulls the reins this way and that, and the

horse turns. It's simple. The bit's heavy and cold. If you had to wear this thing between your teeth, I guess you'd catch on in a hurry. When you felt it pull, you'd know it was time. You'd know you were going somewhere.

There could be no better image for the dime-store determinism that informs this story and most of the collection—or for the way Carver abuses his characters, presenting them as utterly unconscious one moment and turning them into mouthpieces for his own notions the next. The characters come to resemble rats negotiating a maze that the reader can see and they cannot. The deterministic handling tends to obliterate distinctions; like Beattie's characters, Carver's are united by their inability to solve, or even fully recognize, their problems. The reader is drawn in not by identification but by a sort of enlightened, superior sympathy: *I understand the nature of your difficulty; how is it you don't?*

Each story in *Cathedral* stands or falls on its extreme understatement. In stories like "A Small, Good Thing" (in which parents struggle with the accidental death of their child), this method is a suitable means of mediating subjects that might otherwise be unbearable (or, in literary terms, sentimental). But in too many cases the subjects are so trivial as to verge upon non-existence, and the policy of understatement only suggests that they do not deserve much comment.

This low-key, noncommittal presentation also characterizes David Leavitt's first collection, *Family Dancing*. As the title suggests, all the stories revolve around the subject of domestic life. Within that category, Leavitt displays a talent for discovering unusual situations, or unusual aspects of familiar ones. (Thus, for example, the broken home is seen through the eyes of a damaged child who is not just a victim but also a dreadful brat.) Most of Leavitt's stories display a refreshing authenticity of problem, but, less fortunately, the stories also show a universal failure of solution: the emerging homosexual cannot resolve his feelings for his mother; the cancer patients cannot adjust to the probability of death; in the middle of her second marriage, the wife cannot recover from her first. Leavitt's specialty is the *tableau*, the frozen moment, the situation that cannot be redeemed. No one is asking for contrived happy endings, but Leavitt's consistent fatalism, so typical of the "new short story," begins to seem no less contrived.

As a budding young nihilist, he's just one of the guys.

There are no different shades of nothing, and for that reason the aura of sameness in both Leavitt's and Carver's stories is appropriate enough. But it seems strange to find a similar tendency in

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submission to
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Hollywood—
'high concept'

the work of Bobbie Ann Mason, since she is a declared regionalist, a Southerner writing about the underexamined Southern middle classes of today. In *Shiloh*, her first collection, she draws an accurate picture of the contemporary South, teetering between strong memories of agrarian life and absorption into a modern world of tract houses and K Marts. Her observation of domestic and familial situations is acute. The dialect of her characters (though its rougher edges have been rounded off) has charm.

A set of occurrences typical of the *Shiloh* collection turns up in "The Ocean": Bill and Imogene Crittendon, a retirement-age couple, have sold the farm they've lived on all their lives and bought an elaborate RV. At the opening of the story the gypsy life seems rich with promise: "The interstate highway was like the ocean. It seemed to go on forever and was a similar color."

But soon enough the trip begins to sour for both of them. Their quarters are cramped and uncomfortable. The behavior of the people they meet on the road is incomprehensible. When they arrive at the coast their disappointment does not come as a big surprise to the reader: "'Is this what you brought me here to see?' said Imogene, as they examined the Atlantic from their high perches in the camper. 'It all looks the same.'"

Here is a neat reversal of emphasis: the ocean resembles the interstate in its perfect anonymity. Bill looks out "at battleships and destroyers riding on the horizon," and sees . . . more traffic. Everything has been flattened into a wretched homogeneity. Likewise, all the characters in *Shiloh* seem almost indistinguishable from people anywhere else in the nation, except for their names, like Waldeen and Imogene, and a few gentle variations of speech.

Insistence on the uniform anonymity of all people and all situations reaches a surreal intensity in Frederick Barthelme's *Moon Deluxe*. This collection must represent the literary apotheosis of the condominium and the mall. Barthelme's characters are neutral inhabitants of neutral environments. They have little sense of past or future. Their motivation is opaque, and their lack of affect is comical. They act without intention and move among interchangeable settings without will. They are beyond despair, beyond chic fatalism, because their desires are so weak that they do not experience frustration.

Barthelme is a pioneer of what is becoming a very irritating mannerism of contemporary fiction: second-person narration, the story told by "you." For instance:

You look down at your plate and see that you have cut your roast beef in tiny squares less than an inch on a side, and you have stacked the squares one on top of another in three small piles. You begin to

play with your peas, lifting them onto your plate with the fork and then pushing them across the open center of the plate, encircling the stack of beef.

The hell I do. But Barthelme, whose purposes seem overtly satirical, is hammering home his point. We actually do live in a world where identical apartment and department store can be found from Seattle to Miami. In the face of such fearsome homogeneity, our individuality is hard to preserve. Barthelme's narrator speaks frankly, as one clone to another, telling the reader that there is no important difference between "me" and "you."

For a culture already saturated with miniaturized everything, this is the worst kind of news. The notion that we are nothing more than simulacra of each other reaches parodic proportions in *Moon Deluxe*, but it is also being sold, less obviously but just as insistently, by the short story "renascence" as a whole. It is hard to tell the characters apart; it is hard to tell the stories which they appear apart; and it is getting increasingly hard to tell the books apart. That is not entirely the fault of the writers involved, of whom are technically skilled in the highest degree and doubtless well-intentioned too; so much of the responsibility belongs to the publishing industry.

The successful new story writers have organized themselves (probably more by some Darwinian process of selection than by design) to conform to the marketplace not necessarily as it is but as it is perceived to be by the commercial publishing business. For at least two decades the trade houses have suffered, or believe themselves to have suffered, from competition with other forms of mass entertainment, particularly the movies and television. The struggle for a fair share of the mass market seems to have imposed on many publishers a mentality more suitable to Hollywood. Because an effective strike at the lowest common denominator appears to require a drastic simplicity of presentation, contemporary big-business publishing places a heavy emphasis on packaging.

The prevailing problem with the marketing of the short story collection is its diversity. A truly various book of short fiction, one in which each story opens the door to a new world, does not package well. It cannot be easily summed up in a line or paragraph for the editorial meeting, for the jacket and catalogue copy, for the sales conference, or for the capsule review. The sort of book most likely to survive the journey from submission to sales is one that displays a great degree of surface unity, one that is—as they say in Hollywood—"high concept."

Inadvertently or not, trade publishing's first

directive to the story writer is to unify the book by any means. Unfortunately, the requisite unity seems to be most frequently obtained by writing a set of stories that in one way or another resemble each other very closely. As a market trend, the new flowering of the short story encourages new writers to imitate not only the writers whom David Leavitt considers to be the old guard, but also each other, and themselves. Thus a perfect uniformity has become the key to the very successful promotion of this new mainstream short fiction. "Like Type O blood," reads the back jacket of *Shiloh*, "Bobbie Ann Mason's fiction can be given to almost everyone." *Cathedral* is snappily described by its jacket copy as the exploits of "colorless people going about the business of their colorless lives."

These stories are also pitched to us as representations of reality. But though they render realistic detail so vividly, so cunningly, with such superior technical skill, the sum of these details impresses one most with its dreary sameness. It is, of course, this very quality that has pulled a lot of books together into tidy packages and located them in the marketplace. And also, sad to say, this quality does faithfully represent a tendency of our times. But it is a tendency that our writers, as custodians of culture, ought to be resisting.

Some writers are, and one interesting example is Mary Robison, who possesses many virtues of the new wave story writers: the sharp eye for detail, the tidy sense of structure, the lucid and economical style. But she departs from the trend by allowing her characters freedom; instead of being shoved around by technique like checkers on a board, they seem to speak and act for themselves.

To work against a trend from within it is such a tricky business that not too many writers could hope to survive in Robison's precise position. But a skimming of *The Best American Short Stories* (or *The Pushcart Prize* anthology or *The Graywolf Annual* or any of the editor's choice volumes beginning to proliferate) proves that there is an enormous variety of story writing at large in the United States. The anthologies, filled in roughly equal parts from the big commercial magazines and the smaller, more "literary" ones, show that diversity exists and that a diversified collection (best of whatever) can still sell. They also show that the innovative short story has remained most at home in the world of little magazines and small presses.

Perhaps the best news about the celebrated short story renaissance (whatever its virtues and defects) is that it appears to have opened the market to older writers who have been laboring in various shades of obscurity for many years as well as to new writers who have more than one

note to play. It is extremely encouraging to see fine writers like Ellen Gilchrist, Charles Baxter, and Ellen Wilbur, previously confined to the small presses, now writing for the trade publishers. Last year several old masters returned to the form: William Goyen (with a posthumously published collection), Grace Paley, George Garrett, and Peter Taylor.

Taylor, arguably the best American short story writer of all time, writes about a society no longer contemporary. His fictional milieu, Nashville and Memphis during the Depression, is as remote from the world we now live in as, say, Shakespeare's England or Tolstoy's Russia. And yet he is far more successful than his younger colleagues in rendering characters recognizably human. Consider the situation Taylor presents in "The Old Forest," the title story of his most recent collection. On the eve of his marriage to a Memphis debutante, a young man wrecks his automobile. His companion at the time, a woman from the city's "demimonde," flees the scene of the accident and goes into hiding. Following his narrator in search of the woman, Taylor must explain each nuance of Memphis society in excruciating detail, for its values are so alien to those of modern life that the story would otherwise be incomprehensible to modern readers. Despite the quantity and foreignness of the detail, the story manages to achieve a general meaning. It serves as a parable of the fecklessness of youth on the one hand, and on the other of the ultimate power of the weak and oppressed to assume control of their own lives. "The Old Forest" is an exemplary story in many ways, not least because the futures of its characters are shown to matter.

Taylor's achievement serves as a reminder that any general artistic purpose is best served by way of specificity. Like Kierkegaard's knight of faith, he approaches the universal through careful and loving attention to the particular. That movement is a task set to all writers, and it is a hopeful sign that some of them, both old and new, still perform it.

Maybe it is just as well for publishers (and for the books they print) that they seem to be recognizing that no very useful purpose, not even a commercial one, will be served by their playing the part of poor relations in the house of show biz. Books cannot compete for leisure time and the disposable dollar on the same terms as the other offerings in the market. Literature might as well undertake certain responsibilities abandoned by the rest of the entertainment industry. Against the increasing homogeneity of our society, any strike for individualism made in fiction is useful. If our lives do in fact lack variety and meaning, maybe we had better make haste to invent some. ■

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THREE COCKTAIL PARTIES

By Brian McCormick

I. Pain

Cocktail party. New York City, 1985.

SAM: You going to the conference?

TOD: Which? The Nerve?

SAM: Yeah. Conference on pain, the Washington thing.

TOD: Yeah. Taking your wife?

SAM: Maybe. She didn't take me with her to the Anesthesiology in Detroit last year.

JANEY (TOD's wife): Why'd you want to? Detroit's up to here in crime.

SAM: Oh no, Detroit's a beautiful city.

JANEY: Oh, I'm sure it is. I'm just saying...

SAM: Of course, I've never been there.

TOD (to JANEY): You can go to the Nerve.

JANEY (turning to DIANE, SAM's wife): I'm not going to anywhere without Diane.

DIANE (to SAM): You wouldn't let me go to the Cuspid thing.

SAM: Fuck the Nerve. Go then. I don't care. Or not.

TOD: What's so big about the Nerve?

SAM: Garden Slug seminar. Axon Cascade Off-Load Modeling, everything. Across the board. The whole crate and barrel.

TOD: Nematodes?

Brian McCormick is a former editor of the Harvard Lampoon and the National Lampoon. He is a screenwriter, playwright, librettist, and private detective.

SAM: Everything—ten thousand neurons.

TOD (to JANEY): You'd be amazed at what a slug can do with them.

JANEY: Ten thousand?

TOD: Pain modeling. Anticipation, contact cascade.

DIANE (to JANEY, fondling JANEY's necklace beads): This new?

JANEY: Bought it in Chicago. At the Cuspid thing.

DIANE: Amber?

JANEY: You like?

DIANE: Are there any frozen bugs in it?

JANEY: Yes. Here's my bug. (Points with pinkie) See?

DIANE: That's not a bug, is it? It's a speck. speck.

JANEY: No, it's a bug. See? Legs.

DIANE: Those are cracks.

JANEY: Legs. One, two, three, four, five, six. Legs.

SAM (to TOD): Look, this Cuspid thing you're sitting on, worth investing?

TOD: How big is it? Where's it going? Its time has come.

SAM: You big on it?

TOD: We're very optimistic on the Cuspid thing.

SAM: What the hell is it, though?

TOD: Tri-pass. We're keeping it under wraps until the Nerve.

SAM: What the hell is that, tri-pass? Sounds too psycho-market.

TOD: Exactly where you want to be on this thing. *Very Pain Management.*

SAM: Until the bottom goes.

TOD: The Cuspid thing is the future, that's all I'm saying.

SAM: Maybe yes, maybe no.

TOD: It's the mall dentistry of tomorrow.

DIANE: I still say speck.

JANEY: Legs.

ACT ONE

II. Situation Zero

cocktail party. Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1985.

DAN: Fast-forward to the good stuff, the long-range shells.

GARY: There? You call that good stuff? I call that crap. Check out my tape.

WENDY: Will you guys quit comparing your dicks? We were dealing with *people*, not videos.

INTERVIEWER: Your respective positions in Cambodia?

WENDY: I was with the American Rescue Committee. These two were with UNBRO. On the Thai-Cambodia border.

DAN: UNBRO—United Nations Border Relief Operation. It's a macho thing.

WENDY: If you call sucking up to Thai women macho.

GARY: The brothel thing—that was different.

DAN: This the Christmas attack on Nong Samet? (GARY nods, hits "Slow" on the remote.) Great stuff.

GARY: Check out the airburst on this shell.

DAN: Really. Situation Four all the way.

INTERVIEWER: Situation Four?

DAN: Situation One: stuff's happening, keep your head down. Situation Two: alert, pack the trucks and haul ass. Situation Three: evac *immediatamente*. Situation Four: dive for the bunkers.

GARY: Situation Zero: all calm, feeling no pain.

WENDY: These guys—I don't know—it's the macho mystique.

GARY: That's me running there, trying to get some good blast sounds on my Stones tape.

INTERVIEWER: The Rolling Stones?

GARY: *Sticky Fingers*. It's dynamite with some airbursts thrown in.



DAN: I got some of that Khmer shit on a Talking Heads tape.

WENDY: Which? The Christmas invasion?

DAN: It was one of their routine shellings of the camp. Don't remember which. Not Christmas.

WENDY: The Vietnamese are good at that—terror stuff on holidays.

DAN: Listen—"Burning Down the House." Cool?

GARY: Definitely primo gear. Sony Walkman? Shotgun mike?

INTERVIEWER: This Khmer shit—you mean the Khmer would turn their guns around across the

border and shell their own refugee camps? Just for the hell of it?

DAN: That was just a rumor.

GARY: Sometimes it seemed that way. The way they always missed. And who knows—maybe I keep their people heads-up.

DAN: It was that kind of—what do you call it?

WENDY: War.

DAN: Border action. The Khmer aren't refugees. They're displaced persons. Saves money. Everybody's happy.

GARY: That's me by the tent. Got some good stuff for my party tape.

ACT TWO

Cocktail party. Much later in the evening.

WENDY: This is us Christmas caroling the night before the attack. It was weird.

DAN: The whole thing was weird. Remember Halloween?

WENDY: I dressed as a water buffalo. The Khmer thought we were crazy.

INTERVIEWER: Why was it weird? Did you know there would be an attack on Christmas?

DAN: I went down to the Women's Sewing Center. The sewing machines had been removed. That's when I figured we were in for something.

GARY: It's not like *Rambo: First Blood II*. There's no omniscient intelligence operation in the jungle.

WENDY: You just have to guess based on Thai intelligence reports and the looks on people's faces. You can feel it coming. The Khmer look fatigued. The women take their children with them on night shifts. Everyone gets frazzled waiting.

GARY: Then it hits and the shit flies and you've got to get it while you can.

WENDY: We'd get people—children—their stomachs blown open from off the front lines. One night we got twenty-five KPLN resistance people. They'd shared their campfire with the Heng Samrin—who they oppose—because no one really wants to fight. Both sides sort of avoid each other. Then they walked in on a new Heng Samrin group—after a personnel rotation they didn't know about—and the new Samrin didn't know about the campfire thing and the KPLN got cut up bad. That sort of thing.

GARY: Cut to shit without their weapons.

WENDY: I was in more danger from the Khmer than from the Vietnamese—or Khmer shelling.

GARY: Sometimes things got out of hand in camp.

WENDY: It's weird having a soldier with a submachine gun standing in your outpatient room making demands on you.

DAN: One girl—a tough cookie—stood up to them.

WENDY: Yeah, but she left camp the next day.

GARY: Death threats. That sort of thing.

WENDY: We became the buffer between the Khmer military and the people.

DAN: The Khmer soldiers are dirt poor. But they have guns.

WENDY: They'd get drunk and shoot up the place. A bunch of people got shot up. Sometimes by accident. Sometimes not.

GARY: During the dry season they turn into walking zombies waiting for something to happen.

WENDY: The people are neat, though. There's almost no mental illness. Joyful kids, happy adults. Almost no psychosis, no suicide.

DAN: Maybe it's because the Pol Pot people killed most of the intelligent ones. You wore glasses, you got it.

WENDY: Every family has at least three dead. Entire families drowned in wells, girls tied to trees with bayonets rammed up their vaginas, old people beaten to death with rifle butts to save ammunition. *The Killing Fields* was the Disney version of what happened.

GARY: There's a shot of us pulling back to the
ink ditch. That's Christmas. After a while it
ets to you.

DAN: Compassion fatigue. It gets harder and
arder to care.

WENDY: You guys. All you cared about was the
amour. And your tapes. And your dicks.

GARY: The KR were afraid their own people
ere going through "resistance fatigue." That's
hy there's the rumor they shelled their own
mps.

DAN: Camps got shot up all the time, but if
ere *wasn't* a shoot-up, they'd get antsy.

INTERVIEWER: You think this is the reason the
elling missed the camps at times?

GARY: To limit casualties and maximize the se-
urity effect.

DAN: To keep things from stagnating at Situa-
tion Zero.

WENDY: I have a zillion and one mixed feelings
about the people, the place, everything. That's
me in the water buffalo suit. They thought we
were crazy that night.

INTERVIEWER: Your positions again?

GARY: Assistant field officers, United Nations
Border Relief Operation.

WENDY: Medical technician, American Rescue
Committee.

DAN: That's me there.

GARY: That's me.

WENDY: That's not you. That's Dan.

GARY: Me. See?

DAN: Me. Me. Definitely.

III. Adultery

cocktail party. Los Angeles, 1985.

KAYE: They're not divorced. They're separated.
g difference.

PETER: Not anymore.

ALISON: What's *she* doing here? It's his party.

KAYE: He invited her. It's *pro forma*. So he can
ew her on child custody.

PETER: The kid's not his?

ALISON: Artificial insemination.

PETER: She slept with a squirt gun?

KAYE: It's only adultery if he didn't sign a
ease.

PETER: Can't take a squirt gun to court. No
oney in it.

KAYE: One of those Shockley sperm banks? She
uld.

ALISON: This is privileged, but—yes.

KAYE: That's her speed.

PETER: His too.

KAYE: Did he sign something?

ALISON: That's privileged.

PETER: He's such a chump.

KAYE: Look at her. What a bitch.

PETER: Mental or physical?

ALISON: Mental or physical what?

PETER: Impotence.

ALISON: That's privileged. Psychological. It's
tricky.

PETER: Who's he with—the bimbo.

KAYE: He's been seeing his custody lawyer.

PETER: And the custody lawyer's been seeing his
books.

ALISON: Privileged, but yes.

KAYE: So why'd she hire you? Of all people.

ALISON: It's a *separation*. She wants to know if
he gets the kid part-time. And if the kid gets the
estate when he nods out. And whatever.

KAYE: Like can she be countersued.

PETER: You bet she can. Screwed to the wall.

ALISON: That's privileged. . . but yes.

KAYE: Here she comes. Smile, everyone.

PETER: How many months? Five, six?

KAYE: I'd say seven, unless it's twins.

ALISON: That's privileged.

KAYE: But yes.

PETER: Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's
sperm?

ALISON: That's privileged.

KAYE: But yes. ■



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LETTERS

Continued from page 7

irrational position, and it just so happens that most people agree with me. Your ideas are unpopular, impractical, and utterly unrealistic. No member of Congress would put forward a bill to ruin society because he would not be reelected if he did.

STUTMAN: Since 1977 popular opinion has changed about 75 percent.

GRINSPOON: I bet it will change some more. Mr. Giuliani and Mr. Stutman seem to assume we have only two alternatives. I think we need to conduct some social experiments. Some that have already been done show that problems don't get all that much worse if you stop thinking of them as problems.

KLEIMAN: To some extent, other experiments are proceeding even within the current regime. As Rudy said, enforcement of laws varies across the country. It doesn't seem to make much difference.

GIULIANI: That's because the problem is so huge. I'm not sure it wouldn't be worse if we weren't squirting water pistols at the forest fire; at least it keeps a finger in the dike.

KLEIMAN: But as you've pointed out, small things are different from big things. I think there is a strong argument for moving away from trying to put out big fires and toward trying to put out small fires.

GARCIA: Boy, that's a mistake if I ever heard one.

III.

GIULIANI: Look, we move against problems by making them illegal. Wouldn't our problems be catastrophic if we didn't? I don't claim that small problems necessarily lead to big problems. But they do. If we cut down on small problems, we'll cut down on big problems.

TREBACH: You say my arguments are absurd. What if I say, what if things get worse if we do it your way?

GIULIANI: If we do it my way, everything will get better. My plan has five

parts. First, we tell countries to make problems for us to stop.

TREBACH: That's ridiculous. They don't care what we say.

GIULIANI: I'm not saying we can solve all our problems by the exercise of foreign policy. But we can solve some of them that way. The second part is to use the military, especially to make sure that problems don't get into our country from the outside.

TREBACH: Oh yeah, right. I bet you do that, it will be the first step on the road to Hitler's Germany.

GIULIANI: I don't advocate any of the bad things you are reading into a policy that is in fact very reasonable. The third aspect of my plan for solving our problems is to put people in prison for having them.

TREBACH: Are you saying that we have to build more prisons?

GIULIANI: Absolutely. If the message was that you'd get arrested for doing anything against the law, people wouldn't break the law. And the only thing that did would go to jail.

TREBACH: The thought of many more people in our prisons is appalling. The reason we don't put more people in prison now is that there's no more room—we've got them stacked up in the rafters.

GIULIANI: More Americans break laws than other Western people. That's why we put so many of them in jail. The fourth aspect of my plan is to put more money into programs. That way, there will be more programs. Finally, we have to develop more effective ways to solve problems.

GRINSPOON: Why not tell people to get themselves into problems?

GIULIANI: Because telling them to doesn't do any good—you've got to put them in jail.

STUTMAN: I would add a number to Mr. Giuliani's program: we must change our society. During the past few years, things have been changing. They're different.

KLEIMAN: Of Rudy's five-point program, the only one likely to solve a

blems is the last—devising new
ys to solve problems. All the others
n't work.

ULIANI: It's clear that they work.
hat's a good reason to use them.

EIMAN: It sounds good, but you're
mparing one thing with another
ing.

ULIANI: But the two things are
nilar.

N DEN HAAG: Unquestionably, the
st thing would be to put everyone
jail.

ULIANI: In any area of law enforce-
ent, it would not be effective to put
everyone in jail. But it is a good way
frightening people.

RINSPOON: Instead of devising ways
arrest everyone, maybe we should
courage people to be more intelli-
nt and prudent. The Jews, Chinese,
d Greeks seem to be intelligent and
udent. Maybe we could just be
ore like them.

EBACH: But what do you say to kids
hen they reach twenty-one?

ULIANI: Stay out of jail.

UTMAN: I don't know anything
at I think of as a problem that isn't
problem.

ULIANI: We've done a poor job of
ntrolling people's behavior with re-
ect to all our problems to date. To
e the same methods on emerging
blems is utterly irresponsible.
me of those problems haven't got-
n as bad as others, thank God.

EBACH: Some problems seem to be
ing away. So people can be influ-
ced to be more responsible.

EIMAN: Some things work, particu-
ly with respect to the sorts of prob-
ns that will kill you eventually. We
n say, "Look, this will kill you,"
d people won't do it anymore.

NDON: Would you teach them the
ne things about everything?

EIMAN: Absolutely. Except some
ings actually don't kill you, so you
n't say that.

RINSPOON: I'm not just concerned
out all the problems we have now,

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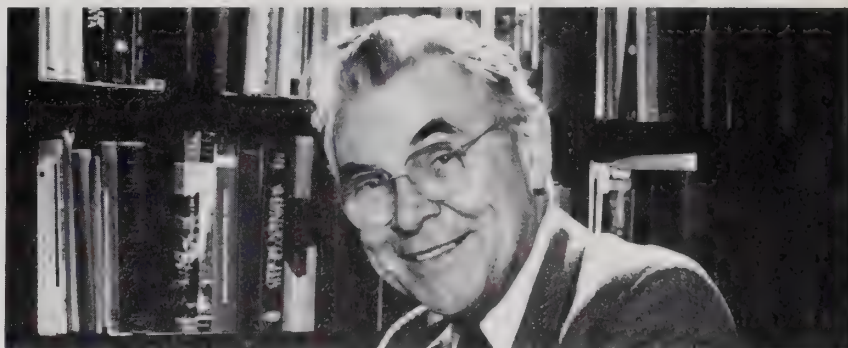
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but about all the yet to be discovered problems. They could be pretty bad maybe.

KLEIMAN: Yes, that's true, but that doesn't seem much we can do about any of it. Sometimes we can find things to solve problems, and sometimes that works, but then, sometimes it only makes things worse.

Robert Wright

Brooklyn, Nova Scotia

Correction

In the annotation "What George Made in Congress" [*Harper's Magazine*, February], former Representative George Hansen is identified as Iowa Republican. He is from Idaho.

April Index Sources

1 U.S. Department of Commerce; 3 *New Republic*/International Monetary Fund (Washington, D.C.); British Consulate (New York City); 5, 6 Americas Watch (New York City); 7, 8 National Opinion Research Center (Chicago); 9, 10, 12 Prof. John Petrocik (University of California at Los Angeles); 13, 14 National Marine Fishery Service (St. Petersburg, Fla.); 15 W. Atlee Bluffe Company (Warminster, Pa.); 16 U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics; 17 Larry King poll/*USA Today* (Arlington, Va.); 18 *Electronic Media* (Chicago); 19 *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*; 20 *Latenight with David Letterman* (New York City); 21 LINK (New York City); 22 National Aeronautics and Space Administration; 23 U.S. Department of Defense; 24, 25 American Airlines (Fort Worth, Tex.); 26, 27 Federal Aviation Commission; 28, 29 Hewitt Associates (Lincolnshire, Ill.); 30 Kepner-Tierney (Princeton, N.J.); 31, 32 Louis Harris and Associates (New York City); 33 Internal Revenue Service; 34 Russian Travel Bureau (New York City); 35, 36 National Association of Television Programming Executives (New York City); 37, 38 Los Angeles Dodgers; 39 R. H. Bruskin Associates (New Brunswick, N.J.); 40 National Opinion Research Center.

SOLUTION TO THE MARCH PUZZLE

A	L	G	I	D	B	A	C	C	A	R	A	T
N	O	L	O	A	L	L	A	H	N	Q	L	E
T	O	D	O	W	O	L	B	A	D	U	C	E
O	F	R	O	N	T	I	E	R	R	I	O	S
N	A	I	V	E	I	N	A	M	O	N	T	H
Y	H	B	A	N	D	M	U	S	I	C	T	O
H	A	R	U	S	P	E	X	N	D	E	F	T
C	B	C	L	C	A	T	R	A	M	P	A	C
H	U	R	T	O	G	E	E	K	A	R	M	A
U	T	U	R	N	E	D	L	E	N	T	I	L
R	A	D	I	C	A	L	I	S	T	E	L	A
C	A	E	N	E	N	B	E	T	R	A	Y	S
H	A	R	D	S	T	U	F	F	A	R	C	H

NOTES FOR "MARCH" PUZZLE

The word clued by the unclued entries was MARCH:

22A 7D: Band music to charm snakes (anagram)

30A 34A 28D: Tramp hurt church (MAR-CH)

44A 37A 21A: Hard stuff turned in a month (H-CRAM, reversed)

1D 9D: Antony H. Alcott family (MARC-H)

3D 18A: 1000 vault frontier (M-ARCH)

ACROSS: 1. A-L (...G)ID; 5. BAC(reversal)-CAR-AT; 11. NOLO, hidden; 12. A-HALL, reversed; 14. O-DOT, reversed; 17. DU(C...)E; 19. NAIVE, reversal; 24. HARUSPEX, anagram; 27. DEF(reversal)-T...; 35. O-GEE(ref. to clue 45); 36. K-ARM-A; 39. LENTIL, anagram; 41. RADICAL(n), anagram; 42. CA(md)EN; 43. BET-RAYS; 45. ARCH, two meanings. DOWN: 2. L(0-0)FAH, anagram; 4. DAW-N; 5. B-LOT; 6. A-(L-L)IN; 8. DIOR-DNA, reversed; 10. TEE SHOT, anagram; 13. QUINCE, "quints"; 15. D-RIB; 16. BEAUX, "bows"; 20. ENSCONCES, hidden; 23. ME(T)ED; 25. ABUT, reversal; 26. P(AGE)(1)ANT; 29. (C)RUDER; 31. RE(LI)EF; 32. MANTRA(p); 33. C(A)LASH; 38. RIND, hidden; 40. T...-EAR.

SOLUTION TO MARCH DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 39). RING LARDNER: SAY IT WITH OIL. The wife I have got don't read my stuff. Incidentally that just about describes her. But . . . the knowledge that she don't read my stuff gives me courage to say a few wds. about wives and what they are that I wouldn't dast say if I thought she was going to read it.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 40, Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to Harper's Magazine, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by April 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to Harper's Magazine. The solution will be printed in the May issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 38 (February) are Bob Fitzpatrick, New York, New York; Reuben Goldman, Seattle, Washington; and Margaret E. Ritari, Burke, Virginia.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 40

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 76.

CLUES

A. Formal demand

84 29 12 171 63 151
196 205 180 201 135

B. Brightness; news

150 96 167 72 2 41
23 116 61 204 11 161

C. Worthless meat; a worn-out, emaciated horse

55 120 85 34 126 65 94 182

D. Shelf in a fireplace, used for keeping food warm; mischief; lout

35 190 43

E. Parceled out

69 17 208 100 200 210 119 7

F. The very lowest (hyph.)

206 46 132 22 144 39 110 164
32 60

G. Beat rhythmically

106 53 13 149 68 3 42

H. Corrupt; lousy, putrid

111 207 125 129 177 153

I. In disorder; all over the place (3 wds.)

83 118 158 62 127 141 99 103
169 193 189 131 145

J. Jostle

48 176 82 88 98

K. Fire, starch, snap

173 134 122

L. Chirper Ruth, played by Doris Day in a 1955 film

19 140 155 90 162 197

M. Am. humorist and author (1834-1902; "The Lady or the Tiger?")

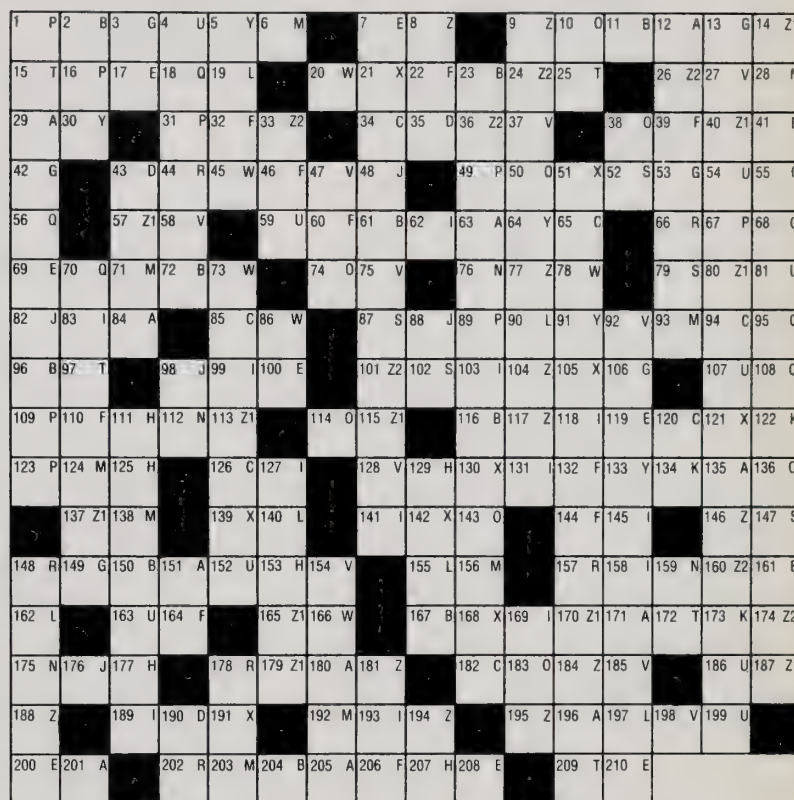
6 192 203 93 71 138 156 124

N. Whole

28 112 76 159 175

O. Lockup, pokey

183 10 74 143 50 136 114 38



P. Line of fire that rakes from end to end

123 109 31 16 89 1 49 67

Q. "The _____ captain of this ruin'd band" (Henry V)

70 108 56 95 18

R. Deed held in trust by a third party

44 178 202 66 148 157

S. Part of the stage in front of the proscenium arch

102 87 147 52 79

T. Grows soft, yields

25 209 15 172 97

U. Aphoristic

54 4 152 186 81 59 199 163
107

V. County borough of central England, on the Trent

58 27 37 185 92 75 154 198
128 47

W. Blemish

73 78 86 166 45 20

X. Outflow

105 51 21 121 142 130 139 168
191

Y. Beats; functions

91 5 64 133 30

Z. Frank, generous (hyph.)

117 146 188 104 77 194 184 195
9 8 181

Z1. Downright; incompetent

80 187 170 40 179 113 57 115
137 14 165

Z2. Ruling, having first position in a scale

33 36 24 160 174 26 101

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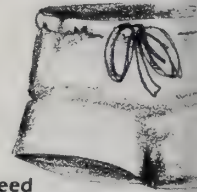
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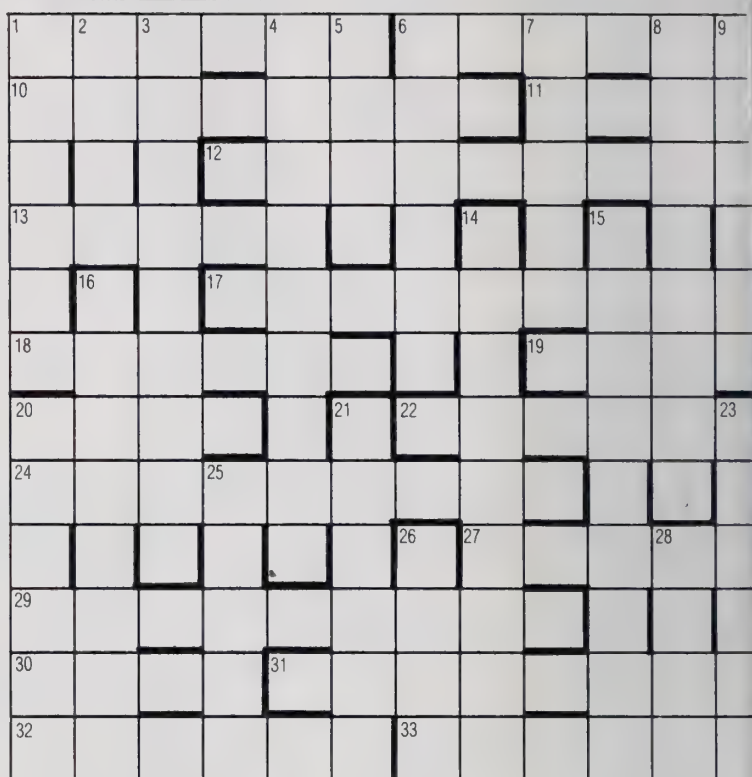
PUZZLE

Bar Hopping

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.
(with acknowledgments to Centigram of Crossword)

The definition part of each clue is normal, but the subsidiary indications (anagrams, reversals, etc.) include the letter immediately adjacent to the entry, on the other side of the bar at the beginning or the end of the entry.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 76.



Across

1. The second-stringers clean up on Spanish (6)
6. Strict traditionalist is getting into jet (6)
10. Ice almost ruined flowering vine (8)
11. My word, it's hot as hell (4)
12. Fishing boat infiltrates—agents call Operations... (9)
13. ... hide boat in Baku—I'm blown (5)
17. Spanish house stinking with a medicinal plant (9)
18. Awfully leery embraced by two females with open arms (6)
19. Tart said to take in \$100 (4)
20. Part of Allen's autobiographical film, in the jargon (4)
22. Father, I get bare and raunchy (6)
24. Unnamed residents appear in trousers? Quite the opposite! (9)
27. I book one after statute is reversed in court plea (5)
29. Shaking badly, nationalist captures milk source (9)
30. Notice the last letter, it cuts (4)
31. Minimize support backing nobleman (8)
32. The system of a Frenchman resisted savory (6)
33. Sticks up for believers losing head after church (6)

2. Left in military post, he says nothing (4)
3. Reserve is dead after center ice scramble (9)
4. Some football players fall into bad habits... shows excessive cordiality (9)
5. A club's uplifting effort (4)
6. Hemingway heroine enthralled leaders of Free French with rice dish (6)
7. Settle down to sleep, perchance to soar (6)
8. Regularly upset by details (8)
9. Set the needle right in the tot (6)
14. Wavering, she can't lie badly (9)
15. Substituted for churchman in holy surroundings (9)
16. Rule out jockey crumpled over horse's tail (8)
20. Major sport shows up in deadlock (6)
21. Possibly racy FBI material (6)
23. Is aimless dentist filling cavity? Just the reverse! (6)
25. Experiencing the effects of divorce (5)
26. Adultery, for instance, catches woman up with hot desire (4)
28. Corrupt agent—withholding silver—by turning first (4)

Down

1. Rocked initially in scuffle, almost where rabbit-punch is delivered (6)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Bar Hopping," Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's Magazine*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by April 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the June issue. Winners of the February puzzle, "Hearts and Embraces," are Arthur Gordon, Montreal, Quebec; Cecelia Chapman Justice, McLean, Virginia; and Jay Livingston, New York, New York.

HARPER'S



THE STAR WARS SWINDLE
Hawking Nuclear Snake Oil
By Fred Reed

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Revisionism in the Field
By Louis A. Sass

Alvin Toffler Peter F. Drucker,
and Kureishi



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HARPER'S

FOUNDED IN 1850 / VOL. 272, NO. 1632
MAY 1986

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LETTERS

Abbey's Road

Things change. For years I have read (and reread) Edward Abbey's books, articles, and essays. I admit having been a follower of his work, a dedicated fan of that irreverent desert-rat voice. I confess too that his best nonfiction made such an impression on me that I can remember precisely when and where I first read some of it—the exact August evening in 1977, for example, when, in a grove of patriarchal yellow pine, I discovered in the first chapters of *Desert Solitaire* a Western writer I thought I could trust.

This past summer, however, I ran across an early version of what was to become "Even the Bad Guys Wear White Hats" [*Harper's Magazine*, January], an essay which, although ringing with that familiar irascible voice, seemed remarkably imprecise, grandly redundant, and downright contrary to stances Abbey had taken in earlier works, works in which he'd portrayed ranchers as defenders of the land against missile ranges and runaway energy development. I began to wonder: had he, like most commercial Western writers, from Zane Grey to the present crew of slap-leather hacks, really been using cowboy mythology and ranchers all along as no more than convenient furnishings in books written primarily for profit? Has Abbey now discovered more earning power to be had by charging in the opposite direction?

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

The *Harper's* version of Abbey's new stance achieved coherence; good editing never hurts. But while I agree with his main point, that public lands are overgrazed for the benefit of a few, the bulk of his seemingly off-the-cuff remarks about cattle, wildlife, and ranchers still seem a muddle of half-hearted cheap shots, silliness, and misdirected spleen. Why, for example, does he allow his curiously coprophobic view of cattle to overshadow his rather lame references to the people and agencies really responsible for overgrazing (and overlogging and overroading) our land? The problem isn't cows, but the ridiculously overpaid and underworked "managers" employed by the Forest Service, Bureau of Land Management, and various state fish and game departments (whose duty *under law* is to protect, preserve, and defend our land), who pimp those lands to anyone with cold cash. Cows don't write ruinous range contracts, poison sage, and kill coyotes; bureaucrats do.

But what really frosts me are the omissions Abbey has chosen to make. Even with the truth on his side he's ignored hundreds of ranchers like myself who *do not* use public grazing lands but who *do* support, on private land, large numbers of publicly owned big game animals. Where in Montana does Abbey suppose "his" deer and elk winter? Up in the mountain ranges in five feet of snow, trying to survive on a diet of rocks? Of course not. They come down to the valleys, where, as rural "development" and roads clutter and crisscross more and more land, they're forced to congregate in the meadows, hayfields, and

back yards of ranches, where they can
and feed. And if ranchers don't help
these animals through winters like
the last one, who will? We have only
look at the Park Service's method
"managing" buffalo in Yellowstone
park for the answer.

Throughout his myopic portrayal
ranchers as a privileged, though
it-besmeared, bunch of high-rolling
goods Abbey also neglected to
mention that he speaks for another
group: an elite class of sports who can
ford back-country vacations, car-
red raft trips, and wilderness elk
hunts; "recreationalists" whose chief
interest in our land is to use it as a
very exclusive playground—the ulti-
mate country club—where stepping
on animal droppings is considered bad
form.

Lastly, about ranchers not work-
ing: it must have been the Cadillacs
and pickup trucks that put those
lumps on their backs, those years of
café coffee that beat up their hands
until men like my father eat pain-
killers each morning before going out
to feed the deer.

alph Beer
elena, Mont.

alph Beer is a contributing editor of
Farmer's Magazine.

Sounds as if New York City is over-
razed by writers who demonstrate a
disturbing disrespect for the animal
life (not all of it so obviously attrac-
tive) with which we share this planet.
Listen to Edward Abbey on the "ruin
of the West":

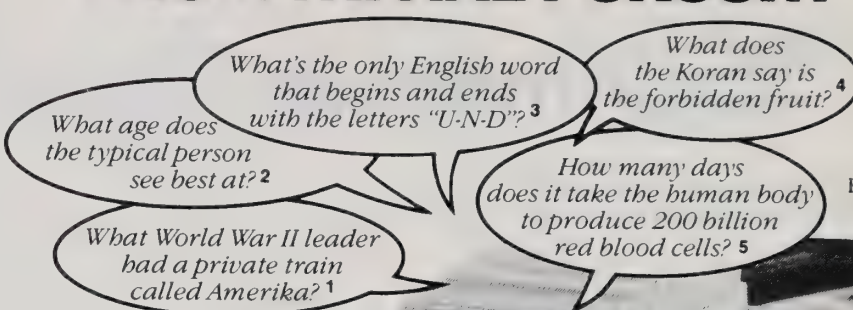
Almost anywhere and everywhere you
go in the American West you find hordes
of these ugly, clumsy, stupid, bawling,
stinking, fly-covered, shit-smeared, dis-
ease-spreading brutes.

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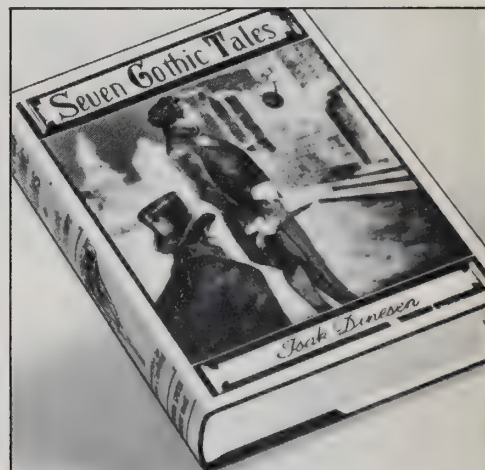
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The American Character

Alexis de Tocqueville was a member of the French aristocracy who wrote with a pen that was sharp and a judgment that was penetrating.

In 1831, at the request of the French government, he left the old world to visit the new. What he discovered on his travels was *Democracy in America*.

His book was published 150 years ago and has remained in print ever since. In his day, it was a masterpiece. It remains so in ours. For it probes with passion and understanding the character of a people then forging themselves into a new nation and a new nationality.

Alexis de Tocqueville was both a political philosopher and a practical politician. He loved liberty, and so he had faith in the people. And it is of the people that he wrote.

He wrote with admiration about the political and social system the American people were developing. He found some shortcomings, along with many virtues. And he predicted democracy's survival and success.

More than a quarter century before Tocqueville visited America, another Frenchman traveled to the new world and wrote about the people there. Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur was less well known in his day than Tocqueville was, and is less remembered in ours. But he, too, had an original perception

and insight into the American character.

He found that in America "individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men whose labors and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world."

Americans, he continued, act upon new principles and "must therefore entertain new ideas and form new opinions. From involuntary idleness, servile dependence, penury, and useless labor," Americans have "passed to toils of a very different nature, rewarded by ample substance. This is an American."

When these words were written, the American people still were feeling close to their own revolution. In a revolution, as in a novel, the difficult part is to write the end. Two hundred years have passed, and the American revolution has not ended. The American journey continues. We still are a people filled with the spirit of independence.

The American character continues to combine idealism with practical realism, compassion with hardheadedness when it comes to solving problems. Americans are proud and loud, daring and caring. They extol individuality but always pitch in when it comes to helping others.

But, the reader may ask, haven't you forgotten industrious, hospitable, brash, confident, outspoken, and resourceful? No, we haven't forgotten. We've just taken them for granted.

rhoghorn antelope, bighorn sheep, hoose."

It would be a helluva safer place to talk at night.

Georgia Jones
Los Angeles, Calif.

In *Desert Solitaire*, Edward Abbey writes that industrial man appears intent on severing himself from the natural world. If Abbey succeeds in putting the public lands livestock grazers out of business," will not the edge be further driven between man and nature? What West will we have won" when, by bureaucratic decree, people are declared unfit to live on and with the land?

ud Eppers
Roswell, N.M.

ud Eppers is president of the Southeast Grazing Association of New Mexico.

Edward Abbey decries much of the West's ranching heritage and completely ignores the substantial contributions today's ranchers make to resource stewardship, wildlife husbandry, and the fabric of countless communities. Still, it is obvious that his early "ranching" experience wasn't completely unproductive. He did gain a cowboy's knack for telling tall tales. Hopefully his recent essay did not make much of an impression on the intelligent people who read *Harper's Magazine*.

For those readers who would like to gain a firsthand impression of today's ranchers and cowboys, I extend a hearty invitation to visit Wyoming, the Cowboy State, and to stay at one of our many working guest ranches. I am certain that anyone who spends time here will find a much more pleasing environment and lifestyle than Abbey's picture of a wasteland filled with greed.

I would invite Abbey to visit as well, but I fear his mind has already been made up. Those readers who prefer to develop their own opinions are more than welcome to experience today's West in Wyoming. We'll help you plan your trip if you write to the Wyoming Travel Commission, Dept. A, Cheyenne, Wyoming 82002, or call toll-free 1-800-225-5996. If you visit, I think you will find why most

Wyomingites truly love to live in a land of clean air and water, abundant and thriving wildlife, numerous recreational opportunities, and, yes, ranchers, cowboys, and cows. I hope we will be tipping our hats to you soon.

Governor Ed Herschler
Cheyenne, Wyo.

Now let's talk about the real problem on our public lands—the damage being done to them by off-road vehicles. Although the public has a right of access to these priceless lands, the framers of the legislation could not have intended that use would become misuse. Yet the misuse of our public lands is widespread and increasing.

More than 6 million four-wheel-drive vehicles have been built and sold by American auto makers during the past decade. Many of these vehicles, in addition to Japanese 4x4's, dirt bikes, and three-wheelers, are being driven on public lands, causing erosion and damaging wildlife habitats.

Edward Abbey makes much of the idea that taxpayers subsidize the cattle industry because grazing fees on public lands are lower than those on private lands. Grazing fees are paid, however, and regulations enforced. It seems wrong that the owners of off-road vehicles are paying practically no fees to use our public lands and at the same time are damaging them.

If Abbey is genuinely concerned about the future of these lands, he might point his pen at the real destroyer.

Sid Goodloe
Roswell, N.M.

I am thirteen years old and live on a ranch in northern Montana. I have just read Edward Abbey's article and would like to tell him something. I personally know from living on a ranch for thirteen years that without us cattlemen you would be starving. Where do you think all the hamburgers and steaks in the supermarkets come from?

Robert A. Jaynes
Dodson, Mont.

Continued on page 71

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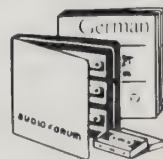
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NOTEBOOK

Nuclear etiquette By Lewis H. Lapham

If we would please in society, we must be prepared to be taught many things we know already by people who do not know them.
—Chamfort

For another season at least, possibly through the whole of the summer and maybe into the fall, it apparently will remain obligatory at the better parties in Washington and New York to say something intelligible about the hydrogen bomb. As a topic of required conversation the bomb has had an eccentric history, and it is not always easy to know how to conduct oneself in its sullen presence.

During the late 1950s the bomb was very much in vogue and often in the news. Everybody who was anybody wanted to be seen thinking or talking about it. But then, soon after Richard Nixon was elected president and for reasons never satisfactorily explained, the bomb dropped from sight, and nobody thought to ask where it went. Presumably it had taken an extended leave of absence. Maybe it had been granted tenure at one of those strategic institutes in California; possibly it had gone off with the last hippies on the gypsy wagons of the counterculture. For ten years everybody who was anybody forgot what it looked like and why it was so important.

With the advent of the Reagan Administration the topic staged a triumphant return. As ugly and unthinkable as always, but dressed in a wardrobe of modish abstraction, it was at first seen mostly in the company of the left. The apostles of peace and disarmament, deeply embarrassed by the Republican *Risorgimento*, once again had a heroic friend that could rescue them from obscurity and anomie. Jonathan Schell wrote a hymn to the bomb's omnipotence entitled *The Fate of the Earth*, and Carl Sagan

assembled a triptych, not unlike those painted by Hieronymus Bosch, entitled "Nuclear Winter." The journals of advanced literary opinion presented shows of pious alarm. The popular media took the topic around to folk festivals and rallies in Central Park, introducing it to Baryshnikov, Barbara Walters, and Sam Shepard. Among its admirers on the left, the bomb invariably attains the status of celebrity, a romantic persona comparable to that of a French film director who requires a limousine and flowers in his suite at the St. Regis.

The fierce professors on the militant right prefer to think of the bomb as German royalty, perhaps the last of the Hohenzollerns but in any event an extremely austere personage wearing a high starched collar and not amused by small talk. By the autumn of 1983 they had managed to shift the conversation from disarmament to the Strategic Defense Initiative (a.k.a. Star Wars), substituting magical promises of an invincible shield for gloomy presentiments of the apocalypse. At an arms-control conference some months ago in Washington a woman made the mistake of asking a question about certain technical aspects of nuclear strategy. Her impertinence annoyed Donald Regan, the President's chief of staff. Rising to the defense of the bomb's dignity, Regan said, testily:

"Women don't know anything about throw-weights."

The subtleties of nuclear etiquette—obviously more complicated than they might seem—cannot be acquired as readily as a new dress or a New York City politician. As has been said, the proper attitude toward the topic varies with the company it keeps. Because it is sometimes difficult to think of a suitable phrase or inflection of the voice, and because the topic might remain current until

Christmas, I have made a few notes about the protocols likely to be deemed both safe and socially correct.

1. On being seated next to the topic at dinner, refrain from making jokes. Whether approached from the left or the right, the nuclear host or guest is a very serious and very powerful person. It doesn't speak English. The tone of address should be respectful, as if you were conversing with Alexander Haig or a large sum of money. Laughter and rude remarks will mark you as a person of low birth.

2. The topic is always in impeccable taste. Mention your acquaintance with it at every possible opportunity and nobody can find fault with the exterior decoration of your soul. You have chosen the best. What can be more important than the end of the world?

3. Sign all petitions circulated to the appropriate authorities. If you believe in a nuclear freeze, you can join committees of concerned authors, artists, and Nobel laureates. Your name might appear in a newspaper advertisement with the names of Barbara Streisand and Kurt Vonnegut. The billing can't do you any harm with the Internal Revenue Service and it might get you invited to a party in East Hampton. If the committee asks for money, calculate the sum of your contribution by counting the number of celebrities listed on the letterhead and multiplying the result by \$20.

If you believe in the miracle of Star Wars, sign any piece of paper submitted by a quorum of retired Air Force generals. Your name will appear on the White House mailing list, and you might be invited to subscribe to *Commentary* or *National Review*.

4. Because of its ecumenical nature, the topic of the bomb absorbs and nullifies all the moral passion previously invested in the issues of civil

ights, women's rights, Vietnam, Watergate, the deficit, affirmative action, government regulation, pornography, and the environment.

5. A noble preoccupation with the nuclear holocaust excuses your ignorance of lesser evils and explains your indifference to death caused by conventional weapons. The Soviet Union routinely sponsors the murder of untold millions of citizens, and the Israeli government, while "mopping up" Palestinian strongholds in Tunisia or Lebanon, sometimes has occasion to kill an impressive number of civilians. The victims die without benefit of radiation and thus do not merit much notice in the press.

6. If the conversation takes a nasty turn in the direction of the host's chicanery in the stock market, you can interrupt and say, "Yes, of course, but when one thinks of it in terms of 10 million deaths . . ." The same strategy can be employed to divert the small talk away from the sexual chicanery taking place among the guests at the other end of the table.

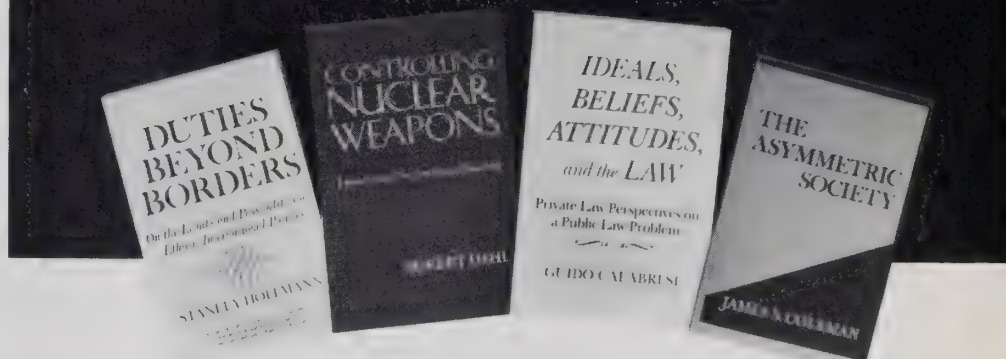
7. The topic allows you to think only about important people—generals, best-selling prophets, national security advisers, film stars, television newscasters, heads of state. You needn't give much thought to the seeming mob of the world's poor. They, too, will be consumed in the nuclear fire, but they can't do anything about it, and their departure will be met with as little interest as their arrival.

8. The topic is restful. It stimulates anxiety about a catastrophe that has yet to happen. This is the most comfortable form of despair, far more convenient than trying to deal with a catastrophe already in progress (e.g., the public schools).

9. If somebody asks you to recommend a course of action, you need not worry about your lack of suggestion. None of the best people know what to do. It is no disgrace to confess your helplessness, but you must do so with an air of profound regret, which, if managed correctly, signifies your appreciation of modernism.

10. On weekends in the country the topic likes to read the Sunday papers and go for long walks. It doesn't play tennis.

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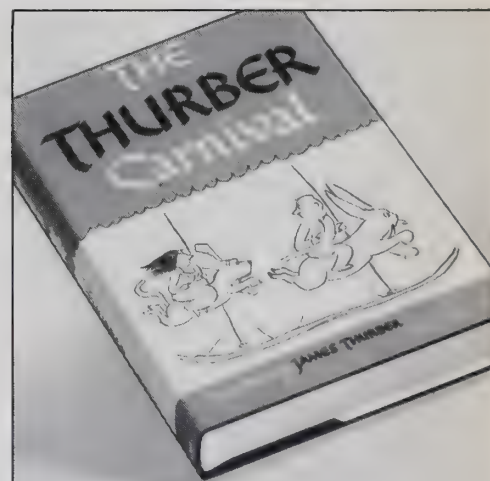
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HARPER'S INDEX

- Percentage of Costa Ricans who say that Nicaragua interferes "too much" in Costa Rica's internal affairs : 40
 Percentage who say that the United States interferes too much : 50
 Percentage change in U.S. imports from Caribbean nations in 1985 : - 22
 Portion of the coffee exported by Nicaragua that is produced by private growers : 2/3
 Number of banks in the West that are owned by the Soviet Union : 6
Portion of the Soviet Union's urban population that shares a kitchen and bathroom with another family : 1/5
 Estimated number of Americans who live on communes : 40,000
 Number of Americans who served in Vietnam and were declared missing in action : 2,436
 Number of Americans who served in World War II and were declared missing in action : 78,751
 Number of federal commissions appointed since 1949 to study the Pentagon : 35
 Number of U.S. university scientists who have pledged to refuse Star Wars research funds : 3,100
 Percentage of college freshmen who are enrolled in a remedial math class : 25
 Decimal places to which the value of pi has been calculated : 29,360,128
Chances that a female graduate student in psychology has had sex with one of her professors : 1 in 6
 Chances that a white, college-educated 25-year-old woman will marry : 1 in 2
 Chances that a white, college-educated 35-year-old woman will marry : 1 in 18
 Percentage of male executives who become fathers by age 40 : 90
 Percentage of women between the ages of 20 and 24 in 1965 who were infertile : 4
 Percentage of women between the ages of 20 and 24 who are infertile today : 11
 Rank of Alaska and Utah, among all states, in birth rate : 1, 2
 Number of European countries whose population is declining : 18
 Percentage of abortions in the United States that are performed on Catholic women : 29
 Number of times the average man sees his parents each year : 47
 The average woman : 62
 Percentage of Americans over 60 who live with a younger relative : 6.3
 Percentage of Japanese over 60 who do : 70
Percentage increase in the number of middle-class black families in the United States since 1970 : 17
 Percentage increase in marriages between blacks and whites since 1977 : 33
 Portion of black mayors who head cities that don't have a black majority : 1/3
 Estimated amount spent in all U.S. political campaigns in 1984 : \$1,800,000,000
 Number of votes Donald Duck received in the 1985 Swedish parliamentary elections : 291
 Mary Lou Retton's "Performer Q" popularity rating in 1984 : 53
 Today : 39
"Product categories" for which the 1988 Olympic organizers are selling official sponsorships : 44
 Corporate sponsors of the recent dog-sled expedition to the North Pole : 65
 Weight of the average male bear in Alaska (in pounds) : 250
 In Pennsylvania : 487
 Life expectancy of an adult mayfly (in days) : 1
 Lifespan of a sidewalk tree in New York City (in years) : 7

Figures cited are the latest available as of March 1986. Sources are listed on page 72.



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READINGS

[Lecture]

IS ARMS CONTROL REALLY NECESSARY?

From "Is Arms Control Really Necessary?" a lecture delivered recently by Michael Howard to the Council for Arms Control, in London. Howard is Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford and the author of several books, including The Causes of War, Clausewitz, and War in European History.

Does arms control contribute to the preservation of peace and the avoidance of war, or even to the limitation of weapons? Would the world be very different or more dangerous if arms-control conferences did not take place? Is there any serious possibility of agreements, either dramatic or incremental, which would transform the international environment for the better and which elude us only because we are too shortsighted or too malign to grasp them? Or is the whole process just the pursuit of a will-o'-the-wisp, an *ignis fatuus* which wastes millions of man-hours and raises popular expectations only to confound them? Is the whole arms-control industry in fact the modern equivalent of the alchemist's search for a philosopher's stone which will turn the lead of international tensions into the gold of perpetual peace?

Let me state at once that I *do* believe arms control to be necessary. Nevertheless, there are a number of current beliefs about arms control, armament, and disarmament which I consider to be not only fallacious but positively harmful: beliefs which fuel popular rhetoric and to which politicians feel it necessary to pay lip service even when they do not share them. Let us examine some of the illusions which lie behind the pressure for arms-control agreements.

The first illusion is that the danger of war is in direct proportion to the number of weapons that exist in the world; so, conversely, the fewer weapons nations have, the less likely they are to fight. "Arms races" build up to war, or so it is

alleged; arms reductions, therefore, logically lead to peace. This proposition is quite untenable. Some wars have been preceded by intensive armaments competitions; others—and the great majority over the past 150 years—have not. Some arms competitions have made a considerable contribution to the international tensions which culminated in war; others have simply died away. Wars can break out between fully armed nations, partially armed nations, or nations with virtually no arms at all. When they do occur, it is for a very simple reason: one side or the other, or more often both, believes that it can win. That belief is based on a perception of the ratio of strength between the adversaries—economic potential and social cohesion as well as military capability—and such a perception of imbalance can occur as much between lightly armed states as between heavily armed ones. Arms increases or arms reductions may be valuable in conveying messages of intent, and may affect the international atmosphere accordingly. But the size of inventories is in itself of little importance. A diplomatic revolution may occur, such as the Anglo-French entente of 1904 or the Sino-American rapprochement seventy years later, and the former adversary's armed forces suddenly become a powerful guarantee of peace. Arms reductions may therefore be a welcome indicator of the ebbing of international tensions, but unless the basic source of those tensions is removed, the reductions are as likely to exacerbate as to alleviate the situation—creating new uncertainties, new suspicions, new fears of imbalance and threat.

That brings me to the second illusion: that arms reductions would make war less destructive if it came. The destructiveness of war is not to be measured by the number of weapons, even the number of nuclear weapons, in the arsenals of the belligerent states at the outset of hostilities. By the end of 1914 the belligerent powers of Europe had virtually exhausted the stocks of ammunition they had accumulated before the outbreak of war, but they fought on for four increasingly ghastly years. The United States en-

tered both world wars minimally armed. The destructiveness of a war is determined not so much by the capacity of the belligerents to inflict punishment as by their readiness to endure it. The nuclear arsenals of the superpowers could be reduced by a factor of a hundred without affecting their capacity to destroy each other, and probably the rest of the world as well. But even if those reduced arsenals were used as selectively as the advocates of nuclear war-fighting suggest, the length of the war and the destruction it caused would be determined not by the number of weapons available but by the readiness of the belligerents to endure punishment in the hope of ultimate victory. A few missiles directed against carefully selected targets might cause the moral collapse of one belligerent, or indeed both; or they might fight on as grimly among the radioactive ruins as did the Russians in the ruins of Stalingrad or the Germans in the ruins of Berlin. Indeed, the reduction of nuclear arsenals to the kind of minimal levels which did not threaten global destruction might encourage the desperate or the fanatical on both sides to do precisely that. A knowledge of the capacity of the adversary to inflict further nuclear destruction could be a far greater incentive to peaceful accommodation than the realization that he had shot his nuclear bolt and that war could now be pursued by more traditional means.

Arms reductions—the “deep cuts” advocated with so much propagandistic flourish by both sides today—would thus make war no less destructive; and if they were really so deep as to affect its destructiveness, they might create the kind of instability that could make it more probable. Nor, if the cuts applied to existing inventories, would they significantly reduce military expenditures. Size of inventories in itself bears no necessary relationship either to the stability of the nuclear balance or to the cost of maintaining it.

Finally, there is the illusion that arms control, however one may interpret the concept, provides an alternative, and a preferable alternative, to armament as a means of ensuring international security. In fact the two activities are totally interdependent. “Security” is a subjective condition, a state of mind. It is based on two elements: first, the assumption that no one *wishes* to attack us; and second, the belief that, even if someone had the will and the capability to do so, he would be deterred by our evident capacity to resist. Of those two elements, the first is by far the most important: security based simply on military deterrence is a very poor second-best to security based on mutual confidence, and by itself provides a totally inadequate framework for world order. Armaments

may, and should, ensure that if a potential adversary has the will to attack us, he will be deterred from doing so. But arms control should ensure that if he does not have the will, he will not be led to develop it through a misperception of our intentions.

States acquire arms from the day of their creation to transmit to the world the message that they belong to the species of *méchant animal* which will, if attacked, defend itself. They need also to transmit the simultaneous message that their arms constitute no threat to the security of their neighbors; that is what arms control is all about. In the nuclear age, states need to make it clear to their own peoples that their weapons constitute no threat to the survival of their society, a message which is not always transmitted as clearly as one would wish. If I may summarize in a highly simplistic manner, I would say that armaments are about deterrence and arms control about reassurance. Security is achieved by a synthesis of the two.

This skeptical analysis may annoy many and perhaps shock some. But I suspect that anyone involved in government, irrespective of his nationality, would quietly agree with much of it. Nevertheless, he would probably say, the illusion that arms reductions would in themselves make peace more secure and that total disarmament would make it perpetual is so deep-rooted and so widespread as to constitute an ineluctable political fact which has to be accommodated to our policy. It is, as it were, a Platonic “noble lie”: governments themselves may not believe it, but it is an aspiration to be encouraged and not discouraged. Anyhow, no Western politician would dare confront his (or her) electorate and tell them frankly that they are wrong. Governments must be seen to be striving to attain the Heavenly City of disarmament: even if the goal is unattainable, the object is a noble one, and the very process of trying to reach it will be a civilizing and pacifying influence on international behavior.

But about this I am far from sure. It cannot be wise to encourage the belief that security lies only in the achievement of an unattainable goal or in the conclusion of agreements which, even if they could be reached, would do little or nothing in themselves to produce a more peaceful world. These false expectations engender unnecessary and debilitating fears, fears which find expression in such phrases as “the next round of arms talks will provide the last opportunity for mankind to get the arms race under control,” or that failure to achieve a “breakthrough” will be catastrophic. It is the existence of this attitude which turns arms-control negotiations, which by their very nature require patient, intricate,



om In Advance of the Landing: Folk Concepts of Outer Space, by Douglas Curran, published by Abbeville Press. In the late 1970s, Granger Taylor built this spaceship near his parents' home in British Columbia, using two satellite dishes. Inside are a couch, a television set, and a wood-burning stove. In November 1980, Taylor disappeared, leaving behind a note that said he had gone on "a 42-month interstellar voyage to explore the vast universe." He has not been seen since.

and prolonged discussions, into propaganda exercises in which the participants unilaterally put forward sweeping proposals which they know will be unacceptable to their opponents, so that they can blame them when negotiations collapse. The higher the expectations aroused by governments responding to (or exploiting) public opinion, the greater will be the disappointment when they are not fulfilled, the more bitter will be the mutual recrimination, and the worse the international climate as a result.

There are further dangers inherent even in those arms-control negotiations which have the apparently irreproachable objective of "mutual and balanced force reductions subject to satisfactory verification," especially when these are undertaken by governments fundamentally suspicious of one another and negotiating only in response to a public opinion which they have to appease or hope to exploit. With these dangers we have become very familiar over the past twenty-five years. The focus on numbers of missiles, with little or no consideration as to their military utility; the retention of redundant weapons as "bargaining chips," as the West still retains its superfluity of tactical nuclear war-

heads; the actual development of weapons as "bargaining chips," as the United States has justified the development of the MX missile; the use of arms-control negotiations not so much to reach understandings with the other side as to "constrain" it (a word very popular with American negotiators) to accommodate its programs to our requirements: all this not only increases tensions but distorts our own arms programs, which have long since become tailored not to the real needs of defense but to the playing of a complex game.

Arms-control negotiations cannot be insulated from the general framework of relationships between great powers, nor can they be expected in themselves to transform those relationships. A recent report on the American requirement for strategic defenses, commissioned by the U.S. Defense Department and prepared by a committee under Dr. Frederick Hoffman of the Rand Corporation, took as its base line the assumption that the Russians

will continue to set a high priority on their ability to control, subvert or coerce other states as the basis of their foreign relations. . . . Domination of the Eurasian periphery is a primary strategic objective.

The Soviets' preferred mode in exploiting their military power is to apply it to deter, influence, coerce—in short, to control—other states, if possible without combat.

Now, one may or may not agree with this assessment of Soviet intentions. I myself regard it as a grotesque caricature. But it does express the views of the present U.S. Administration. Any government which perceives its adversaries in this light is bound to mistrust their good faith and assume that they will use arms-control negotiations simply to obtain or maintain military superiority—and that they will cheat on any agreement that may be reached. It is possible that this assessment of Soviet intentions is correct. It is not improbable that the Soviet perception of Western intentions is almost identical. In either case, negotiations between two parties who mistrust each other so profoundly are unlikely to be anything but a continuation of the cold war by other means, with each attempting to gain a moral and physical superiority over the other. The perceptions themselves must change before negotiations can become anything more than wrestling matches.

[Press Release]

SAVE MADONNA

This press release was issued in January by the Association to Save Madonna from Nuclear War (ASMNW), in Cincinnati.

The ASMNW is pleased to announce the establishment of the "Madonna Nuclear Free Zone," consisting of the New York metropolitan area, most of New York State, portions of Michigan, and the Los Angeles metropolitan area. The zone is defined as beginning at a fifty-mile radius from anywhere Madonna lives or socializes more than twenty days in an average year.

The zone is being ruled perennially "Nuclear Attack Hands Off."

Also, the embassies of those countries currently equipped to attack Madonna are being contacted and asked to commence negotiations with the ASMNW. These countries include the Soviet Union, the United States, France, Great Britain, and Red China.

We would like to thank in advance the leaders of these great nations and their people for their future compliance with our demands.

[Code of Conduct]

CONTRA MANUAL: THE SEQUEL

In late February, during the congressional debate over the Reagan Administration's request for \$100 million in aid to the Nicaraguan contras, the UNO/FDN, the contra leadership, sent copies of its new combatant's manual and code of conduct to members of Congress. Two years ago, the disclosure of another contra manual, written by the CIA and advocating terrorist tactics, contributed to the defeat of the Administration's aid request. Below are excerpts from the new code of conduct.

Article 14: UNO/FDN combatants shall conduct their military operations in such a way that the innocent civilian population is always protected. The UNO/FDN shall warn civilians regarding possible danger from enemy aerial devices and long-range weapons. Persons not involved in combat . . . are entitled to respect for their lives and their physical and moral integrity.

Article 15: The following acts are considered serious offenses:

(1) Intentional homicide, torture, and inhuman treatment, including biological experiments.

(5) The taking of hostages and the unjustified destruction and appropriation of property for military needs carried out in a largely illegal and arbitrary way.

Article 27: Mutilation or desecration of the bodies of enemy forces is an offense.

Article 33: (c) Female prisoners of war shall be treated with all the regard due their sex and shall receive treatment at least as favorable as that received by men.

Article 56: Declaring that no quarter shall be given and threatening to conduct hostilities in such a manner that there will be no survivors is specifically prohibited.

Article 60: Anyone who has carnal knowledge of a person of either sex by force or intimidation has committed the offense of rape and shall be punished by imprisonment for six months to two years and dishonorable expulsion from the UNO/FDN.

Article 66: Any UNO/FDN member who engages in looting and pillaging shall be punished by imprisonment for six months to two years and shall be dishonorably expelled from the movement.

HARPER'S INDEX

- Interest payments on the federal debt that were made to foreigners in 1984 : \$19,800,000,000
- U.S. foreign aid in 1984 : \$15,583,000,000
- Hours spent on strike by Italians in 1979 : 192,700,000
- In 1984 : 51,000,000
- Rank of Italy, Argentina, and Libya in annual per capita pasta consumption : 1, 2, 3
- Pounds of pasta the average American ate in 1975 : 6.8
- In 1984 : 11
- Number of Americans who drink Coca-Cola for breakfast : 965,000
- Quarts of ice cream the average Southerner eats each year : 12
- The average New Englander : 23
- Potholes in the United States : 55,961,000
- Cost of having a car blessed at the Daishi Buddhist temple in Kawasaki, Japan : \$10.77
- Cost of a car wash at Steve's Detailing in New York City : \$145
- Percentage of American women who said they liked sports cars in 1976 : 39
- Who say that today : 56
- Percentage of American men who say they sleep in the nude : 19
- Percentage of American women : 6
- Copies of *Bride's* bought by the magazine's average reader : 7
- Percentage of black high-school graduates under 25 who are unemployed : 26.8
- Percentage of white high-school dropouts under 25 who are unemployed : 26.2
- Amount South Africa spends to educate the average white student each year (in rand) : 1,385
- The average "colored" student : 872
- The average black student : 192
- Number of Jews permitted to emigrate from the Soviet Union in 1979 : 51,320
- In 1984 : 896
- Number of Americans who emigrate each year : 100,000
- Percentage of New York City children who live below the poverty line : 40
- Average age at which American girls began to menstruate in 1900 : 14.3
- In 1984 : 12.9
- Percentage of American obstetricians/gynecologists who have been sued for malpractice : 67
- Number of Americans who have been killed on the job by robots : 1
- Number of Americans currently frozen in the hope of one day coming back to life : 11
- Number of Americans holding reservations with Pan Am for a trip to the moon : 90,002

Figures cited are the latest available as of April 1985. Sources are listed on page 74.

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MAGAZINE

30 SECONDS OVER CONGRESS

The National Conservative Political Action Committee made these two commercials to broadcast in the districts of thirty-three members of Congress. The "Ortega 33," so named by NCPAC after the president of Nicaragua, Daniel Ortega, are among the representatives who voted against aid for the contras in 1985. In February, NCPAC aired the thirty-second commercials in districts of Democrats Bill Alexander of Arkansas, Frank McCloskey of Indiana, and Howard Wolpe of Michigan.

"HELP PRESIDENT REAGAN" :30 TV

VIDEO

Soldiers running through the jungle

Chyron crawl of quote in sync with announcer, super over footage of landmarks in named cities

CUT to PIC of congressman

Super name

AUDIO

Tomas Borge, of the communist government of Nicaragua:

(v/o/w/Spanish accent) "One day we're going to take five to ten million Mexicans and they're going to have one thing on their mind—cross the border into Dallas, El Paso, Houston, New Mexico, San Diego, and each one has imbedded in his mind the idea of killing ten Americans."

Even so, Congressman _____ voted against President Reagan and aid to the freedom fighters in Nicaragua.

Help President Reagan defeat Congressman _____.

"BLAME CONGRESSMAN NOW" :30 TV

VIDEO

Map turning red

Missile launch

Nuclear explosion

Dissolve

PIC w/name

Super vote

AUDIO

Announcer: What can you do if the communists take control of Central America?

What can you do if the communists use Central America as a base for nuclear missiles?

There isn't much you can do then.

But now, before it's too late, you can blame Congressman _____.

He opposed President Reagan's plan to help the pro-American freedom fighters in Nicaragua. And he opposed aiding our allies in El Salvador against communist aggression.

CUT to billboard

Help President Reagan defeat Congressman _____.

[Encomium]

GREAT DICTATOR TOASTS, VOL. III

The following remarks were made to Chilean President Augusto Pinochet by Lieutenant General Robert Schweitzer at a reception last October at which he presented Pinochet with a ceremonial sword. Schweitzer is a U.S. representative to and president of the Inter-American Defense Board, an arm of the Organization of American States. The State Department has disclaimed Schweitzer's remarks.

In the name of the Inter-American Defense Board, it is a great honor to express to Your Excellency our gratitude for your having met with us today, and for having given us the opportunity to visit your country in order to examine with our own eyes the reality of Chile—a reality that is often deliberately concealed by those that

inform our respective nations.

It was in response to the repeated demands of the people that Your Excellency and the army acted on September 11, 1973, to remove a Marxist-communist regime that had been officially censured by the Chilean congress. . . .

We are able to understand some of the difficulties that Your Excellency is encountering in the transition of your great nation toward a democracy free of the twin scourges of terrorism and subversion. . . .

There are voices that cry out "faster," while others insist "slower." We, however, recognize that each one of our countries has its own distinct way. Each has its own rhythm of change and growth. Only the constitutional governments and the people of each country can determine the appropriate chronology.

We entreat God almighty and the virgin of El Carmen to guide Your Excellency as they guided the Chilean liberator, Bernardo O'Higgins, in

the attainment of complete freedom and social justice in an atmosphere of peace for the great people of Chile.

We desire to place in the hands of Your Excellency a cadet's sword, which is a symbol of command and of the perpetual necessity of watching over the people. . . .

[Essay]

CURBING HOSTILE TAKEOVERS

From "Corporate Takeovers—What Is to Be Done?" by Peter F. Drucker, in the Winter 1986 issue of the Public Interest. Drucker, the author of numerous books on business, is Clarke Professor of Social Science and Business Administration at the Claremont Graduate School.

The question about hostile corporate takeovers that is most hotly debated today is whether they are good or bad for shareholders. But the question of what other groups may have a legitimate stake in the fight for the control and survival of an enterprise is probably more important, though less often discussed. Does the large modern, publicly owned enterprise exist *exclusively* for the sake of the shareholders? This is, of course, what orthodox capitalism asserts. But the term "free enterprise," which was coined forty or fifty years ago, asserts that the shareholder interest, while important, is only one interest, and that any enterprise has functions well beyond that of producing returns for shareholders—functions as an employer, as a citizen of the community, as a customer, and as a supplier. The British, in establishing a Takeover Panel, have expressly recognized that decisions on mergers and takeovers affect the public interest. So far in the United States, this is expressed only negatively, that is, by forbidding mergers that violate the antitrust laws. Will considerations of the impact on other groups and on the community and the economy as a whole have to be brought in—and in what form? That is the central question. The answer will largely define the future shape of the American economy.

If the answer is that the stock speculator's interest—never mind that the speculator has legal title as an owner—is the only interest to be considered, the "free enterprise system" is unlikely to survive. It will rapidly lose public support. Although most people do benefit—however indirectly (for example, as ultimate beneficiaries in a pension fund)—from the speculator's game, they stand to lose more from a hostile takeover

as employees, whether blue-collar or managerial, and as citizens of a community. Also, more and more people see the hostile takeover as a moral issue. It deeply offends the sense of justice of a great many Americans.

Most Americans work for an organization. There is a good deal of evidence that people in an organization, and especially managerial and professional people, will accept even the most painful adjustment, such as the closing of a business or the sale of parts of it, if the rationale is economic performance or the lack thereof. But this is not the rationale in a hostile takeover. In such a case, the only rationale is to enrich somebody who has nothing to do with the performance of the enterprise and who, admittedly, has not the slightest interest in it. Surely this goes against the grain of employees, who feel that the hostile takeover treats them as "chattel" and not as a "resource," let alone as human beings. "Is the hostile takeover compatible with our laws against peonage and involuntary servitude?" the middle-level executives in my advanced-management classes have been asking me of late.

Almost 100 years ago, the United States decided that the rights of the creditor are not absolute, and the bankruptcy laws were amended to put the maintenance and restoration of the "going concern" ahead of the rights of the creditor. This has worked remarkably well. The protection of the going concern during reorganization has proved to be in the ultimate interest of the creditor, too. Will we now do the same thing with respect to the hostile takeover, and give consideration to the protection of the going concern as a resource, and to the interests of employees, the community, suppliers, and customers? Actually, we are already moving in this direction, through extension of the protection of the bankruptcy laws to non-bankrupt going concerns threatened by a single interest. The Johns-Manville Corporation—a leading producer of asbestos and other building materials—successfully invoked the bankruptcy laws to preserve itself as a going concern and to protect its shareholders and employees against a tidal wave of asbestos-damage liability suits. When deregulation made airfares and airline routes hotly competitive, Continental Airlines used the bankruptcy laws to preserve itself against union wage claims that had become unbearable. It is by no means inconceivable that a clever lawyer will similarly construe the bankruptcy laws in order to preserve a going concern against a hostile takeover—and that the courts will go along, as they did in the Johns-Manville and Continental Airlines cases. One way or another, we will surely find a way to protect going concerns against hostile takeovers that subordinate all



This Joseph Hirsch oil painting depicts a meeting of the first Editorial board. From left to right: President, Robert K. Haas; Founder, Harry Scherman (standing); Christopher Morley; William Allen White; Heywood Broun; Dorothy Canfield Fisher and Henry Seidel Canby.

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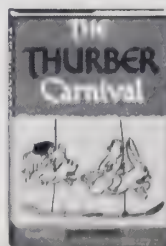
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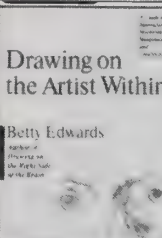
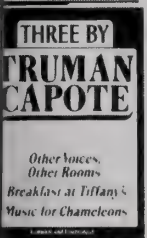
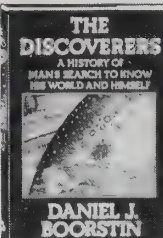

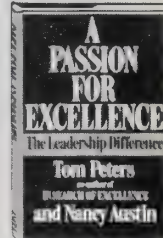

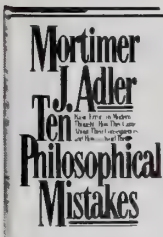
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other interests—employees, the enterprise's long-range growth and prosperity, and the country's position in a competitive world economy—to short-term speculative gain.

[Essay]

GENTLE BRITAIN NO MORE

From "The Rainbow Sign," by Hanif Kureishi, in his book My Beautiful Laundrette and The Rainbow Sign, published in England by Faber and Faber. Kureishi, the son of an English mother and a Pakistani father, was born in London in 1956 and first visited Pakistan in 1984. He is currently writer in residence at the Royal Court Theater. My Beautiful Laundrette, for which Kureishi wrote the screenplay, opened in the United States in March.

It is strange to go away to the land of your ancestors, to find out how much you have in common with people there, yet at the same time to realize how British you are, the extent to which, as Orwell says, "the suet puddings and the red pillar boxes have entered into your soul." It isn't that you wanted to find out. But it is part of what you do find out. And you find out what little choice you have in the matter of your background and where you belong. You look forward to getting back; you think often of England and what it means to you—and you think often of what it means to be British.

Coming back to England was harder than leaving for Pakistan. I had culture shock in reverse. Images of plenty yelled at me. England seemed to be overflowing with... things. Things from all over the world. Things and information. Information, though, which couldn't bite through the profound insularity and indifference.

Two days after my return, I took my washing to a laundrette and gave it to the attendant, only to be told she didn't touch the clothes of foreigners: she didn't want me anywhere near her blasted laundrette. More seriously: I read in the paper that a Pakistani family in the East End had been firebombed. A child was killed. This, of course, happens frequently. It is the pig's head through the window, the spit in the face, the children with the initials of racist organizations tattooed into their skin with razor blades, as well as the more polite forms of hatred.

I was in a rage. I thought: who wants to be British anyway? Or as a black American writer said: who wants to be integrated into a burning house anyway?

And yet, while I was in Pakistan, I considered staying in order to regain more of my past and complete myself with it. But I had to think that that was impossible: Didn't I already miss too much of England? And wasn't I too impatient with the illiberalism and lack of possibility of Pakistan?

So there was always going to be the necessary return to England. I came home... to my country.

This is difficult to say. "My country" isn't a notion that comes easily. It is still difficult to answer the question, Where do you come from? I have never wanted to identify with England. When, in the 1960s, Enoch Powell said, "We should not lose sight of the desirability of achieving a steady flow of voluntary repatriation for the elements which are proving unsuccessful and unassimilable," I turned away in final disgust. I would rather walk naked down the street than stand up for the national anthem. The pain of that period of my life, in the mid-1960s, is with me still. And when I originally wrote this piece, I put it in the third person—Hanif saw this, Hanif felt that—because of the difficulty of directly addressing myself to what I felt then. And perhaps that is why I took to writing in the first place, to make strong feelings into weak feelings.

But despite all this, some kind of identification with England remains. So what is it to be British?

In his 1941 essay "England Your England" Orwell says, "The gentleness of the English civilization is perhaps its most marked characteristic." He calls the country "a family with the wrong members in control" and talks of the "soundness and homogeneity of England."

The main object of his praise is British "tolerance," and he writes of the "gentle manners" of the British people. He also says that this aspect of England "is continuous, it stretches into the future and the past, there is something in it that persists."

But does it persist? If this version of England was true then, in the 1930s and 1940s, it is under pressure now. From the point of view of thousands of black people it just does not apply. It is completely without basis.

Obviously, tolerance in a stable, confident wartime society with a massive empire is quite different from tolerance in a disintegrating, uncertain society during an economic depression. But surely this would be the test; this would be just the time for the much-advertised tolerance in the British soul to manifest itself as more than vanity and self-congratulation. But it has not. Under real, continuous strain it has failed.

Tolerant, gentle British whites have no idea how little of this tolerance is experienced by

blacks. No idea of the violence, hostility, and contempt directed against black people every day by state and individual alike in this land once described by Orwell as being not one of "rubber truncheons" or "Jew-baiters" but of "flower-lovers" with "mild knobbly faces." But in parts of England the flower-lovers are all gone, the rubber truncheons and Jew-baiters are at large, and if any contemporary content is to be given to Orwell's blind social patriotism, then clichés about "tolerance" must be seriously examined.

In the meantime it must be made clear that blacks don't require "tolerance" in this particular condescending way. It isn't this paternal tyranny that is wanted; it is major adjustments to British society that have to be made.

It is the British, the white British, who have to learn that being British isn't what it was. Now it is a more complex thing, involving new elements. So there must be a fresh way of seeing Britain and the choices it faces. After all this time, there must be a new way of being British.

[Oral History]

A JEW IN WEST GERMANY

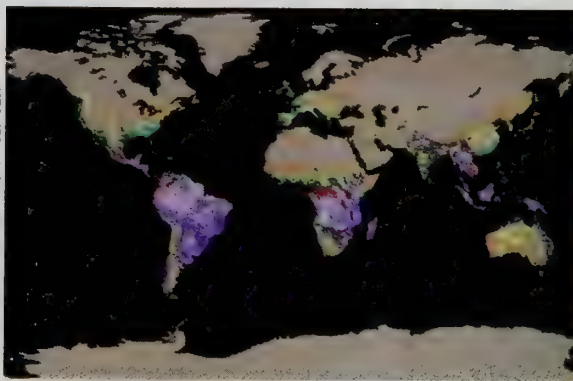
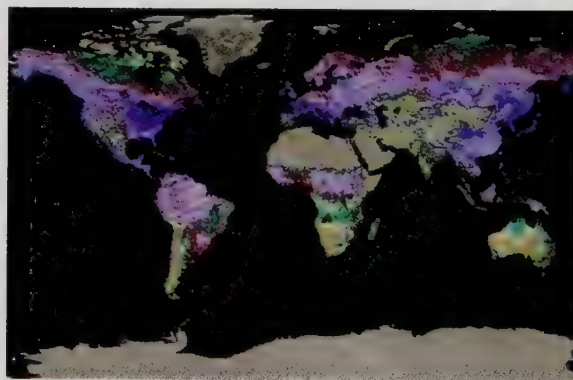
From Strangers in Their Own Land, by Peter Sichrovsky, a volume of interviews with young Jews living in Germany and Austria, published by Basic Books. The interviews were conducted by Sichrovsky, and translated by Jean Steinberg.

If, as is often said, we children of the Jews who survived the Holocaust suffer from a delayed reaction, I must be a prime exhibit, for my parents survived here, inside Germany. Yes, here, not in some camp, but right here in Berlin, hiding out for almost five years. They didn't even know each other then. I could never quite picture it. While hundreds of thousands, even millions, of Jews were being hauled off, they were sitting in some kind of cubbyhole playing hide-and-seek with the Nazis, not reporting for any of the transports, those pseudo-vacation trips. In my imagination I can see it all, but the reality must have been very different.

When I was young, I didn't believe their story. There were all those who had died, in both my mother's and my father's family. Then there were those few who were able to escape, and the still fewer ones who survived the camps. But to just hide out here in Berlin! I knew nobody except my parents who managed that. Even today I somehow catch myself doubting it. I have to

[Satellite Images]

AS THE EARTH BREATHES



NASA GODDARD SPACE FLIGHT CENTER

From the January 16–22 issue of Nature, the science weekly. These satellite photographs show the amount of light absorbed by the earth's vegetation during photosynthesis in summer (August 1982, top) and winter (February 1983, bottom). By analyzing yearly changes in the level of worldwide photosynthesis, scientists hope to improve their understanding of the "greenhouse effect." In these photographs, the areas with the highest levels of photosynthesis are purple, followed by violet, red, green, and yellow.

learn to accept the unimaginable.

My parents met here in Germany shortly after the war and got married. But I can only guess at why they are still living here. When I was about twelve or thirteen and beginning more and more to think about the Third Reich and the persecution of the Jews, something strange happened. I don't think I'll ever forget it. One evening I was watching TV with my parents. It was a documentary about the Nuremberg trials. No one said a word. The silence was deafening. Perhaps just to break the silence, and wanting to gauge the mood of my parents, I said, "They should have tried more of those swine. The Germans were and are a bunch of shits." Before I got the

Mon.



Tue.



Thur.



The week Newsweek went fishing for a business story and hooked into some Bass.

Newsweek's reporters went on a fishing expedition to Texas. The result was a story that every major news organization in the country had tried to land—but couldn't.

It was our exclusive report on the obsessively reclusive Bass brothers: the four young billionaire brothers from Fort

Worth who collectively control the fastest-growing family fortune in America.

It was an issue that demonstrated Newsweek's ability to dig beneath a business story and get to the passions, the ambitions, the financial wheelings and dealings, the real values of the people

Fri.



who made that story.

And that perhaps was why the brothers were willing to reveal themselves to Newsweek. They consider themselves to be more than businessmen. And Newsweek is more than a business magazine.

Not only did we examine

Wed.

Sat.



business of their business,
we dug deeply into the Bass
family's social conscience, its
commitment to Fort Worth and
almost "Rockefeller" atti-
tude to the arts.

We spent five weeks poring
over their records at the SEC in
Washington, examining their
Sney holdings in California

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It's this kind of commitment
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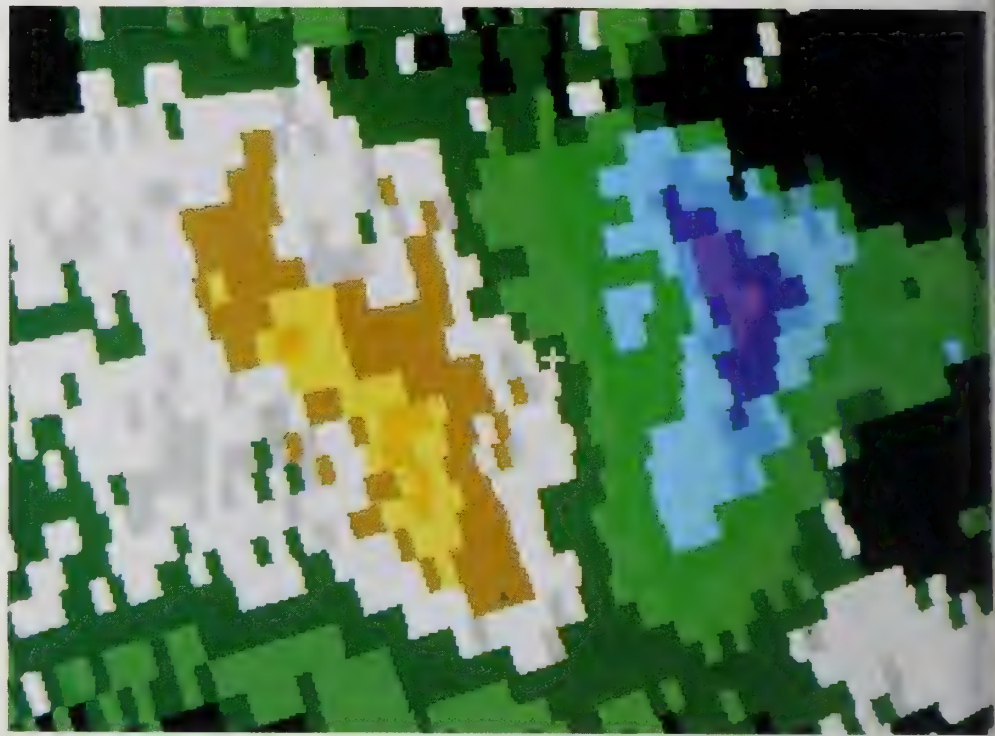
More than any other news-
weekly.

Our point: when your aim
is to land a few Bass, make
sure that you know the waters.

Newsweek
Why it happened. What it means.

[Radar Image]

DEPICTING THE WIND



This Doppler radar image, from the March issue of Natural History, was produced as part of a FAA-sponsored experiment designed to detect microbursts, intense forms of wind shear that can cause airplanes to crash during takeoff and landing. A microburst occurs when a column of cool air rushes downward and spreads out in a starburst pattern as it hits the ground. When an airplane passes through a microburst it is subject to sudden and dangerous changes in wind speed and direction. Here the greens, blues, and purples represent air spreading out from the center (the white cross) in one direction; the browns represent air spreading out in the opposite direction.

words out, my father grabbed me, pulled me up from the chair, and slapped my face. I think it's the only time he's ever hit me. "If, as you put it, all Germans were shits, neither your mother nor I would be standing here today. Never forget that." Those were his very words. That's how it was in our house. It's hard to believe, my father a defender of the Germans. For him, collective guilt, *the Nazis, the fascists*, but also *the Germans*, didn't exist; there was only individual guilt. With me it was entirely different. I didn't distinguish. I hadn't had any positive experiences, or negative ones either, and certainly not with older Germans, to show me that there were two kinds of Germans.

After graduating from high school I studied law. I had always wanted to be a lawyer—perhaps an odd decision for a Jew in Germany, helping Germans beat the law. I finished my studies in record time and now have my own law office, together with six partners. I am considered successful. I have money, I can move about freely in my convertible. I'm wealthy, respected, successful—a welcome guest at the parties of

people who count. I can be said to have made it. Forty years after my extended family, a group of about two hundred, was reduced to five, I am permitted to move freely among Germans. But nothing I have here, whether it's my six-room apartment, my office, car, and stocks, means anything to me. The only reason I'm living in Germany is my profession. I love this profession, probably above all because I'm practicing it here in Germany. I have an inexplicable sympathy for German criminals. I've never been analyzed, but I'm sure a psychiatrist would have a field day with me. What I like best of all is defending real criminals, all those thieves, murderers, swindlers, the worse the better. I like these types and their perversions. The nastier the better. Everything that does not spell decent German I find appealing, and I'd do anything in my power to defend these types. I certainly don't lack clients. Word has gotten around in certain circles that I'm a good defense lawyer.

Ten years ago, at age twenty-five, I got married. My wife is a lawyer. She's also Jewish. Though her parents emigrated to the United

States way back, she returned here to study.

We have two children and live like any other family. Our life has been wonderful, though our wedding was a tragedy. We had dreamed of a traditional Jewish wedding, something we knew only from the movies and stories our parents told us, weddings with songs and dances and many relatives and friends. A few weeks before the planned festivities—my wife's parents had come over from America—we were sitting around a table making up the guest list, and only then did we realize how few of us were left. I'd never really been aware of it. When I was going to school I was surrounded by friends and classmates, and had never felt lonely. True, I was something of a curiosity, one of only a handful, but there were all those others; and even though they were the others, they at least were there, as a backdrop, a noisy environment. Initially we had planned to invite only close relatives. We came up with a total of fifteen. It was a depressing evening. I'll never forget it. We sat down together to celebrate a feast of the survivors and it turned into reminiscences about the dead. One after the other was remembered by name: grandfather dead, grandmother dead, my father's two sisters dead, my mother's brother dead, uncles, aunts, cousins—all dead. Murdered in Auschwitz, in Theresienstadt, and who knows where else. Two families, and all we could come up with was fifteen close relatives. That evening, while planning the wedding, I realized for the first time the full extent of the madness that had reigned here.

We tried to make the best of the wedding and invited assorted friends and acquaintances. A hundred guests showed up, but they were an illusion, a paid audience, supernumeraries hired for the evening to lend an air of gaiety. Since that day I've known that here in Germany I belong neither to the majority, the Germans, nor to a minority, the Jews, because that minority no longer exists. We are a ridiculously small group, probably no more than twenty to thirty thousand in all of Germany. We are an infinitesimally small, odd collection of outsiders, and if we are seen at all it is only because of anti-Semitic remarks or because of the politics of Israel.

Sometimes even the outcry about the resurgence of anti-Semitism strikes me as ridiculous. Whom do they propose to protect or guard? That miserable handful of us? I'm always reminded of the appeals by societies for the preservation of endangered species. The Jews, no, we mustn't do anything to them, they've suffered enough. We are protected, cosseted, and pampered. What could happen to us here? It wouldn't even pay to erect a special camp for us.

In my heart I am not a German and never will

be. And when I think that I shall be buried here in Germany, chills run down my spine. The bad part is that any discussion about this is bound to be inconclusive. Almost every conversation with my wife, my parents, or my friends ends with the question of whether to remain or to leave. And the head always wins out over the heart. I am here today and will still be here tomorrow. But if I stay here, I am sure to die of heart failure, because no heart can stand this sort of humiliation forever.

[Essay]

THE ANXIOUS GARDENER

From "Reflections of a Reluctant Gardener," by V. S. Naipaul, in the January issue of *House & Garden*.

Of course, I've never learned to enjoy gardening—I just don't like it. During the first year I was here in Wiltshire I kept on watering my four or five hundred shrubs during the drought. I thought that Marx had never said truer words than when he talked about the idiocy of rural life. I knew then that I wasn't really a gardener, or even an owner. My instincts are those of a tenant, a visitor, a guest. I really like other people's places, you see. I guess I would like my gardens, ideally, to be formal and grown by other people. I'm delighted to go to somebody else's house, to see how they've done it, and enjoy it, and then run away. But to do it myself—I'm not really that kind of person. So this has been a great violation of that state of mind. I'm trying to behave as though I do it all the time—buy houses all the time, grow gardens all the time. But I'm racked with anxiety, I don't like it, and I still have to go out and water. I'd like to let the shrubs and trees look after themselves next year, but I think you have to look after them for three seasons. Then there are the rabbits and moles. I think we've got rid of the mole in the garden. Pity, he's been demolished by a trap, but one little creature can do a lot of damage. It's all part of the horribleness of gardening, really. One spends so much time thinking about these simple creatures—they are having their being and one is plotting to kill them.

And of course, when I am in London or away from the garden, I worry about it every day. That's the terrible part. I think about the new evergreens—should we be watering them? I'm also often seized when I'm away from the garden by the wish never to go back—the wish that

perhaps, miraculously, I could send little goblins, not to get the plants to grow, but to pack up my things and run away quietly in the night. There's an element of irritation in all this because I don't have the patience which distinguishes certain people from certain other people. People might say a writer is patient—and probably I am very patient doing my own work—but to apply patience which I need for my work to these other things like growing gardens is impossible. I even get impatient looking at the garden. It brings about such emotional involvement. You start wishing things for the plants, but one can't control things as one can to some extent as a writer.

[Essay]

THE TAO OF BASEBALL

From "Baseball Samadhi: A Meditation on the National Ritual," by Peter Gardella, in Touchstone, February 5. Gardella, an assistant professor of religion at Manhattanville College, is the author of Innocent Ecstasy: How Christianity Gave America an Ethic of Sexual Pleasure, published by Oxford University Press. Touchstone is the Manhattanville College daily newspaper.

Baseball diamonds organize space in much the same way as the basilica of St. Peter at Rome, the altar of heaven at Peking, and the great mosque at Mecca. What happens on a baseball diamond may seem to be only a sport, but the pattern of the field and the rules of the game also form a ritual.

To look at a baseball diamond, as millions of Americans do for billions of hours every summer, is to contemplate a mandala: a design that aids meditation by drawing attention from its borders toward its center. Within every baseball diamond is a mound of earth, a circle marking the center of a square, to which the focus of the game returns with every pitch. Like the burial mounds of native Americans, the stupas of Theravadin Buddhists, and the earth altars of Hindus, the pitcher's mound is an especially sacred space.

Of course, within the base lines all space is sacred; it is "fair" territory, as opposed to the "foul" territory of spectators and reserves. There are borders around the playing fields of all sports. But unlike other fields, and like the great mandalas at Mecca and at Rome, a baseball diamond organizes the whole world. The foul lines go on forever, so that a ball hit over the fence,

out of the stadium, or 10,000 miles away could still be fair. Every home plate is the center of the earth, where the quarter of the world that is fair territory meets the three-quarters of the world that is foul.

As a player moves from home to first base, to second, to third, and then home again, the succession of states of consciousness suggests the life cycle. A player is most alert while batting. At first base the player accepts congratulations and turns into a base runner, still with many decisions to make but also at the mercy of the batter. At second the runner relaxes a bit more and usually gives up any thought of stealing. On third there is almost no chance of independent action; the runner stands in foul territory and waits to be brought home. The journey ends with a return into the earth, down the steps of the dugout.

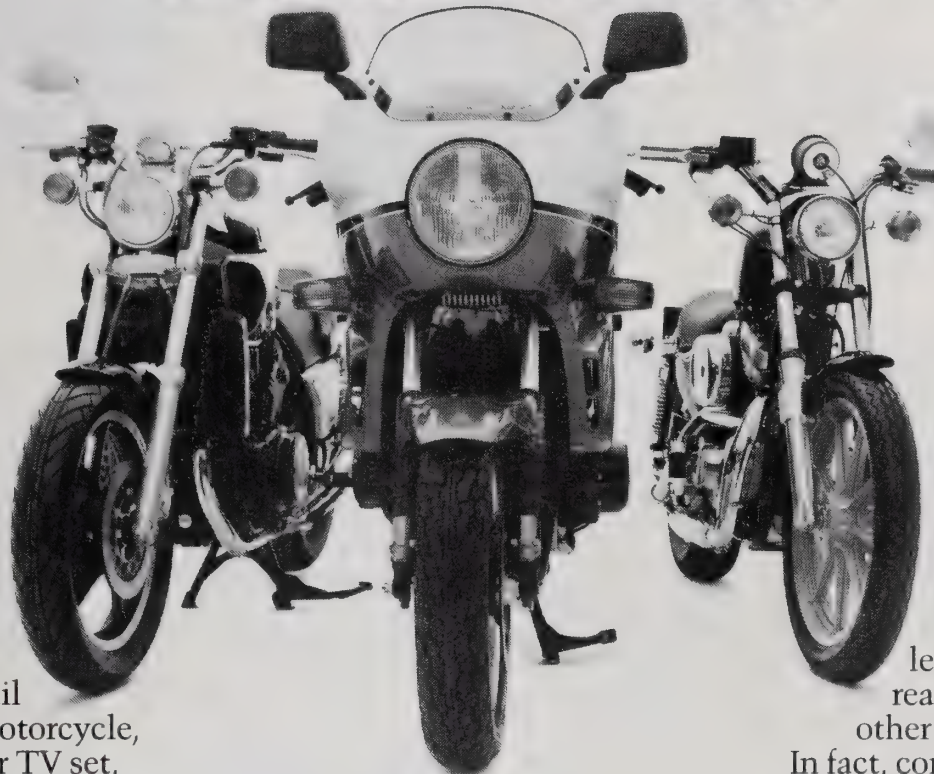
Fours and threes, the basic units of religious numerology, also inform the ritual of baseball. As Carl Jung pointed out, threes everywhere stand for abstract perfection: the Trinity of Christians and of Plato, the nine steps between each of the three levels in the Chinese altar of heaven. Fours mean completeness, or the material reality of the world, as in the four elements of ancient science. In baseball, every number that concerns abstract perfection—the three strikes per batter and the three outs per inning, the nine defensive players, the unbroken string of twenty-seven outs over nine innings in a "perfect" game—is a three or a multiple of three. Only when a fourth is added, when the player walks on four balls or circles all four bases to score a run, does anything actually happen.

Adding four to three makes seven, the number of creation. And just as God reached the seventh day and rested, so the baseball fan stands up and stretches in the seventh inning.

What Martin Buber said of religious ritual is also true of baseball: the game is not in time, but time is in the game. Whether ten minutes or half an hour has passed has no more relevance to a baseball game than to a Mass or a wedding. Twenty-seven outs for both teams is the standard length of a game, but there are several ways, in theory, for the game to go on forever: by an excess of batting skill, by perfect pitching, or by perfect balance between the teams. In fact, a player's time at bat can last forever if he keeps on hitting foul balls. No other game is so open to infinity. As Yogi Berra said, "It ain't over till it's over."

The mention of Yogi Berra brings to mind another similarity between baseball and Eastern religions. Hitting a pitched ball demands such unclouded vision, immediate judgment, and precise coordination that one can hit well only in a state of mind Buddhists might call *samadhi*,

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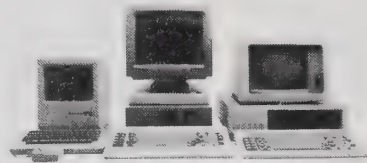
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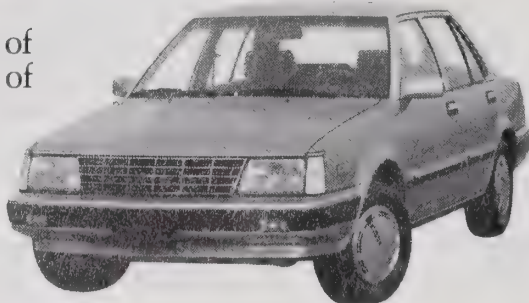
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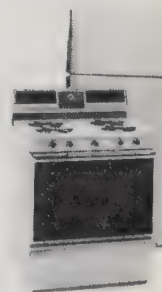
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a state of naked awareness, of wakefulness without a single thought. If a hitter has this awareness, neither excess weight nor lack of speed matters. Witness the facial and bodily resemblance of Babe Ruth to Gautama Sakyamuni, whose *samadhi* caused people to call him "the one who woke up," or the Buddha.

[Spells and Charms]

THE GOLDEN AGE OF HOW-TO

From The Greek Magical Papyri in Translation (Including the Demotic Spells), edited by Hans Dieter Betz and published by the University of Chicago Press. This volume is the first English translation of a collection of magic spells and formulas from Greco-Roman Egypt known to scholars as the Greek magical papyri.

Charm for acquiring business and calling in customers: By having it, you will become rich, and you will be successful. The charm is marvelous and is called the little beggar.

Take beeswax that has not been heated and fashion a man having his right hand in the position of begging and having in his left a bag and a staff. Let there be around the staff a coiled snake, and let the man be dressed in a girdle and standing on a sphere that is made of a coiled snake, like Isis. Stand it up in a single block of hollowed-out juniper, and have an asp covering the top as a capital. Fashion him during the new moon and consecrate him in a celebrating mood, and read aloud the spell over his members after you have divided him into three sections—repeating the spell four times for each member. After you have set him up high on the place you have chosen, sacrifice a wild ass with a white forehead and offer it to him whole, and then roast the inward parts over the wood of willow and eat them.

A spell to have a direct vision: Anoint your right eye with water from a shipwreck and your left with Coptic eyepaint. If you cannot find water from a shipwreck, then use water from a sunken skiff.

Eternal spell for binding a lover: Rub together some gall of a wild boar, some rock salt, and some Attic honey, and smear this on the head of your penis.

To make men who have been drinking at a symposium appear to have donkey snouts to outsiders, from afar: In the dark, take a wick from a lamp

and dip it in donkey's blood; make a new lamp with the wick and touch the drinkers.

To make a contraceptive (the only one in the world): Take as many bittervetch seeds as you want for the number of years you wish to remain sterile. Steep them in the menses of a woman. Take a frog that is alive and throw the bittervetch seeds into its mouth so that it swallows them, and then release the frog alive at the place where you captured him. Take a seed of henbane and steep it in mare's milk, and take the nasal mucus of a cow and some grains of barley. Put these into a piece of leather skin made from a fawn, bind it up on the outside with mulehide skin, and attach it as an amulet during the waning of the moon. Mix in with the barley grains some cerumen from the ear of a mule.

Spell to get a sleeping woman to confess the name of the man she loves: Place a bird's tongue under her lip or on her heart and put your question, and she will call the name three times.

[Essay]

EDUCATION OF AN EPICURE

From Between Meals: An Appetite for Paris, by A.J. Liebling, reissued recently by North Point Press. This essay is condensed from the chapter "Just Enough Money." Between Meals first appeared in 1962.

If the first requisite for writing well about food is a good appetite, the second is to put in your apprenticeship as a feeder when you have enough money to pay the check but not enough to produce indifference to the size of the total. The optimum financial position for a serious apprentice feeder is to have funds in hand for three more days, with a reasonable, but not certain, prospect of reinforcements thereafter. The student at the Sorbonne waiting for his remittance, the newspaperman waiting for his salary, the free-lance writer waiting for a check that he has cause to believe is in the mail—all are favorably situated to learn. (It goes without saying that it is essential to be in France.) The man of appetite who will stint himself when he can see three days ahead has no vocation, and I dismiss from consideration, as manic, the fellow who will spend the lot on one great feast and then live on fried potatoes until his next increment. The clearheaded voracious man learns because he tries to compose his meals to obtain an appreciable quantity of pleasure from each. It is from this

CRUMB'S COUNTRY



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LEAKE COUNTY REVELERS

From *Pioneers of Country Music*, a set of forty cards drawn by R. Crumb and published by Yazoo Records, in New York City. On the flip side are biographies and a recording history. Yazoo issued two previous sets by Crumb: *Heroes of the Blues* and *Early Jazz Greats*.

weighing of delights against their cost that the student eater erects the scale of values that will serve him until he dies or has to reside in the Middle West for a long period.

The reference room where I pursued my own first earnest researches as a feeder without the crippling handicap of affluence was the Restaurant des Beaux-Arts, on the Rue Bonaparte, in 1926-27. I was a student, in a highly generalized way, at the Sorbonne. Eating soon developed into one of my major subjects. The franc was at twenty-six to the dollar, and the researcher, if he had only a certain sum—say, six francs—to spend, soon established for himself whether, for example, a half bottle of Tavel *supérieur*, at three and a half francs, and braised beef heart and yellow turnips, at two and a half, gave him more or less pleasure than a *contre-filet* of beef, at five francs, and a half bottle of *ordinaire*, at one franc. He might find that he liked the heart, with its strong, rich flavor and odd texture, nearly as well as the beef, and that since the Tavel was overwhelmingly better than the cheap wine, he had done well to order the first pair. Or he might find that he so much preferred the generous, sanguine *contre-filet* that he could accept the undistinguished *picrate* instead of the Tavel. As in a bridge tournament, the learner played duplicate hands, making the opposite choice of fare the next time the problem presented itself.

A rich man faced with this simple sumptuary dilemma would order both the Tavel and the *contre-filet*. He would then never know whether he liked the beef heart, or whether an *ordinaire*

wouldn't do him as well as something better. When one considers the millions of permutations of foods and wines to test, it is easy to see that life is too short for the formulation of dogma. A man who is rich in his adolescence is almost doomed to be a dilettante at table. This is not because all millionaires are stupid but because they are not impelled to experiment. In learning to eat, as in psychoanalysis, the customer, in order to profit, must be sensible of the cost.

[Monologue]

WIRED

From *Drinking in America*, written and performed by Eric Bogosian. The play, which consists of a series of dramatic monologues, opened in January at the American Place Theater in New York.

(Incessant phone ringing.)

(Stumbles to wireless phone, waking up.)

Yeah Arnie. Arnie. No you didn't wake me. What time is it? Noon? It can't be noon! (Looks at watch.) It's nine o'clock in the morning Arnie, why you calling me nine o'clock in the morning for? Arnie, Arnie... You're in New York, I'm in Los Angeles... It's noon in New York... Arnie, Arnie, Arnie, Arnie... What? Wait a minute Arnie, lemme get a cup of coffee, O.K.? No. Just let me put you on hold for a sec-

ond. (*Groggily pours out a line of coke, cuts it, and snorts it.*) . . . You there Arnie? Yeah, just let me get the cream and I'm here. (*Pulls out a bottle of Jack Daniel's, shakily pours two fingers, and knocks it back. Just as he's about to pick up the phone he performs two or three limp calisthenics.*) . . . Yeah, Arnie, I'm listening. Yeah.

(*Awake now, he launches into high-speed, loud patter.*)

Well you tell me how much money you got to spend and I'll tell you who I can get for your money . . . Lee Marvin? Lee Marvin? Forget Lee Marvin. You're not talking Lee Marvin money there Arnie. You're talking Bullwinkle the Moose money. For the kind of money you're talking about maybe and I'm just saying maybe I can get you Robert Vaughn, maybe Vince Edwards . . . Forget Lee Marvin, give me another name . . . Who? He's no good, the guy's a drug addict. No, not that shit, the real thing. Yes! Yes! Yes! The hard stuff. With the needles and the spoons and the forks and the knives and the whole routine. Yes! This guy's idea of a good time is throwing up! Arnie you're gonna find him in the bathroom, turning blue. He's dead meat . . . Of course it's a sad story. Of course it's a sad story . . . What's the guy, twenty-five years old, he makes a million dollars a picture and he's a drug addict. I should have his problems, I'm crying my eyes out, it's a tragedy . . . forget the bum.

Who else? Who? Not available. (*Takes another little taste of cocaine.*) He's got a broken hand. He broke it working out . . . He was working out on someone's face and broke his hand . . . I dunno, the guy called him a homosexual. So what if he is a homosexual? He's a homosexual who likes to hit people! Arnie, you can't have this guy on the set beating up everybody he doesn't like! I know he's macho. I know he's virile, yeah, he's got a great mustache . . . He's a macho man with a broken hand, he couldn't punch out Arnold Stang.

Who else? Who? . . . He's dead . . . He's dead! He's literally dead. He fell off his boat in Malibu and a shark ate him. Of course it's ironic, of course it's ironic . . . They had to cancel the rest of the series. Yeah Arnie, I'd love to do the deal, I'm sorry the fish ate the guy, go talk to the shark! . . . HE'S DIGESTED! . . . Wait a minute Arnie, lemme get this call, I'm gonna put you on hold.

Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Sid, yeah. So we have a deal. He said yes. Richard Chamberlain in the Bhopal story. The Bhopal story, the tragic story of a misguided multinational. Starring Richard Chamberlain, name above the title. He's gonna be worth every penny. You're gonna make a million, all right. It's gonna be the great-

est miniseries in the history of miniseries. Now I want . . . What? Who? Who's he? The greatest actor in India? I never heard of him. I never heard of him. Sid, I don't care if he's Mahatma Gandhi's grandfather, if I never heard of him he's not getting in on this picture. Because he's an unknown. Sid, we're talking about Richard Chamberlain here, one of the greatest American actors of all time. I can't have him acting opposite some unknown two-bit Hindu. Because he's unknown. No unknowns. Only knowns. No. No. No. SID. SID. SID. SID. SID. SID. Listen, does the guy have a SAG card, whatever his name is, I can't even pronounce it . . . If he has a union card I'll have him carry some water around, he can do a little Gunga Din routine for us . . . Stick him in the background. It's the best I can do . . . Sid . . . Sid . . . Sid . . . Have a nice time in India . . . I'm getting off the phone. Don't get run over by a cow.

Come on Arnie. COME ON. NO. NO Arnie, I won't talk to him for you . . . Why won't I talk to him? Because he's insane, that's why . . . Because he thinks he's god. No I mean he thinks he's God. When was the last time you talked to God? Lemme tell you something, he's an egomaniac. You ever direct God before? It's not easy. Especially after he has a few drinks, he's a shitty actor to boot. Arnie, this guy likes to sit in the middle of the set like Buddha and tell everybody what to do. He tells the actors what to do, he tells the director what to do, he'll be telling you what to do. He's got the answer to everybody's problems . . . You know what his answer is to everybody's problems? His schlong, that's what! He's fucking the girls! He's fucking the boys! He's fucking the stuntmen! Don't bend over he'll be fucking you too! You'd like that wouldn't you! He's a promiscuous rabbit, he should be locked up in a padded cell, I don't care how talented he is, I won't talk to him for you, I have my principles . . . (*practically doubled up on the floor, shouting*) I don't care . . . What am I doing? I'm going to burst a blood vessel here . . . forget about him . . .

Yeah. Yeah. Look Arnie, I saw Lee at a party the other night. Lee Marvin, remember him? He's a little short of pocket change this week, if you can come up with forty grand, he'll do it for you. Forty grand Arnie, we're talking Lee Marvin here, possibly one of the greatest American actors of all time . . .

Arnie, Arnie, Arnie, I got a call coming in on the other line, I gotta get off . . . You can afford it, break into your piggy bank . . . Arnie, yeah I love you too, Arnie, Arnie, Arnie, Arnie, I'm getting off the phone, Arnie, Arnie, Arnie, don't call me so early tomorrow, Arnie, Arnie . . . goodbye!



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[Introduction]

NEW ENGLAND DECORUM

By Marilynne Robinson. This essay served as the introduction to a special issue of the Massachusetts Review devoted to New England. Robinson is the author of the novel *Housekeeping*.

New England is the only place in America where decorum has entered the vernacular. It has done so through architecture. New England is first of all a settled countryside, houses of medieval simplicity clustered along a road, among them a town hall and a church of the same style and scale as the houses themselves, with the addition of columns and steeple. The houses are white, built parallel to one another at generous intervals, with scarcely a post or a stone between them to hint at boundaries. Barns and

outbuildings trail away behind them. Their only adornment might be a carved lintel, a fan-light window, or a beaded frontlet above the door. Their primary grace is an elegance of proportion, enforced on one's notice by continuous repetition, emphasized by a notable absence of the passion to individualize that has long raged in the neighborhoods of our Republic.

In fact, so powerful is the spirit of decorum maintained among these towns that all the diverse populations that pass through them defer to it more or less. These old houses inspire something one sees nowhere else in this country, a self-effacement in certain of their owners so complete as to forbid any trace of their own presence—the curtains at the windows, the pumpkin on the step, the flag by the door, all a scrupulous, anonymous observing of convention. The severest absence of ornament is itself an ornament, an ostentation. That is the principle of the conservation of New England as a landscape, as a style of life.

We think of the vanished tribes who built these houses as dour and ethereal, forgetting that their epic fecundity inspired Malthus to extrapolate, and Adam Smith to suggest, that if we and Britain should remain one country, convenience would finally shift the capital here. Our most prodigious birth occurred in these plain houses, their sides flushed and windows dazzled by plain old maples, gone unworldly red.

New England is prodigious in a small way, like a Dickinson poem or a Shaker chair. Its light on a clear day is a miniaturist's light, that makes it a piece of fine work, precision, exacting, and naive. It is not possible, surely, to see every brick in a wall, every leaf on a tree. This must be a provincial error, to be mended in Paris. New England presents itself as if through a lens that makes much of little and more of less. Its very thrift is a form of profligacy, as in the care given to pumpkin culture, and in the eager traffic in knobby squash of uncertain use that must be carried in two arms and stowed in the trunk of the car, and in the persistent encampment of locals on their shadowy lawns among the detritus of their drawers and attics, which the mere affixing of a sign to a tree has transformed into goods one might possibly desire.

It is no irony that a landscape that denied itself even so small a thing as a cross on a steeple top should become an iconography. That is transcendentalism, after all. These ancients have gone and left us such a patrimony as poor men leave, plain barns, stony pastures, trees that bear good apples, a taste for homely food, an admiration for tight houses and sound boots. To figure the interest on our Yankee fortune, think by what measure these things are more than themselves.

[Poem]

HUMILITY

By Fred Chappell. From *Source*, a collection of his poems published by Louisiana State University Press. Chappell, who received the Bollingen Prize in Poetry last year, is a professor of English at the University of North Carolina.

In the necessary field among the round
Warm stones we bend to our gleaning.
The brown earth gives in to our hands, and straw
By straw burns red aslant the vesper light.

The village behind the graveyard tolls softly, begins
To glow with new-laid fires. The children
Quiet their shouting, and the martins slide
Above the cows at the warped pasture gate.

They set the tinware out on checkered oilcloth
And the thick-mouthed tumblers on the right-hand side.
The youngest boy whistles the collie to his dish
And lifts down the dented milk pail:

This is the country we return to when
For a moment we forget ourselves,
When we watch the sleeping kitten quiver
After long play, or rain comes down warm.

Here we might choose to live always, here where
Ugly rumors of ourselves do not reach,
Where in the whisper-light of the kerosene lamp
The deep Bible lies open like a turned-down bed.

[Essay]

THE LAST DRIVE-IN PICTURE SHOW

"Passion Pit," by Ellen Meloy, from the September/October 1985 issue of *Northern Lights*, a bi-monthly published in Missoula, Montana. Meloy, a writer and artist, lives in Helena, Montana.

They now lie half-collapsed at the edge of many Western towns in a dismal landscape of trash and weeds, an automotive Stonehenge. The River Vu Drive-in theater in Green River, Utah, is disintegrating just east of town, waist-high in globemallow, which in the spring blankets the once carefully sculpted rows of humps in a sea of orange blossoms, nearly obliterating the tiny projection and ticket booths. The booths are built with smooth rectangles of brick, each hand-painted red, yellow, green, turquoise, or black, in no discernible pattern. The glassless windows tunnel the desert wind. Lizards scurry around the two remaining speaker posts and pieces of scaffold have fallen behind the screen, pushing it forward in a *Poseidon Adventure* tilt.

The Sunset, El Rancho, Prairie, Go West. The names hinted a decadent exoticism in the peculiar calligraphy of pop culture. The letters "gh" were particularly disposable—the Twilite, Starlite, Sky Hi—and their absence left room for neon accents, seductively flashing lightning bolts, star bursts, and blinking arrows.

Many drive-ins have disappeared under the tarmac of encroaching developments or changing real estate markets. But the survivors cater to the curious persistence of customs that have changed little since the first drive-in opened in Camden, New Jersey, in 1933.

The movie should be really lousy.

Cruise in slowly at dusk.

High-center your car on one of the humps.

The tinnier the sound system, the better. Clint Eastwood should sound as if he's speaking from the bottom of an algae-choked swimming pool. Better still, speakers that don't work at all.

Necking. Even after 50 years, bucket seats, the sexual revolution, and the Playboy Channel, drive-ins are still "passion pits." Deter snoopers by parking far from the snack bar. Steam up those windows. Rock that Volvo.

The end of the automobile era brought the end of the drive-in. But a few loyal patrons find new ways to keep the cult alive. A pickup straddling two slots sideways, the back filled with pillows, lawn chairs, binoculars, Walkmen, and rhubarb pie, becomes the jet set of the Starlite Drive-in in Hamilton, Montana. Then up

cruises a gargantuan RV. They back into a slot, open the rear window, and watch the movie while lying in bed.

Outsiders used to comment in Big Timber, Montana, "Too bad your drive-in burned down." To which locals responded, "It hasn't."

The ticket booth was an abandoned car parked at the entrance. The ticket seller sat at the passenger window and checked each carload—missing, of course, the three people suffocating in the trunk. Non-neckers raced to the only two speakers that worked. The town kids' Fords and Chevys easily high-centered on the humps. Amidst the knapweed in the front row were two old car seats reserved for the night's four walk-in patrons.

The screen blew down often. Big Timber rioted nearby Livingston as the Windiest Place in America. For a while, several large sections in the upper left corner disappeared completely. On a given night, while planting Doris Day with a dreamy, quiver-lipped, out-of-focus Hollywood kiss, a large chunk of Rock Hudson's head would float off toward Billings, lost in the starry void of the Big Sky.

[Short Story]

MISTAKE

By Russell Banks. From *Success Stories*, a collection of his fiction that Harper & Row will publish in June. Banks's most recent novel is *Continental Drift*. "Mistake" originally appeared in *Fiction*.

In the spring of 1960 I turned twenty. By June I'd be married, so I took a second job, selling women's shoes at a Thom McAn's in a shopping center out in West St. Petersburg. Driving home late six nights a week in my shaky '48 Studebaker, I cast weary glances out the open window at the causeway that loped across the bay north to Tampa, a string of lights over dark water that somehow made me think of New York City, and for a few terrifying seconds each night I wondered if I was making the biggest mistake of my life.

Days I worked as a window trimmer for Webb City, an early cut-rate department store parked on an invisible line that separated the neighborhood where middle-class blacks lived from the neighborhood where poor whites lived. There were eight of us in the Display Department, as it was called, art school dropouts, alcoholic ex-stagehands, sign painters, and me, and from the small warehouse on the edge of the Webb City parking lot where we toiled through the long, hot Florida day building frames, cutting and

stretching paper, carving homosote, painting signs, repairing old mannequins, we looked out the open door one way and watched the black people stroll their streets, then turned and looked out the door on the opposite side and watched the white people, mostly runaway Georgia farmers and their wives and skinny children, pass their days on the broken-down porches of rented bungalows.

It would have been depressing, but I was twenty years old and going to be married soon to a very pretty nineteen-year-old blond girl with green eyes that made me feel crazy. Also, I was thought to be unusually talented at this business of decorating department store windows. I had a future. When you think you have a future, you're not easily depressed.

My roommate at the time, Martin Schram, who worked with me at Webb City, did not think he had a future. He was thirty-one, had spent two years in Cleveland studying art, then had joined the navy. He learned to paint signs, and after four years on an aircraft carrier went back for four more, until he got frightened by what he seemed to be doing to his life, so he went home to Cleveland, where he found that he'd already done it, and moved to Florida.

We shared a railroad flat that was half a bungalow. Martin, since he was older, claimed the more desirable front room, which had windows and a door to the porch. I got the middle room, which was small and dark, a kind of damp, hot cavern between Martin's room and the kitchen and bath in back. I figured that with my two jobs I wasn't home much anyhow, and besides, by the time I got married to Eleanor I'd have enough money saved up to rent a whole house. As a result, I didn't complain about the darkness and the heat and the occasional slugs that inched their way up the gray walls and fell back to the floor and after a while started over again.

Martin envied me because Eleanor loved me. "I don't mean that I love your Eleanor," he said the night this all came out. "I don't even particularly like her." It was past midnight, a Friday late in April, and I had come home from Thom McAn's exhausted, as I'd been working five days and nights straight, angry, because I still had another to go, and more than usually frightened, for I'd endured an especially horrifying vision of the causeway lights over Tampa Bay on the drive home, had felt my legs turn to water, because the awful question persisted, it did not go away when I forced my gaze back to the white line in the road ahead of me, and I almost cracked and cried out, Yes, I am certainly about to make the biggest mistake of my life.

We were drinking beer. Colt 45 was new then, and I liked the snow-covered mountains and blue sky on the label, especially when it was

hot and, like tonight, had recently rained, and the live-oak trees and Spanish moss were still dripping noisily onto the mudded front yard and sidewalk beyond. I liked to strip as I passed through my room, walk shirtless and barefoot out to the dark kitchen and swing open the refrigerator, let the pale, cool light wash the room, and there on the top shelf, frosty and brilliant, was a pair of unopened six-packs of blue, white, and gold cans of beer.

By the time he told me he envied me, Martin and I had finished the first six-pack and were halfway through the second. Martin Schram could drink beer. He was German, and thick-bodied, built like an overstuffed sofa. He had dark, short hair that he was losing, a heavy brow and large, square chin, and a grim, thin mouth. His blue eyes, though small, were the most expressive and easily read part of his face, and when I wanted to know what he was thinking, which wasn't all that often, I looked at his eyes. Tonight, however, we were out on the unlit porch, bare feet on the wooden rail, seated side by side in plastic and aluminum folding chairs, and I could not see his eyes and had to ask him what he meant.

He sighed.

"No, I mean it. What do you mean, you envy me because of Eleanor?"

"Forget it, kid," he said. He emptied the can and crunched it with one hand. The lightweight aluminum cans had just come out then, and we liked smashing them as if they were the rigid cans that took two hands to crush.

"Kid," I said.

That's when the noise next door started. A man and woman lived there, the Smiths, known to me and Martin only by the name on the mailbox on the door next to ours and by sight, when they went to work in the morning and returned at night. They spent the rest of the time inside their apartment, no matter how hot it got, which left the porch entirely to us, a circumstance we did not complain of. We figured they stayed inside because the man was deformed. Mr. Smith's arms were like flippers, half as long as normal arms, and dwindled at the wrists and hands. Evidently, he was able to drive, and judging from the way he dressed, sports coat altered specially for his arms, slacks, dress shirt, and tie, he held a decent job. Mrs. Smith was normal looking. Actually, she was on the attractive side (as was he, except for the arms), and went out every morning dressed like a salesgirl at a first-class department store, Maas Brothers, say, a place that wouldn't hire any of the short, dumpy, gum-chewing, acne-covered women and girls who worked at Webb City. Eleanor worked at Maas Brothers, in beachwear.

We'd heard noises from next door on several

occasions that year, always late at night, and always Friday, payday. It was the sound of a man beating a woman. More precisely, it was the sound of a woman hollering that she was being beaten by a man, something we, of course, discounted, because we could not imagine how he could do it. There'd be a thump and a bang or two, then a shriek, a wail, some long-drawn-out sobs, some more thumps, then quiet. That was it. Martin would look over at me, if we both happened to be home and in the same room at the time, and he'd shake his head and smile. "Sonofabitch's at it again."

"Yeah. Can't really be hurting her, though."

"No. She's as big as he is, and she's got regular arms."

"Yeah. It's probably just something they do."

"Yeah. You can never tell what people like."

"Yeah."

This time, though, was different. The noises went on too long, and they got louder. Mr. Smith sounded drunk, and we could hear him snapping and snarling like a dog in a dogfight, and she was wailing, a high, unbroken, keening sort of sound, as if she were an old Greek woman who'd been told her favorite son was dead.

"Jesus Christ," Martin said, coming back onto the porch. "They're really going at it tonight."

"What do you think?" I said. I got up from my chair and walked across the porch and faced the closed door to their apartment. "Maybe the bastard's hitting her with a stick or something."

"Naw, they're like a coupla alley cats, that's all. Forget it." I heard him crack open another beer. Three left. If I didn't open a fresh one now, he'd get two and I'd get one. But then I'd have two warm beers instead of one cold one. Hard to choose.

"I don't know, I think we oughta do something," I said.

"Like what? Call the cops? I don't believe in that. Husband and wife, they got to work these things out themselves. You'll see."

I opened the screen door to our apartment, went back to the kitchen, and got myself a cold beer. When I came out to the porch, I put the unopened can on the floor next to my chair and went on drinking the open one.

Then Mrs. Smith started screaming, "No, no, no!" Mr. Smith's voice was muffled, but it sounded like he was threatening to kill her, over and over.

"I think he's trying to kill her," I said.

"No," Martin said, but he got up from his chair and joined me in front of their door.

"What if he's got a gun?"

"I don't think the bastard can shoot it. All he's got is those little grippers, for Christ's sake."

"The sonofabitch can drive a car!"

"Yeah."

"You think we should do something?" I asked.

"No. He's just a crippled little guy taking it out on his wife. It's just something they do," Martin said, and he moved slowly away and down the steps to the front yard.

"Where're you going?"

"I want to see if maybe I can see inside," he said from the darkness. "They got all the blinds drawn."

"I heard a gun!" I hissed.

"What? I didn't hear it."

"No, a click. I heard it click, like maybe he's only clicking it at her. You know?"

Martin came back to the porch and sat himself heavily into a folding chair. "If the gun goes off, then I'll worry. Not before." He took a long

[Print]

IN RETROSPECT



Jasper Johns made this etching and aquatint for the frontispiece of an edition of Wallace Stevens's poems published recently by Arion Press. It is included in a retrospective of Johns's prints that opened this month at the Museum of Modern Art.

pull from his beer. "Clicks." He laughed lightly.

Mrs. Smith screamed, and I reached forward and pushed the doorbell. Silence on the other side of the door. I waited a few seconds and pushed the bell again, a long, loud buzz, and slowly the door opened, and I saw Mr. Smith standing there in a T-shirt and slacks, panting, red-faced, without a gun.

"What do you want?" He was several inches shorter than I and slender, almost delicate looking. His lank blond hair had fallen across his face, and his mouth was working angrily, as if trying to rid itself of something objectionable. His tiny, shriveled arms hung at his sides like the wings of a newly hatched bird. He looked pathetic, but very angry, and I surprised myself by finding myself afraid of him, afraid of his intensity, actually, his breathlessness and flushed face and hard eyes, the desperation these things signified to me. I had none of it, and until that moment I had not known it even existed in the world, despite the signals I had been getting every night on my drive home from the shoe store. And despite Martin Schram, whose envy of me I understood so feebly that I could barely hide my lack of interest.

"We heard a lotta noise," I said gruffly.

He looked me over with care, without apology. "You trying to sleep?"

"No... but we were wondering..."

"Who's that?" Mrs. Smith called from somewhere behind him. I could see furniture overturned beyond the man, rugs rippled and out of place, an empty quart beer bottle, still rolling. The light in the room cut a blond swath across the far wall at an oblique, useless angle, as if a table lamp had been placed on its side on the floor. I imagined Mrs. Smith lying in a corner of the room, holding mournfully to her rib cage, her legs splayed out in front of her, and I forgot my fear and was glad I had interrupted them.

"The kid next door," Mr. Smith said, as if disappointed.

"Are you all right?" I called.

"Get the hell out of here," he said. "Mind your own damn business."

I drew open the screen door. "Are you all right, Mrs. Smith?"

She entered the living room from the darkness of the room beyond and leaned against the door frame there, wearing a filmy pink nightgown, her bare arms crossed over her breasts, her legs crossed at the ankles. She looked bored, impatient, irritated, all at once.

I took a single step toward her and halfway into the room said to her, "I'm sorry. I just... I thought he..."

Suddenly, the man was shoving me back with his tiny arms, pushing them against my chest, astonishing me with the hard force of the

shoves. "Get outa here! G'wan, get outa here!"

I leaped out of his way and yelled, "Leave her alone, you sonofabitch! Leave the woman alone!"

Then Martin was behind me, grabbing me from behind and yanking me away from the door.

"Close your door!" he said to Smith. "And shut the hell up. For God's sake."

Smith closed the door, and Martin turned to me. His face in the brown light of the shaded windows had collapsed in on itself, and I saw him as I'd never seen him before. He was frightened and very sad and deeply, painfully weary of me. His small eyes were watered over, and his thin lips trembled.

I took a step backward, turned, and sat down. Martin came around and sat down next to me, and I could tell, even without looking at him, that his whole body was shaking.

I was very calm. "I'm sorry," I said. I leaned over and plucked the unopened can of Colt 45 from the floor and opened it and took a slug.

"You..." he said.

"What?"

"You don't know a damned thing about anything."

"You're right."

"You just say that. You say it so easy," he said. He lit a cigarette. The rain had stopped a long time ago, and now the dripping from the trees and Spanish moss had stopped too. Crickets started up. I heard trucks on Route 19, three blocks away, change gears.

"You're right about that, too," I said. "I say it so easy." I stood up, leaned against the railing, and looked at his silhouette. "But I mean it."

"You probably do," he said, as if he no longer cared. It was too late to matter to him. He got up then and went inside and lay down on his bed and fell asleep.

I did marry the girl, Eleanor with the green eyes, Eleanor from beachwear, and it was not the biggest mistake I ever made, even though it was, of course, a mistake. Two weeks before the wedding, I was hired as display director for the Montgomery Ward store in Lakeland, youngest display director in the state of Florida, and moved out of the apartment I shared with Martin Schram.

"You better come to the wedding, pal," I said. We were on the porch, a mid-afternoon, with a rented trailer behind my Studebaker, all my worldly belongings inside.

"I'll be there," he said, and he clapped me on both shoulders. "You'll be O.K."

"You will too," I said.

"Right."

We shook hands, and I left. ■



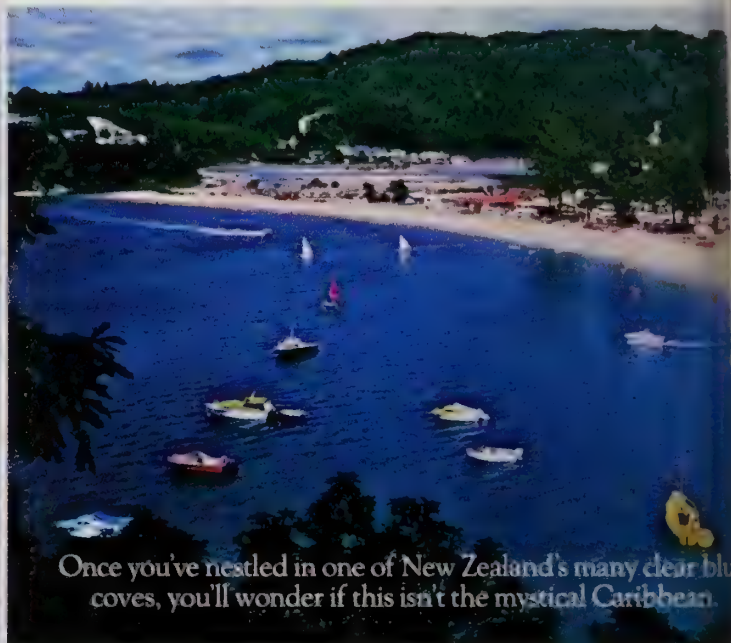
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*Since much of our information
must be gathered in advance, we
suggest you verify dates, places,
and events.*

Cover Photo:
**SERENGETI SUNSET
TANZANIA**

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Art, it is said, is the ultimate expression of mankind's innate instinct for creativity. Just as there is creativity in an oil painting or architecture evocative of a historical era, so too there is creativity in a well-executed tennis stroke, an exotic entrée magnificently prepared and presented, a dialogue between strangers who become friends.

So too there is creativity in travel.

The joy in exploring a city you've only heard about, diving into a foreign country, standing on ground significant in world events, locking all those memories into your camera, and taking them home to share with friends. All that too is creative, is art.

Ship captains, sports impresarios, restaurateurs, and builders are the artists of travel, tour operators their agents. Herein we present a diverse menu of travel riches, every one an expression of creativity.

This surface skim of the world is only an appetizer. It is up to the reader to savor, then create an itinerary and take off to experience the true art of travel.

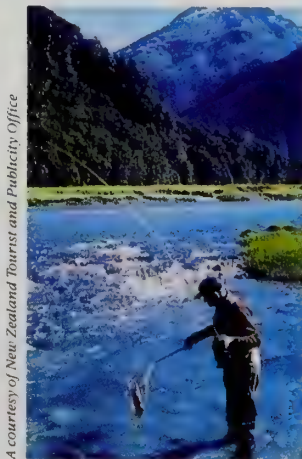
NEW ZEALAND

As early as the 1920s, author Zane Grey was telling the world about the extraordinary fishing to be found in New Zealand. But fear not. Despite 60 years of advance warning, magnificent game fish are as abundant as they were then; the wild rushing rivers, calm cool lakes, and deep coastal waters have not been overfished.

You will never stand creel-to-creel with others, competing for that choice spot on the shore. In fact, lonely miles of rapids, framed by snowcapped peaks and quiet cathedrals of stately pines, are the rule rather than the exception.

You'll find fishing guides specializing in whatever species you're seeking. Another good bet is to contact your nearest New Zealand Government Tourist Bureau for a copy of "New Zealand Outdoor Action Holidays," which contains a listing of guides and fishing-tour operators.

The Tourist Bureau can also issue a special visitor's fishing license covering the entire country. The booklet tells you exactly how to prepare for your trip. The two islands, North and South, run roughly southwest to northeast, with the northern portions, which are closer to the equator, possessing an idyllic subtropical climate. As New Zealand is in the Southern Hemi-



A courtesy of New Zealand Tourist and Publicity Office

**TROUT
FISHERMAN
CASTING
INTO THE
WILKIN RIVER,
WANAKA,
OTAGO,
NEW ZEALAND**

sphere, also remember that its summer occurs generally October through April and winter, May through September (with spring and autumn in between).

Spawning rainbow trout over 10 pounds are abundant in April and May on the North Island's cool Taupo Plateau. Many anglers rate the Tongariro River as the world's best.

Golden-flanked brown trout can go up to 11 pounds in the South Island's Maitai River, which many believe is the best stream for browns in the world, or the Motueka River, or the North Island's Manawatu, Ruakituri, and Rangitikei Rivers.

Backpacking into the rugged interior is one way to reach these turbulent streams and quiet pools, or you can take a helicopter into the remote backcountry.

If it's salmon you're after, take heavy surfcasting gear and deep-running spoons to the river mouths along the east coast of South Island. Known as Quinnat in New Zealand, these are the popular Chinook of North America. Specimens generally run 10 to 20 pounds, but monsters from 40 to 48 pounds can be taken.

Deep-sea-game fishermen likewise have never been disappointed in New Zealand. The more than 3,700 miles of coastline offer a variety of species, seasons, and techniques matched few other places in the world.

Charter boats, reasonably priced between \$350 and \$450 a day, will take you to the abundant grounds of the striped marlin, where the water is so clear you can often actually see 300-pound giants strike the bait.

Black marlin can range up to 500 pounds, and mako sharks run over 200 pounds. Broadbill sword, blue marlin, and thresher and hammerhead sharks are also popular game. If light tackle is your sport, look for yellowtail (kingfish in N.Z.) up to 100 pounds.

Snapper range around North Island and through the dramatic Cook Strait between the islands. Take a sport fishing boat or surfcast for these popular fish, particularly along Northland's famous 90-Mile Beach. Blue cod, trevally, and terakihi are also abundant in the coastal shallows.

Many fishing lodges and guest houses offer accommodations, charters, and dinghies along with great hospitality and the country's hearty, delicious food.

AUSTRALIA

In 1983 the venue was a chill, misty, historic seafarers' town in Rhode Island. Three years later and half a world away, the scene has shifted to another historic seafaring community, this one bubbling and bikinied, robust and raucous.

The moment financier Alan Bond, helmsman John Bertrand, and the *Australia II* wrested the America's Cup from its 132-year perch at the New York Yacht Club, Perth, capital of Western Australia, was suddenly "discovered."

For years tourists have pretty well defined Australia as Sydney, its cosmopolitan capital on the eastern (Pacific) shore. But if Sydney is the New York of this nation, then Perth is its Los Angeles, a frontier city bursting with energy, skyscrapers, and investment capital.

Twelve miles to the south of Perth

is suburban Fremantle, for 150 years Australia's main western port on the Indian Ocean and now the site for an exciting year of international yachting competition.

It's a far cry from Newport, where cheery shouts of "Ello, mate," endless chug-a-lugs, and a stupendous flow of Australian beer rattled the cages of the staid New Englanders.

More than a full year of activities have been scheduled, commencing last fall when a number of the sleek 12-meter yachts arrived to test the waters. The World 12-Metre Fleet Racing Championships were held in February, a sort of full dress rehearsal for the main event.

AYERS ROCK,
NORTHERN TERRITORY, AUSTRALIA



©Brian Vikander 1986, Cartan Tours

The first round of eliminations starts in October; the challenger will be chosen in a best-of-seven format in mid-January; and the Australian defender will take on the survivor, starting January 31.

For the lucky visitors who can stay on, the annual Festival of Perth in February offers a rich menu of cultural activities. Started in 1953, the festival went "big-time" in 1977, attracting premier performing artists from all over the world.

Between races and concerts visitors can sample some of the finest dining and quaffing anywhere.

Heated discussions about the winning boat's controversial winged keel were dominant in Newport's White Horse Tavern three years ago. This year you can be sure a babel of tongues will fill the warm confines of the historic Sail & Anchor Club in Perth debating the secrets of the competitors.

At the Sail & Anchor, you'll find one of the widest selections of the world's great beers, plus the pub's own brand.

Besides the numerous pubs, Fre-

mantle and Perth present a cornucopia of restaurants featuring cuisine from every corner of the world. Check the Dining Out section of Thursday evening's newspaper, then head for James Street in the Northbridge area; Stirling Highway, the main thoroughfare in Subiaco; or the narrow streets of Fremantle, where the cobblestones and old stone buildings have barely changed since 1900.

As with most port cities, the area is famous for fresh seafood caught daily in the warm Indian Ocean. Cicerello's fish market offers an old world ambience, delicacies right out of the sea, and fish and chips.

It is well worth the time to take the ferry to Rottnest Island, 18 kilometers off the mainland, to sample the famous donuts from the Rottnest Bakery.

In fact, Rottnest is worth several days of totally casual R&R. Exploring the island is done by bicycle since few cars are allowed. Wide white beaches line the lagoons of calm, clear water for swimming or diving over the reefs.

After a day of such activities, repair to the Quokka Arms, nickname of the Rottnest Hotel, built in the 1800s as the summer residence of Australia's state governors.

The hotel's beer garden presents an idyllic view of boats and beach. Also, the cute and cuddly little quokka, a furry little pet not unlike the shy koala, appears around sunset for handouts.

For a different kind of getaway, head for the hills above Perth and the quiet, green world of the Darling Range. Artists and craftsmen have instituted a thriving cottage industry here.

If you have the time, continue on over the hills into the magnificent Avon Valley, just an hour or two by car from Perth. Descendants of the farming pioneers still work the lush land, and restorations present a life as it existed over a century ago.

An overnight at the Settler's House in York is an experience not to be missed. Rooms are beautifully restored with period furnishings. It is like living in a museum.

For 1986, tour operators are packaging travel, accommodations, and race-viewing excursions.



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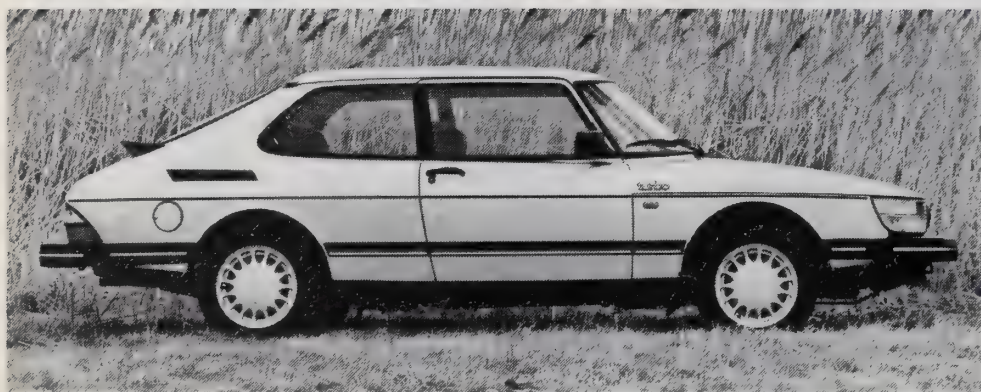
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IRELAND

To the aficionado, golf is more art than sport, and Ireland is one of the world's most abundant canvases.

Those unfamiliar with the game might think that golf in Ireland is little different from in nearby Scotland, where the game was born. After all, the topography and climate are similar. But they'd be wrong. There is a quality, a cadence if you will, to the game as played on the Emerald Isle, probably in keeping with the ebullient, survivalist nature of the Irish themselves. For if courses are windswept and raw in Scotland, then they are even windier and wilder in Ireland. The essentially rural nature of Ireland dictates a more savage, rugged game than that of its neighbor.

The game's pioneers, historical figures like Old Tom Morris, came from Scotland to build these masterpieces. Playing them is akin to stepping back into the pages of golf's origins.

The links courses, wending their way through brutal sand dunes and across stretches of impenetrable scrub, have led to more sessions with grand old Irish whiskey than one cares to remember.

The grand championship courses like Ballybunion on the Atlantic coast, Portmarnock near Dublin, and Royal County Down in Newcastle on the Irish Sea in Northern Ireland are respected throughout the world.

Then there are whimsical layouts, perhaps designed by leprechauns, like charming Lahinch in County Clare on the west (Atlantic) coast. There is a par-3 where the green is completely hidden in a dell and the greens' mowers move a visible white rock daily to indicate the line to the hole that day.

There is haunting Portrush on the wild and moody north coast, and sunny Waterville at the extreme southern tip of County Kerry, where the Atlantic and immense sand dunes frame the course on three sides.

Also, there are lovely, gentle inland courses, similar to the parkland genre familiar to American golfers. A prime example is the Kil-

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THE ART OF TRAVEL

arney Golf and Fishing Club's two courses, strung along a flower-bordered lake with misty green mountains brooding on the opposite shore.

True to their nature, the Irish welcome visiting golfers warmly, and permission to play even at the private clubs is usually granted on the slightest pretext.

Many courses have caddies but most don't, and electric carts are anathema to the Irish. Pull carts, however, are always available and cost about £1 (one Irish pound sterling) per round. Green fees average £7, but can range from £3 to £15 at the most popular courses.



GOLF IN
ASHFORD,
IRELAND

A courtesy of Irish Tourist Board

HOLLAND

Traditionally, we travel to Holland to view tulips and the dikes, windmills and Hans Brinker gliding along on silver blades.

But once we get there, we usually discover that childhood lore doesn't tell the story by half. The hardy north European populace of this exciting nation has a unique culture rich with the antecedents of our own history.

To truly appreciate the significance of this small nation, a tour of its museums is an absolute must. From seafaring, which would produce Henry Hudson and New York, to the masterworks of Van Gogh and Rembrandt, from the political intrigues of the House of Orange to World War II, the museums are a window on the rich fabric of Holland.

In Apeldoorn, the Rijksmuseum

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Het Loo Palace is the restored residence of Queen Wilhelmina containing three centuries of artifacts from the House of Orange.

A residence with a grimmer, and fresher, story to tell is the Anne Frank House in Amsterdam, the family's hiding place during the Nazi occupation.

A gentler past is remembered in Amsterdam's Rijkmuseum Vincent Van Gogh, with some 200 paintings and 500 drawings by the master, along with letters, books, and medals.

The former home of Rembrandt in Amsterdam contains virtually a complete collection of his etchings and some drawings.

For a change of pace try the Witches' Weigh House in Oudewater, where witches were weighed from 1497 to 1700. You can even weigh in yourself and take home a certificate.

Not so humorous, particularly around this time of year is the Tax Museum in Rotterdam, where, you can find out all you've never wanted to know about taxes and collecting them.

Many of the more than 600 museums in this country are included in the government's Museum Year Card, obtained for a small fee and usable for free admission. The card is available at the museums and from tourist offices. Also, the Netherlands Railways has a program of day trips, including transportation and museum admission.

GREAT BRITAIN

The magnificent "Treasure Houses of Britain" exhibition last winter in Washington D.C., the most ambitious project of its kind undertaken by Washington's National Gallery of Art, was only an appetizer. For the main entrée, visitors who fell in love with the exquisite pair of Chinese pug dogs or the precious *Lady Caroline Scott as Winter*, for example, can visit the stately country homes, estates, and castles that donated these masterpieces to the exhibition.

Nearly 700 works of art were selected from some 200 homes

THE ART OF TRAVEL

throughout England, Scotland, and Wales. This summer presents an opportunity to visit these grand homes and view the artworks, only a small sampling of the abundance available, in their original settings.

The pug dogs, for example, are from the Morley Collection at Saltram House, Devon, a Tudor house with salon and dining room by Robert Adam.

BLAIR CASTLE,
TATSIDE, SCOTLAND



A courtesy of British Tourist Authority

Lady Carolina, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was loaned by the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry KT from Bowhill, Selkirkshire, near the southern border of Scotland. Home of the Scotts of Buccleuch for generations, Bowhill contains collections of furniture, pictures, porcelain, relics of Queen Victoria, and proofs of the works of Sir Walter Scott.

Sudeley Castle, Gloucestershire, loaned the lovely John Constable painting *The Lock* to the exhibition. Rebuilt in the nineteenth century, the castle dates from the twelfth century and displays relics of Catherine Parr, sixth wife of King Henry VIII.

The British Tourist Authority (BTA) has published a four-color map and information folder locating each of the homes represented in the "Treasure Houses" exhibit. A clear, simple code locates each house; the nearest town, railway station, and first-class hotel; and admission details. Also described is the Open to View ticket, which for \$23 allows admission to over 500 homes, castles, gardens, and other historic sites throughout Britain. Many of the 200 Treasure Houses honor the ticket, which can be purchased from travel agents or BritRail Travel International.

Many accommodations in the Trusthouse Forte Hotels group are

hemselves minor treasure houses
dating from the fifteenth, sixteenth,
and seventeenth centuries with
open fires, four-poster beds, and
antique furnishings. Included are
such properties as The Angel and
Royal in Grantham, where King
John established his court in 1213.
It is widely considered the oldest
inn in England.

Other inns where visitors can stay
have hosted such notables as
Charles I, Queen Victoria, Queen
Mary, Wordsworth, Dickens, Keats,
Byron, Admiral Lord Nelson and
Lady Hamilton, and Paganini. These
inns are among the ones described
in the "Treasure Houses" pamphlet,
available from BTA offices.

ITALY

You've strolled with the stars
on Rodeo Drive in Beverly
Hills, worn out your plastic
along Avenue Foch in Paris, fol-
lowed bejeweled Gucci-steps on
North Avenue in Palm Beach.
You've learned the art of shopping.

Now go to the source, scratch
your yen to spend along what may
be the most glamorous and historic
shopping street of them all—the Via
Condotti in Rome. This 300 meters
connecting the Piazza di Spagna and
Via del Corso has played an impor-
tant role down through the centu-
ries of this great city. In the days
when Rome ruled the known
world, it was a channel for fresh
water to the citizens of the city;
hence its name, which is translated
as "conduit."

Enter Condotti by way of the
famous Spanish Steps, 138 traver-
se risers encumbered by the brash
rainbow of the flower sellers' stalls.
At the top is the Trinita dei Monti,
one of the city's famous churches,
dating from the sixteenth century.
Across the street is the "casina
rossa" where John Keats died in
1821. It is now a museum devoted
to the memory of Keats and Shelley.

Note the site of Cafe Greco, No.
6 Via Condotti, and remember it
for a respite from the ardors of
shopping. Such artists and intellec-
tuals as Goethe, Berlioz, Mendels-
ohn, Liszt, Anatole France, Wagner,
and Schopenhauer were regulars.

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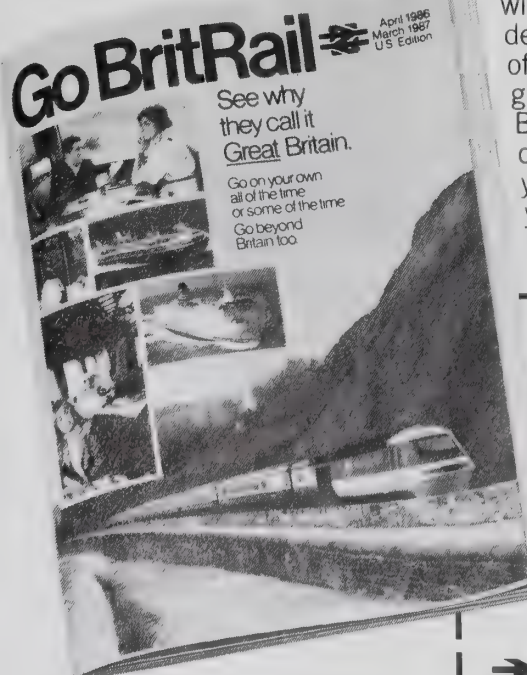
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But it is for shopping that we've come to Via Condotti, and we could begin by following Cary Grant into Battistoni's, No. 61A, where paintings by Modigliani, Guttuso, Mafai, and Cocteau form a classic backdrop for stylish men's wear, particularly elegant shirts and cashmere articles.

More cashmere and tasteful rainwear by Burberrys are featured at Polidori, while the classic look and immaculate tailoring are *de rigueur* at quiet Runci, No. 93, a haven for men.

Tailored suits with a uniquely Italian flair, for both men and women, and fun furs are the staple of DaFilippo's (No. 6) exciting displays.

Down the street, at No. 66, Ferragamo presents the premier selections of that Italian mainstay, shoes, along with a broad spectrum of daywear and accessories.

Beltrami boots and shoes accompany a genuine indoor fountain brought in from Naples at No. 19,

the Torlonia Palace, dating from the seventh century.

Wedgwood, porcelain, and crystal are excellent buys at Richard Ginori. A Murano mirror highlights the exquisite costume jewelry at Schuberth, No. 19B.

Finally, Bulgari, at No. 10, presents spectacular jewels, collectibles, diamonds, cabachon nuts, and lovely mosaic miniatures.

A number of Piazza di Spagna boutiques and designer shops form a perfect complement to those of the Via Condotti.

Classic cashmere sweater sets, soft handbags, and jackets lead the offerings at Etienne Aigner at No. 7, while Italian designer Krizia is featured at No. 77B, the shop owned and operated by the master's sister, Gincarla Rosi.

And finally, for a bag in which to carry home all the goodies, go next door to Righini, which supplies classic luggage and bags in the quiet Florentine style.

Social historians maintain that art is a representation of the time in which it was conceived. Perhaps nowhere is this theory so evident as in the Mudejar art of Spain.

Although the experts cannot agree on whether Mudejar is a distinct art form or merely a repository of diverse techniques, some of the most turbulent and colorful events in the history of Spain can be seen in its manifestations.

Essentially a style of architecture, Mudejar is the exuberant blending of Moorish and Gothic forms. Best discovered in churches, castles, and municipal bell towers, it graphically illustrates the peaceful cooperation and mutual respect of two quite diverse cultures.

After centuries of Muslim occupation, Christian invaders began to reconquer Spain in the eleventh century. Lasting until the sixteenth

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Royal
Pampering.

THE ART OF TRAVEL

MOSQUE IN CORDOBA, ANDALUSIA



A courtesy of National Tourist Office of Spain

The Mudejar style was confined to four distinct areas—Toledo, Andalusia, Castille-Leon, and Aragon—and the Spanish government's Ministry of Tourism has plotted itineraries in each region to observe and study this fascinating style and period.

Toledo is the principal center of the Mudejar style. The lovely synagogue of Santa Maria and the Church of Santiago are two prime examples, along with the cloister of San Juan de los Reyes, where the

intricately carved ceiling best illustrates coffering (complex sunken panels).

Horseshoe arches and a decorative motif of interlocking bows forming a rhomboid pattern are particularly outstanding in Seville, in the western portion of Andalusia, on the sultry southern coast.

The rural nature of the Castille-Leon region produced a more functional, less sumptuous style. Moslems were little more than prisoners of war there, whereas in Toledo they enjoyed equal rights and earned respect. Still, the greatest concentration of Mudejar monuments is in the Valladolid, Avila, and Segovia locales. Prime examples are the magnificent castle at Coca in Segovia and the Church of La Lugareja at Arevalo in Avila.

A prime example of the style is the brick bell tower, and nearly every village in Aragon possesses at least one, often decorated with glazed ceramic tiles.

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CANADA

At once cosmopolitan city and rip-roaring frontier town, seaport, and wilderness gateway, Vancouver, British Columbia, is an appropriate locale for the world to meet this year. Expo 86 brings the nations together for a spectacular exposition celebrating mankind's achievements in transportation, communication, and the arts.

The 173-acre exposition site with pavilions and exhibits representing more than 80 nations, provinces, states, and corporations opens May 1. Closing date is October 13.

For the first time on the North American continent the United States, the U.S.S.R., and the People's Republic of China will be joining other countries to present an array of cultures and technologies with few if any rivals.

The fun will include a talking computer, artifacts from the tomb of Ramses II, a huge hemispherical theater, and a 17-story geodesic dome. There will be fireworks and rides, a cabaret, and laser shows.

EXPO '86 CANADA PAVILION,
VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA



A courtesy of Canadian Consulate General

Expo '86 is a perfect excuse to explore British Columbia, too, starting at Vancouver, just over the Washington State Line. To the west are the Pacific Ocean and Alaska's panhandle; to the east the towering Rockies and Alberta's wheat and oil fields; and to the north the Yukon and Northwest Territories.

There are over two dozen unspoiled wilderness recreation areas and five national parks in British Columbia. The long coastline and profusion of lakes provide magnificent summertime water sports, while the majestic mountain ranges embrace superb skiing resorts for the winter.

Pioneer ranches and missions in secluded valleys, stampedes and rodeos, and a Trappers' Rendezvous celebrate an authentic Western way of life that continues to this day. Native Indian culture is celebrated at numerous museums and recreated villages.

The province is a virtual cornucopia of shopping bargains for such items as woolens, fine china, Eskimo carvings, British Columbia jade, salmon, Cowichan sweaters, Indian bracelets, and miniature totem poles.

UNITED STATES

Jean Rocchi, veteran of the French Foreign Legion, artist in the kitchen, and raconteur, bon vivant, and builder, once owned a bar in Tunis. Peopled by soldiers of fortune, spies, and entrepreneurs of power, it was the real-life embodiment of Humphrey Bogart's Casablanca.

But this is not a tale about Tunis. It is about a comely French country inn and the unlikely place Rocchi chose to build it.

Climbing out of Phoenix, I-17 gradually leaves Arizona's beautiful High Sonoran Desert and heads toward Flagstaff. About two hours north of Phoenix, you turn left on U.S. 89A and enter the awesome Red Rock country. Sandstone ramparts and buttes, spires, and monoliths, carved through uncountable centuries by nature's knife, tower majestically over the valley floor. Sunsets bathe the massive rock faces in hues no palette ever held.

Tucked away in Oak Creek Canyon is the little artists' community of Sedona, in the center of which is a small cluster of log cabins known as L'Auberge de Sedona. But the logs are only a facade mandated by the city to resemble the general look of Sedona. Behind the facade Rocchi has assembled Pierre Deux fabrics from Provence, handcrafted four-poster brass beds with canopies, and antique furnishings. Each of the 14 private cottages features a fireplace for the cool nights at 4,000 feet and patios that echo to the swift rush of the stream below.

So talented a chef is Rocchi that

MOJAVE VALLEY, UTAH



© Brian Vikander 1986, Cartan Tours

guests often fly their private jets to Sedona just for dinner. The menu changes daily and includes such items as tournedos with green peppercorn and brandy cream sauce or French herb pasta for dinner. Breakfasts can include strawberries in brown sugar cream or walnut and strawberry pancakes. The dining room is candlelit, and unobtrusive music sets the mood. The terrace overlooking Oak Creek provides a lovely dining spot on warm days, and picnic tables dot the grounds.

In counterpoint to L'Auberge, Rocchi has refurbished a nearby basic motel into a luxury accommodation styled "Country American." The Orchards Inn and Grill, of contemporary wood and stone, includes secluded balconies and fireplaces in upstairs rooms. Hand-carved headboards and Ralph Lauren plaid coverlets complete the ensemble. The Orchards' kitchen is no less grand than L'Auberge's. French toast with amaretto Chantilly cream and stuffed pasta with grilled shrimp and basil grace the menu.

Such grandiose dining is necessary to stoke up for explorations of this remarkable town. The utter majesty of the countryside, its relative isolation and serenity, have drawn a singular group of artists to Sedona. Jeffrey Lunge, James Reynolds, Joe Beeler, and Frank McCarthy are well known for their Western work. These and many other artists are on display at such fine galleries as The Masters, The Prado, and Ellen Horwich.

There are Indian ruins to explore; jeep tours of the rugged backcountry; a ghost town nearby; the boutiques and shops of Tiaquepaque, a Mexican-style village; golf and tennis.

THE CARIBBEAN ISLANDS

It was not your basic entrance to a first-class resort.

After skirting a quicksand bog, a car mired to its rooftop out in the center, you climbed a barbed wire fence, then noticed that a gun-toting watchman had spotted you. Waving your camera and shouting "Tourist," you walked on. The watchman disappeared.

For years that was the only way to enter La Belle Creole, on the Caribbean island of St. Martin. The eerie silence was punctuated only by oak doors creaking in the prankish breeze, the cries of puzzled birds. The cobblestone plaza, the pastel-hued units with charming staggered roof lines, sat empty and forlorn.

This stillborn resort, the abandoned vision of a star-crossed Frenchman, lay dormant for fifteen years. Its bell tower, climbing above a screen of trees, beckoned only thieves, who stripped the property of its antique furniture, gilded bathroom fixtures, and other equipment. They left only the walls, the cobblestones, the dream.

This spring, thanks to the Hilton hotel chain, La Belle Creole will finally open again, its motif, that of a French Riviera fishing village, the perfect complement to this happy-go-lucky half-French, half-Dutch island.

Unfortunately for the sentimental, its creator, Claude Phillippe, is not alive to see the fulfillment of his dream. For many years he was the most visible member of the staff at the elegant Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in

New York. Phillippe was the first to greet arriving elite, and best at tending to their needs. He made many friends among the powerful and wealthy, saved his salary and lavish tips, and dreamed of someday building a resort in the Caribbean evoking his beloved homeland, France.

He finally built the resort, appointing it with expensive elegance: hand-carved doors, imported furnishings, gilt fixtures. He invited his friends down for the grand opening, and for one spectacular night, La Belle Creole pulsed with life. But the money ran out, mortgage piled upon mortgage, and government red tape tangled the ownership. No guests returned, and the long, quiet night of this gentle, beautiful hotel began.

Now, Hilton's artisans and builders are following Claude Phillippe's original blueprints. The luxury hotel is the first Conrad International Hotel, a subsidiary of Hilton Hotels USA, in the Western Hemisphere.

Surrounded by three beaches, the property consists of 27 one-, two-, and three-story guest villas linked by cobblestoned streets, sidewalks, and courtyards, all surrounding the village square. Most units have terraces or balconies overlooking the lagoon or Marigot Bay.

Color television sets, linked to a satellite dish, bring U.S. programming into each room. The large rooms, averaging 20 by 25 feet, are also equipped with individually controlled air conditioning, ceiling fans, and mini bars.

The gourmet restaurant, which seats 200, specializes in classic continental and creole cuisine. There is also a poolside cafe/bar. The entertainment lounge overlooks the Caribbean, Marigot Bay, and the landscaped freshwater pool.

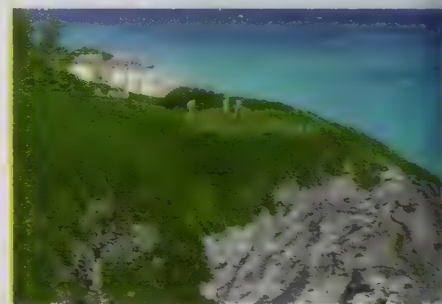
Four tennis courts and a pro shop are available for activists, and the hospitality desk can arrange deep sea fishing expeditions and other water sports. It can also arrange tours of this fascinating island. Both Marigot, the French capital, two miles away, and Philipsburg, the Dutch capital, eight miles away, are duty-free ports with a multitude of excellent shopping bargains.

BERMUDA

Let's establish one basic fact: golf in Bermuda is not for the faint of heart.

Oh, sure, there are the sprightly pastel villas and cottages with white tile roofs, the carefully tended gardens, the scarlet-jacketed bobbies directing traffic, the bustling shops of Front Street in Hamilton, and the glittering cruise liners docked in Hamilton harbor.

MID-OCEAN CLUB, BERMUDA



A courtesy of Bermuda Department of Tourism

But this small collection of islands, known collectively as Bermuda situated 570 miles off the Carolina coast, isolated in the Atlantic and buffeted by storms whipping across the ocean. Why, tourists have been known to play with the wind blasting the flag sticks right down to the ground.

Also, there are no rental cars on the island, and nearly everybody scoots around on mopeds, the accepted mode of transportation. Since it's a bit tricky navigating on two wheels with a golf bag on your back, you are advised to take a cab.

But do not be deterred. Golf in Bermuda is fascinating and different from any other island golf you've ever experienced.

First there's posh, private Mid-Ocean Club, a properly elegant vestige of British colonialism. Highly polished brass and hand-rubbed wood grace the interior of the clubhouse, along with an authentic copy of the original rules of golf, a gift from the Royal Company of Edinburgh Golfers. The clubby atmosphere and overstuffed chairs have witnessed meetings of world leaders like Churchill and Roosevelt.

Founded in 1922, the hilly, tight Mid-Ocean course was designed by master Scottish architect Charles Blair MacDonald. With an introduction, visitors are allowed to play at



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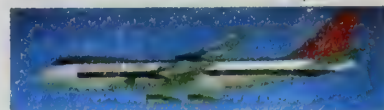
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certain times. The course plays tough, though not as hard as all-time baseball great Babe Ruth once made it when he slugged 11 straight balls into the lake on No. 11.

Across the street is the Castle Harbour Hotel and Golf Club, an imposing structure of gray stone and pink stucco overlooking St. George's and the harbor below. Sharing the same terrain, the course plays somewhat like Mid-Ocean, though more forgiving with respect to its resort guests.

At the other end of Bermuda is the delightful Port Royal, a public course designed by Robert Trent Jones in 1970. The clubhouse is modern with a classy dining room and cocktail lounge befitting a private club. Less hilly than its counterparts, the typically large Jones greens and long fairways make Port Royal play much more like an American course than the pinched, British-style Castle Harbour and Mid-Ocean.

Perhaps no area of travel has been more creative in packaging the joy and art of seeing the world than the cruise industry. The great ocean liners are truly resorts-at-sea. There are overnight shore excursions and attractively priced air fares to or from your port of arrival or departure.

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KONMEI
TRIBESMAN,
PAPUA,
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road trip across Australia and a package combining a trip on the Concorde, London exploration, and travel on the Orient Express.

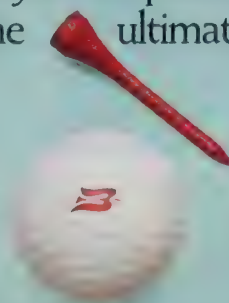
The line's three great ships—*Royal Viking Star*, *Royal Viking Sky*, and *Royal Viking Sea*—make port in 24 different areas of the world. Sailing under Norwegian registry, each of the ships accommodates some 710 passengers in a space usually filled with up to 1,000. This means more

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oom in cabins and public areas and single-seating meals for relaxed dining.

There are theme cruises spotlighting such attractions as Halley's comet; British royalty; the America's Cup races; classical music and big band orchestras; theater; European cuisine; and golf, in which more time is scheduled to allow passengers to play on some of the world's finest courses.

KENYA/SEYCHELLES

One of the enduring wonders of life on this planet is the broad spectrum of wild creatures that share it with us.

The opportunity to enter the habitats of these animals, to observe them living with minimal interruption from man, the chance to photograph, paint, and write about them, is a lifetime treasure.

Fortunately, the governments of

many countries in Africa have set aside vast land areas and preserved them as homelands-in-perpetuity for the animals. Fortunately too there are no more killing safaris, only safaris for photographing and viewing.

Nothing can quite compare with bouncing through Kenya's Samburu Game Reserve in a Land Rover, van, or minibus, then coming upon a lioness and her cubs rolling in the sand. Suddenly, across the open veld, the lordly male appears in a line of brush, then saunters calmly toward his family, silently padding within 20 feet of your vehicle.

Ground operators organize such game-viewing safaris, always ensuring that the vehicles are uncrowded so that every tourist gets unobstructed opportunities to view and take pictures.

The first-time visitor should consider a survey safari, sampling as many of the parks as time permits. Kenya, for example, has some 14

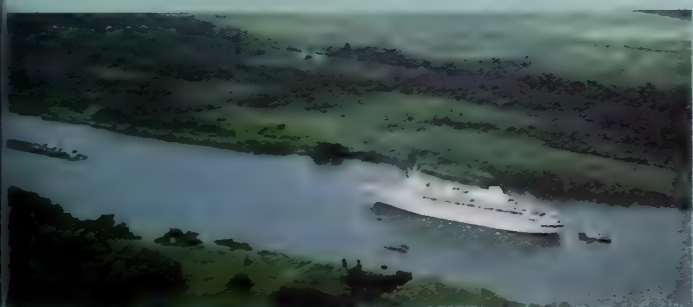
game parks, each with its own distinct character and animal species.

The next trip (and everyone must return), you can opt for one specific park and spend a week or more exploring. You can often follow the same animal's day-to-day movement.

Accommodations range from world-class hotels in Nairobi to the parks themselves. Some parks have luxurious lodges with broad, open-air verandas for dining, socializing, and game-viewing; others include self-service lodges; there are tenting camps where canvas is pitched inside permanent thatched shelters with concrete floors and shower-equipped bathrooms; and some have only basic campsites.

An interesting and little-known diversion is to wash off safari dust in the warm Indian Ocean waves surrounding the Seychelles, a group of islands some thousand miles off Kenya's east coast. Some tour operators can arrange a game safari tour

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and, for a small add-on fare, include a flight to the Seychelles.

Once known as the "Love Islands," these tropical dots of paradise provide a truly get-away-from-it-all haven. It's like visiting Hawaii 50 years ago. High rises are virtually non-existent, the white sand beaches are so deserted that you rarely encounter another sunbather, yet the resorts are modern and luxurious.

Mahe is the principal island, and the capital city, Victoria, comes fully endowed with art galleries, boutiques, charming restaurants, and an open-air market.

The visitor is well advised to rent a spunky little Mini Moke for the coastline grand tour, which takes a day. It's only 60 miles around the island, and you can't get lost because it's the only main road.

MT. KILIMANJARO,
AMBOSELI, KENYA



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There are simply too many stopping places—scenic grandeur, Mahe's mountainous spine, exotic restaurants, and glamorous resort hotels. Locals tell you there are 68 beaches, but it seems like there are at least twice that many because around every corner there's a little cove or strip of sand surely lovelier than the last.

Off-island day trips and overnights are well worth the effort. There is Praslin, second largest of the Seychelles, home of the incredible Coco do Mer palm. Many of the 4,000 trees are up to 800 years old and 150 feet in height. Husks of the strange double-hulled nut, weighing up to 60 pounds, that floated up on distant shores provided the world's first clue to the existence of the Seychelles.

There is also Bird Island, a coral speck you can circumnavigate by

foot in 90 minutes. It is named for the approximately two million birds, including the once endangered Sooty Tern, that nest on the island's northern tip.

HONG KONG

While there has been no final, official determination, it is common knowledge that Great Britain's lease on Hong Kong runs out in 1997 and that the People's Republic of China would very much like to take over. But you'd never know there's a cloud on the horizon of this Crown Colony. The only shadows being cast across this bustling beehive of world commerce come from more and more skyscrapers reaching to the heavens. Many are hotels, avant-garde facilities catering to both business and recreational travelers.

There is a current inventory of some 18,000 rooms crowding Hong Kong's teeming city, ranging from the truly opulent to the simply luxurious to efficient and thoroughly comfortable hostels and guest-houses.

Traditionally, Hong Kong has been unabashedly entrepreneurial and it continues to draw the merchants, traders, and financiers of the world. To meet the anticipated growth in demand, no less than 11 new hotel projects are in varying stages of development. More than 5,000 rooms will come on line in the next several months.

Catering to the business visitor, the Kowloon Hotel will soon open with 743 luxury rooms on 18 floors, all fully equipped with extensive business facilities such as mini personal computer links and up-to-date world stock and commodities data.

April is the scheduled opening date for the spectacular Shun Tak Centre-Hong Kong Macau Ferry Terminal, replacing the existing Macau Ferry Pier. Included will be twin 42-story towers, with a 530-room hotel and a 318-room apartment residential complex in the east wing and offices in the west wing.

By mid-year the Riverside Plaza at Shatin, in the New Territories, will open with 830 rooms on 15 floors. Also in mid-1986, the Exhibition

Centre will double in size and move to the Marine Deck. It will be able to accommodate up to 1,000 exhibits and will be able to load and unload containers directly from ocean liners.

Wide-ranging renovations are also under way throughout the hotel community. The Sheraton Hong Kong has recently completed a massive \$17 million upgrading of the entire property.

The Hilton Hotel has just finished an \$8 million, two-year program that has involved remodeling every room and adding marble baths, executive writing desks, and custom-built console television sets. Remodeling has also been going on at the Peninsula Group, with two properties; the Hyatt Regency Hong Kong; the Holiday Inn Golden Mile; the Hotel Furama Inter-Continental; the Excelsior; the Regent of Hong Kong; and Westin, which is offering an entire nonsmoking floor at the Shangri-La.

Support facilities are also increasing at a manic pace. The futuristic subway, Mass Transit Railway, will be completed this year with the addition of two new lines. Virtually the entire metropolitan area is now connected underground, with tubes even running under the harbor.

A number of new attractions and cultural facilities are nearing completion, including an oddity: in a land of such ancient and mystical history, a new statue of Buddha, lighted and visible for miles at night, is being constructed at Po Lin Monastery on the quiet island of Lantau.

The islands, included in the colony, and the New Territories all give tourists a decidedly different picture of Hong Kong. Outside the bustling city, life goes on much as it has for centuries. Terraced farms, ancient temples and monasteries, duck farms and oxen working the fields can be seen and visited via the Kowloon-Canton Railway, which runs to the Chinese border.

There's also the lovely Sung dynasty village, an accurate re-creation of a village circa 960-1279 A.D. Craftsmen use traditional tools and techniques, and villagers in period dress participate in ancient Chinese ceremonies.

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But while the times changed, hotels that were once thought of as grand didn't. Though they retained much of their opulence and splendor, they lost something even more important: a sense of the changing needs and demands of their guests.

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claimed not only for their haute cuisine, but for their unique Alternative Cuisine menus—designed for those who love fine food, but abhor calories.

All of which makes each Four Seasons extraordinary, not because it tries to imitate the original grand hotels, but because it's identical in the single most important respect of all:

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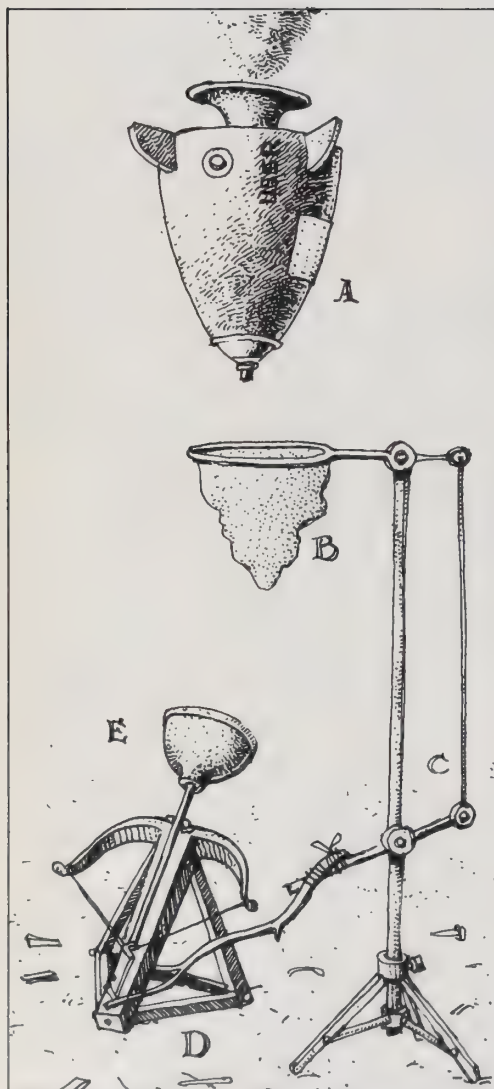
By Fred Reed

It is most curious: the nation plunges ahead with the electronic engineering of Star Wars, lasers flashing, contracts flowing like mountain torrents—yet so far the principal effects appear to have been agricultural. Although the blue skies of spring hover over the land and mornings grow warmer, in cool high places the nuts seem to be already ripening—particularly in the White House, but also in some think tanks. Autumn has come unseasonal to the District of Columbia. Branches flame with the gorgeous hues of lunacy, the executive branch especially, but the legislature begins to show a telltale glow. At Washington arms shows the posters say Defense at the Speed of Light, a phrase redolent of the smithies of Madison Avenue, and lovely blue beams streak across the blackness of space to destroy the uncertainties of life, which is what Star Wars is really about, and . . .

Sorry. I'm trying to be objective, by which a writer means pretending to take seriously that which no one in his right mind can, but I've been too long in this Byzantine morass on the Potomac. In case you have better sense than to read newspapers, Star Wars—or (barely) more legitimately, the Strategic Defense Initiative—is President Reagan's plan to protect the United States from Soviet missiles. The idea, to the extent it has sufficient definition to be called an idea, is to put powerful lasers in space, or maybe on the ground, or maybe on rockets, in orbit with big mirrors. When the Russians launch their assault, the lasers will bounce their beams from mirror to mirror to missiles, destroying them. Anyway, the idea is to get the missiles in boost phase, while they are rising from the atmosphere, or in post-boost, as they sail through space. To do this we will need a vast array of radars, infrared sensors, and technologies that do not exist. All of this will be controlled by large computers, like the ones used by the telephone company to generate wrong numbers.

Fred Reed writes frequently on military matters.

An immediate
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President Reagan
certainly isn't, being,
to put it charitably,
radically incoherent



People with different needs for funding offer different approaches to destroying missiles. Star Wars may use particle beams instead of lasers, or atomic bombs in orbit to power X-ray lasers, or little rockets to home in on Soviet rockets. The whole program being formless, Star Wars is pretty much what you want it to be. Those selling the idea stress that it is a Purely Defensive System, which it isn't, and that it will end the danger of nuclear war, which it won't.

Nor will it rid the world of nuclear weapons. Those who confidently assure us that Star Wars will work have not suggested stopping long-lead procurement on new missile-bearing submarines; eliminating the MX, the B-1, and the Strategic Air Command; or pulling the Minutemen out of their holes. Star Wars will be an addition to, not a substitute for, current weapons. And everybody knows it.

So far, only \$26 billion in research money has been allocated to Star Wars, but it is expected to get hungry soon: very hungry, as in hundreds of billions at least. Estimates of price, all politically inspired, vary from virtually nothing to a thousand billion; the number of satellites, from dozens to thousands; the effectiveness, from 20 percent to near perfection. In all my years in Washington I have never seen such a naked grab at the public budget. Star Wars is loony, unworkable, criticized by everyone but its advocates—and a perfectly incredible source of contracts.

An observation from the ashen soul of one who professionally watches defense: Star Wars isn't defense. It is a lemmingesque stampede of dazed ideologies, yes, and a brilliant new bucket brigade to the Treasury, having for defense the import of orgone boxes or a swine flu crusade, which it otherwise closely resembles. Defense, no.

An immediate objection to Star Wars is that no one is in charge. President Reagan certainly isn't, being, to put it charitably, radically incoherent and apparently confused about the whole subject. He is also unconversant with technology, any technology. The President just doesn't know what he is doing.

If this seems excessive, listen to what the man has actually said. First, he announced that he wanted to give Star Wars to the Russians. Then he decided he would *sell* it to them: "They're going to have to pay for it, but at cost." Then he asserted that he would not deploy Star Wars until *after* both sides had gotten rid of nuclear weapons. He made this fascinating point three times in an interview with Soviet journalists, saying, for example; "We won't put this weapon, or this system, in place, this defensive system, until we do away with our nuclear missiles, our offensive missiles." (Note that he characterizes our missiles as offensive.) That is, he won't deploy Star Wars until there is no longer any need for it. This is lunatic, as many embarrassed conservatives well know.

If President Reagan is not running this circus, neither is Congress. It can't: Congress doesn't know enough. Star Wars is a formidably complex amalgam of computers, optronics, high-energy lasers, astronautics, and worse, which means that virtually no one in Washington has a gerbil's understanding of it. Remember that Congress operates on the principle that a minor lawyer from Peoria, upon election, is fit to manage a phenomenally technical military whose major bases he cannot name.

The congressional staffs, our unelected shadow government, are little better. And the press is, in technical matters, the most wantonly ignorant group extant short of mollusks—perhaps short of mollusks. Star Wars is magic to all of these people, sorcery; a sprawling, id-encrusted Rorschach blot. They all assume that somebody else, somewhere, must understand this stuff.

Never underestimate the importance of sheer ignorance in Washington. We in this city hide it, lest the nation realize the awful truth. Observe that reporters do not ask whether officials have IQs in three digits or an eighth grade education. Participants in televised debates do not risk challenging

the fundamental competence of their opponents because we all understand that the tables might be turned. ("Yes, Senator Kennedy, we know your policy on Afghanistan, but where precisely is Afghanistan?") This courtesy serves a purpose in keeping most of the population from emigrating. In the present case, it hides the fact that Star Wars is being bought and sold by people who do not know how a television works. The debate is furious, but no one knows what it is about.

The crusade for Star Wars is blankly ignorant; it attains a certain symmetry by being irrational. Here, a warning. To understand Star Wars you have to forget the paradigm, taught in high school civics classes, that Washington works with something resembling competence toward ends approximately rational and more or less forthrightly stated. Sure, we all know that lobbies and human fallibility and bureaucracy deflect somewhat the serene flow of perfect governmental reason, but we assume that the paradigm is almost right. Things almost make sense. On ideologically neutral matters, they do, which is why the country doesn't fall apart.

With pricey, emotionally laden policy that touches the deeper political nerves—welfare, racial policy, defense—reason recedes. Nameless angers rise from the swamps of the unconscious, and the reasons given for decisions are seldom the real reasons, although those who give them may think they believe them.

So with Star Wars. The debate is perfervid, a furiously ideological battle between liberals and conservatives, with defense and the Russians being little more than innocent bystanders. To understand this we must sally forth for a moment into the diseased psychology of Washington. The reader may ask what this digression has to do with Star Wars. Wait. It has everything to do with Star Wars. It is Star Wars.

Dear to liberalism, pleasantest of hobbies, is the belief that the political right is obsessed by defense, and that the Pentagon is warlike; associated with this notion is the belief that these twin perils are held in bare, teetering check by the unsleeping vigils of (who would have thought it) liberals. In fact, the political right is warlike but not interested in defense, and the Pentagon is neither warlike nor interested in defense—no more so, anyway, than is the Department of Transportation. The political right is warlike, yes, and it somewhat romantically imagines itself to be interested in the military. I have been writing about defense for a decade, but have yet to see evidence of conservative concern beyond the ceremonial. The right enjoys rattling the saber, but evinces little disposition to wonder whether it has a saber, or how to use it, or to ask exactly what it is for.

Threatening war is more fun than preparing for it, and ideology, taken seriously, reduces to a sort of introverted, unhappy fun. Genuine military problems, such as tactics, war reserve stocks, and the other details that are going to lose us the next war, do not much come up in conversation with conservatives or much appear in their literature. My distinct impression is that the right enjoys thinking that the Russians are dangerous but doesn't really believe they are. Which is why, while the left seeks to reduce the defense budget and thus strangle the military, the right supports the military inattentively and thus corrupts it.

Ah, but Star Wars... here is a better and giddier thing. The right, like the left, has always been interested in symbols,¹ preferably of the most vast and majestic sort: the MX, the B-1, and the opulence of the defense budget, for the right; and, for the left, affirmative action, civil rights, and the grandeur of the social budget. Whether these things really have

My distinct impression is that the right enjoys thinking that the Russians are dangerous but doesn't really believe they are

1. Bernard J. O'Keefe, chairman of the executive committee of EG&G, a technology firm involved in defense work, writing in *High Technology*, February 1986: "The idea took on a life of its own, with almost spiritual overtones. It became an act of faith to believe in Star Wars..."

*If the Pentagon were
seriously interested in
defense, it would
insist on jail
sentences for
contractors who
supply defective
equipment*

much to do with their purported purposes (none of them does) is secondary to the splendid fun of having a symbol. Star Wars is one hell of a symbol. It is the ERA of the right.

And so symbols have become more important than results, which are mere impediments to enthusiasm as usual; that is why ideologues don't notice that their programs don't work. Liberal social programs, for example, have spawned impressive numbers of illegitimate children among blacks, children whose SAT scores are, on average, 100 points below those of whites in both math and verbal, and blacks seem to constitute a permanent subclass in liberal custody. Yet the left responds to such observations by screeching horribly and calling names.

One begins to suspect that the crusades of ideologues, like collegiate rallies against the depredations of international finance imperialism, are chiefly means of keeping themselves busy. And of course the ideological enemy daily at hand comes to loom larger than the remote Russians, so that conservatives believe that, by defeating liberals, they have defeated the Soviet Union; in a war, the most remarkable surprises will flow from this belief.

Since almost no one remotely grasps the technology or knows what Star Wars is supposed to do, agitation for and against has taken the form of competitive trotting out of ever-grander authorities with bushier eyebrows, much like little boys in the woods bravely asserting "Mine is bigger than yours." The pro side wields Edward Teller, progenitor of the hydrogen bomb, and Robert Jastrow, the Carl Sagan of the right. Those opposed exhibit Hans Bethe and Richard Garwin, who also worked on the Bomb. The disciples of none of them understand them at all, which matters to no one.

The non-military motivation accounts for a logical inconsistency not found in the arguments for genuine weapons. Consider, for example, the apologetics of Jastrow, astronomer and leading proponent of Star Wars. Asked what good a defense that is only 90 percent effective might be, Jastrow said, "If a Soviet general knows that only one warhead in ten will get through to its target, he knows he cannot hope to knock out our retaliatory power in a surprise strike. If he gives the word to attack, his own homeland will be in ruins. They will never order an attack under those circumstances."

Note carefully the argument: first, Star Wars is to protect our missiles, not our cities, which is not what President Reagan has said; and, second, if some of our missiles are safe from destruction, we are safe. This is precisely the doctrine of Mutual Assured Destruction in effect today. That's what missile submarines are for. Then why, prithee, Star Wars? For the same

reason people rob banks—that's where the money is. And because submarines are damp, clammy things, and not very symbolic.

One might imprudently imagine that the Pentagon, peddling Star Wars like a starving salesman of encyclopedias,² is concerned with defense. It isn't, particularly. This should hardly be surprising. The professions in general exist for the benefit of those practicing them, not to accomplish their ostensible purposes, which is why professionals are seldom very good at their jobs.

So with soldiers. If the Pentagon were seriously interested in defense, it would spend its budget fastidiously, insist on jail sentences for contractors

2. Actually, there is a great deal of dissatisfaction within the Pentagon over Star Wars: there are those who think it silly and those who want to use the money for other things. The SDI organization is enthusiastic and everyone else goes along. They have to. By regulation, members of the armed services must submit public comments on policy to a censor for prior approval, and everyone understands that calling the President's program lunatic is not the optimum in career-management for a major.

who supply defective equipment, and test weapons carefully. The Pentagon does none of these things, because military men do not believe, any more than you or I, that a large conventional war is likely. If they did foresee war, they might perhaps point out that \$226 billion, one of the lower of the always imaginative estimates of the price of Star Wars, would buy 100,000 tanks, or a couple of hundred submarines, or 10,000 fighter planes. In fact, having no reason not to, the Pentagon has become a bureaucracy like any other, chiefly concerned with turf, promotions, the budget, and protecting the retirement system. Big weapons, like social programs, are turf, lots of it. Star Wars promises to be a veritable golf course.

The position of scientists in this bunko game is equivocal. Many hold scientists to be selfless men in disinterested pursuit of truth and communion with the universe. But physicists too need Porsches. The scientifically crucial fact about Star Wars is that enormous sums of money are becoming available to pay for research that otherwise will not get paid for.

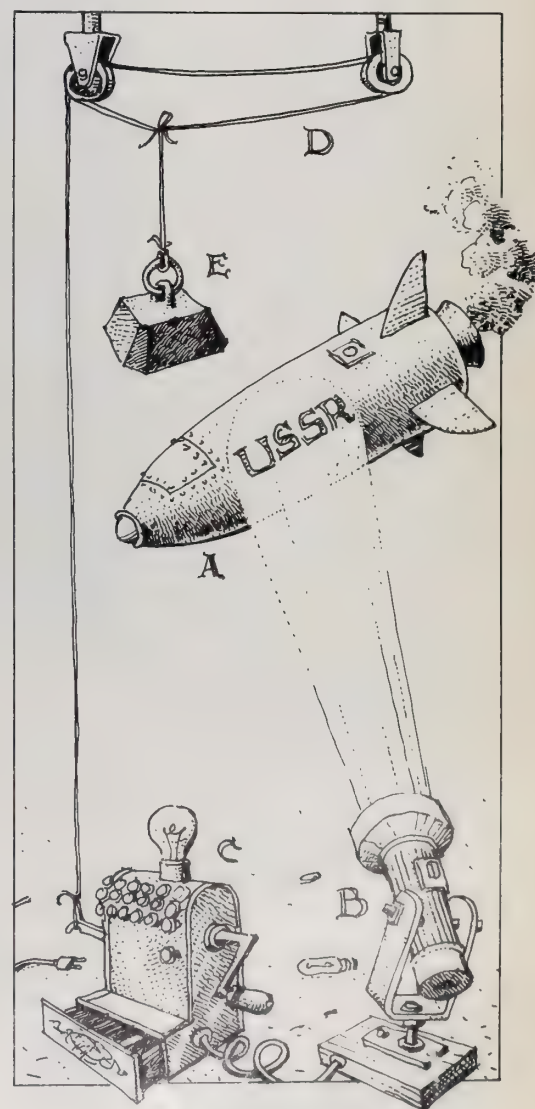
A physicist, a friend of mine, explained the allure concretely: "Suppose you're sitting out at [Lawrence] Livermore [National Laboratory] with an idea for a really neat high-power laser. But high-power lasers aren't good for anything beyond a point, especially if you have to pump them with a bomb [an X-ray laser is powered by exploding an atomic bomb]. Ergo, no funding. Are you going to favor SDI? Hell, yes. That's why it looks like an aggregation of every orphan technology at the Pentagon, stuff that's been around for years that nobody would buy." Rail guns, for example, that shoot metal blocks at high speed.

Many technical folk who are not selfish also favor Star Wars. An engineer, a man I've known for many years, said: "No, it won't work, but we need the money for research; and no, it isn't an efficient way to fund research, but it is the only way we've got." Another phrased it, "Think, Fred. We're going to be living off this thing for twenty years." By "we" each meant society, the United States, the physical sciences, the American economy in competition with Japan. Lieutenant General Daniel Graham, daddy of the whole glorious taco, promises that Star Wars will revitalize the American economy.

Since Star Wars bears up poorly under rational explanation, the approach is to take it to the people, who fortunately are not rational. No one puts it just this way in print. In private, some scientists talk of "the public" in subdued democratic sonorities, while others speak frankly of Galvanizing the Rabbit People, but all understand that one needs a phrase attaching the money required to the primitive emotions: The Race to the Moon, The War on Cancer, Defense at the Speed of Light, or even, God help us, Weapons of Life. (That is what some at Livermore are calling Star Wars.) In short, the key to massive scientific advancement is a good bumper sticker.

Now, how feasible is Star Wars technically? Here we encounter the greatest strength of Star Wars: that it is not analyzable in less than a complicated book, which means that for purposes of making policy, it is not analyzable at all—few would read the book.³ Star Wars isn't a program to do anything in particular, but a gigantic, open-ended program of research. Since nothing has been decided, for every notion successfully attacked

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3. Harold Brown, former secretary of defense, former secretary of the Air Force, physicist, and probably not a commie plant, estimates the prospects in a recent issue of Foreign Affairs: "In sum, given the state of present and foreseeable technologies, a boost-phase or post-boost-phase intercept tier [the heart of Star Wars] is not a realistic prospect in the face of likely offensive countermeasures and the vulnerability of those tiers to defense suppression [i.e., countermeasures]. It will also exhibit unfavorable relative marginal costs as a contributor to defense of population at any reasonably high level of protection. These judgments apply to any system beginning deployment at least for the next 20 years, and probably considerably beyond then." Oh, well.

An old rule of
procurement: if a
weapon can't do its
job, find out what it
can do and make that
its job

there are a dozen alternative and equally speculative ideas. Further, following the arguments requires tenth-grade algebra, freshman physics, a *Scientific American* familiarity with the sciences, and a bit of experience in programming; in this peculiar country an educated reader cannot be assumed to possess any of these qualifications. The comprehensive vagueness of Star Wars is, insanely, allowing a technical question—Will it work?—to be answered by an ideological show of hands.

Technical folk say that for various reasons—for example, the awkwardness of firing a thousand missiles at Star Wars—it will be impossible to test the system adequately. The Russians might become restive as their scopes fill with unidentified objects, and they might do something rash, such as fill our scopes. Here the scientists err by thinking practically. There is little danger that Star Wars will be seriously tested, for it will be so important economically that it will be impossible to let it fail. As a rule, to which there are exceptions, the more expensive a weapon, the greater its value as welfare for the middle class in proportion to its military utility, which often is minimal. In the natural order of things, the sequence goes like this:

The key to a strong national defense being to get enough people on payrolls before Congress starts to think, the Pentagon and its contractors will make sure that Star Wars spends money in as many states as possible, creating lots of jobs and, therefore, a grass-roots constituency for continuing the project; this process is the equivalent of a national attention span. Star Wars is big bucks, even at the wild underestimates made by the tooth fairies of defense. Once the jobs are in place, Star Wars will be an economic flywheel, a means of featherbedding on the model of the federal bureaucracy. The pressure to keep the payrolls going will be immense, and so, consequently, will be the pressure to show that Star Wars works, is about to work, virtually works, or serves its purpose without working.

If experience is a guide, things will go wrong in preproduction testing. Technologies won't work, power levels won't be reached, and software will be in that condition usually associated with Hogan's goat. Still, part of it will work—sort of, some of the time, perhaps even without creative interpretation. (For example, we recently succeeded in tracking the space shuttle with a laser on the ground, a feat touted as showing that a missile can be tracked with precision; it also shows, does it not, that a Soviet laser on the ground could track our laser satellites and blind their sensors.)

The military will reason, in large part sincerely, that glitches always occur in big engineering projects, which is true, but that once they get this thing in production they will be able to fix it. They will think: we need this system; we can't let those fanged sheep in the press kill it now.

The tests in orbit will be extremely classified and, at best, variously interpretable. That is, the software will be given electronically simulated targets by people whose baby it is and a guess at the likely countermeasures. The guesses will be determined more by what the system can handle than by what the Russians are likely to do. *This happens constantly*. If the system proves not up to snuff, and word leaks, then its mission will be quietly changed to reflect its decreased capacity.

This is an old rule of procurement: if a weapon can't do its job, find out what it can do and make that its job, whereupon the weapon performs without flaw. Because there is no clear notion of precisely what Star Wars is supposed to do, the, er, readjustment of its mission will be easy.

For various reasons the Pentagon is not very good at developing complex weapons. The fault lies not in the nature of military men but in the circumstances in which they work. The test of the marketplace does not exist. If a civilian company makes a poor product, no one buys the thing, whereupon the engineers fix it so as to remain employed. If a weapon performs poorly, nothing happens until the war, which no one expects anyway. "Poor" performance is often remarkably difficult to define. Star Wars

SHE'S GOT HER MOTHER'S EYES, HER FATHER'S NOSE AND HER UNCLE'S DEFICIT.

It's quite a legacy her uncle has handed her. Her favorite uncle, at that. Annual federal deficits approaching \$200 billion. A current national debt of \$1.6 trillion. Potentially, \$13 trillion by the year 2000.

When the numbers get this big, they tend to get meaningless. Until you look at it this way. If federal deficits continue at their current rate, it's as if every baby born in 1985 will have a \$50,000 debt strapped to its back.

The great debate over deficits, of course, no longer centers on whether or not they should be reduced, but how.

One side favors raising taxes. But whose? 50% of all personal taxable income already comes from tax brackets of \$35,000 and below. Does anyone seriously suggest increasing the tax burden of lower and middle income families?

Well then, the argument follows, tax the rich. But, if the federal government took every penny of every dollar over the \$50,000 tax bracket that isn't already taxed—not



a surcharge, mind you, but took it all—it would only collect enough to run the country for a week. Besides, there's no guarantee that Congress would spend less money if we all gave them more.

The alternative seems clear. Cut spending. But, again, the question is how.

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Our children and grandchildren don't deserve to pay for our mistakes. We should be passing on to them a healthy economy and a high standard of living. That should be their inheritance. That should be their birthright.

GRACE

One step ahead
of a changing world.

No one likes
uncertainty.
Consequently, there
is a powerful desire to
envision war as
predictable, precise,
and bloodless

will be particularly prone to this sort of thing because it will be secret and, unlike a fighter plane, won't be flown daily by hundreds of pilots who would notice if the wings fell off. (IBM would do no better under these circumstances.)⁴

There are other reasons why the military is unlikely to do well with Star Wars. Watch the Pentagon for six months and you will discover the Fallacy of Digital Reality. This is a species of Magic Bulletism, the belief, beloved of the public and of weaponeers, that infallible weapons can be found. The public wants infallible weapons because it doesn't want weapons at all, and would rather have a few perfect ones and be done with it. Weaponeers want them because, techno-freaks all, they believe that such nice technology should, like the condors, be saved. No one likes uncertainty—the essence of war—or wants to contemplate spurting arteries and the funny things that spill from opened abdomens—the reality of war. Consequently there is a powerful, almost universal desire to envision war as predictable, precise, and bloodless. Digital Realism is the chief intellectual tool for doing this.

It consists in believing that the world is like the inside of a computer. In programming a computer, all things are clean and certain. Each instruction does one thing, precisely described in the manual, with only one possible result, which can easily be ascertained. As long as a program is quite small, it will run to a foreseeable end with no surprises, click, click, click. This is a world of godlike certainty. There is no slop in the gears, no mush in the transmission. Everything works.

The weaponeers who design hardware think, or act as if they thought, that real equipment really works this way in real wars. The effects are as follows. The Digital Realist, designing an antiaircraft missile, knows that the range of a radar is seventy-five miles (not the simple statement it seems), and knows by straightforward calculation that a missile's time of flight to distance y should be x seconds, and that the probability of its destroying its target, as determined by its turning capacity, warhead, fusing, and fragmentation pattern, should be thus-and-so. The missile doesn't exist yet, of course, but the Digital Realist knows what its characteristics will be by making calculations, based on assumptions, themselves based on other assumptions. In this way he gets a probability of kill— P -sub- k , as we say—of, usually, 90 percent, which seems to be the minimum necessary to sell a whiz-wowee to Congress. From this it follows ineluctably that m missiles will be needed to shoot down n planes.

Then, come the war, the damned things miss right and left. Why? Well, it turns out that the assumptions, while defensible, were optimistic and that the result was the product of twenty-five multiplicative optimisms. Some of the tests were a trifle fudged: a contractor does not want to give up a lucrative project in midcourse. Then it is discovered that a bearing tends to freeze up in flight, but no one noticed because the missile was too pricey to test carefully, and the problem showed up only after six months in storage; besides, no one really cared because no one expected a war. And the sensors are somewhat less sensitive than expected, Soviet countermeasures somewhat more effective than expected, and . . . the P -sub- k is 1 percent.

I see this lugubrious rain dance all the time. It is the norm in weaponeering. Indeed, it is inevitable when you base predictions on the belief that i

4. David Parnas, software engineer, former member of a congressional panel on computing and support of battle management: "Throughout many years of association with DoD have been astounded at the amount of money that has been wasted on ineffective research projects. In my first contact with the U.S. Navy, I watched millions of dollars spent on wild computer design that had absolutely no technical merit. . . . In computer software, the DoD contracting and funding scheme is remarkably ineffective because the bureaucrats who run it do not understand what they are buying."

nothing can go wrong, it won't. Missile after missile, weapon after weapon, is predicted to be far better than it turns out to be. Viper, Copperhead, unless F-4s, the AIM-7, Dragon, all the gang. Remember Divad the harmless, canceled as ineffective? It too was confidently expected to shoot down everything in sight. The calculations said so, the brochures said so, the flacks said so, the Pentagon said so. Only the targets were intransigent.

Failure to perform as expected is not necessarily evidence of misdesign. The truth is that it is very difficult to do complicated things against the wishes of a clever and resourceful enemy. Even excellent weapons do not work 100 percent of the time, or anywhere near it; the notion that they do is mostly a means of selling an idea to Congress. Consider that for years we and the Russians have sought ways to shoot down airplanes, a much easier task than what Star Wars will attempt. Aircraft are slow, flying typically at less than 600 miles per hour, only somewhat maneuverable, and easy to see with radar, infrared sensors, and what troops call the Mark I Eyeball. Yet in Vietnam, Soviet SAMs, firing with ample warning at planes flying to known destinations, had a kill rate of less than one percent. Even multi-layered systems of anti-aircraft weapons do not approach perfect success. Our own air-to-air missiles in Vietnam were well below 20 percent effective. Divad couldn't hit helicopters at four miles.

We are going to shoot down thousands of bombs in a few minutes? Against the best countermeasures the Russians, no fools, can devise? And stake our national survival on it?

To understand how much Star Wars will cost, you have to understand what is known in the Pentagon as "buying in." This means giving Congress an unrealistically low estimate of the cost of a weapon. (The buying in is so common as almost to amount to a formal accounting category.) The common figure of \$200 billion as the cost of Star Wars is an example.⁵ Later, when so much money and prestige have been invested, and so many jobs created, that Congress can't back out, it is discovered that the weapon will in fact cost, heh, rather more. Members of Congress may know this is being done, but go along to get jobs in their districts. To put it mildly, members of Congress generally know and care little about weapons, regarding war as an impossibility and the defense budget as pork. The price we hear will not be the price we pay.⁶

And as Star Wars rolls down the tracks, how will the Russians regard all of this? Nervously. This is a point worth bearing in mind, because, while the Russians are tiresome thugs, they are well-armed tiresome thugs. Two points in particular will have engaged their attention, one technical and the other diplomatic.

The technical point is that Star Wars has a cheering potential to put hair triggers on everyone's bombs. For example, we may yet settle on X-ray lasers for the celestial arcade. The most conspicuous feature of an X-ray laser is that an atomic bomb must be exploded in the middle of it to power it (making it a definitely one-shot proposition; no after-market at all). One

5. Greg Fossedal and Lewis Lehrman (National Review, January 31): "The authors of this article believe the cost could be brought down to \$25 billion or even \$15 billion if the project were given a Manhattan Project priority and taken outside the military-congressional complex. Spread out over a construction time of seven years, the annual cost would run between \$2 billion and \$15 billion. . . ." And next year it will be free.

6. James Van Allen, discoverer of the radiation belts, writing of the development of the space shuttle in the January 1986 Scientific American: "In brief, our opponents [i.e., supporters of the shuttle program] argued that . . . by the early 1980s there would be 50 shuttle flights a year. Each flight would deliver 50,000 pounds into low earth orbit at a cost of \$100 per pound. . . . In 1985 only 10 shuttle flights were carried out at a true launching cost of at least \$5,000 per pound, or about \$2,000 per pound in 1971 dollars, a figure 20 times greater than the original estimate." I note that if one shuttle in twenty-five blows up, at a price of roughly \$2.5 billion per shuttle, and if it carried an average of 50,000 pounds per flight, that's another \$2,000 per pound in this-year dollars.

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idea is to put these things in missiles in submarines, and then, when the Russians launch, "pop them up" into space to blow up and fry the missiles. This is a frontal assault on Murphy's Law and will not work, as even some of the Warriors themselves seem to have decided.

So the next step is to put the X-ray bombs in orbit. We will promise the Russians that we will never, ever drop the things on their missile fields, and of course the bombs—we will say—will not even be the right kind for dropping. The Russians, ever suspicious, will not fail to notice that we could hit their missile fields with maybe seven minutes' warning if we chose. If we put up large numbers of military satellites of any kind, the Russians would have to assume that they were nuclear. They also know that the capitalists, in their desperate efforts to stave off the currents of history, maintain a consistent lead in technology: we really might figure out how to find their submarines, and then...

So they too will put bombs into space, bombs whose orbits, judging by Soviet efforts in the past, will only occasionally decay, making for very little time to decide whether to launch or not. Oh good.

The diplomatic point is that Star Wars, if it works, will be an *offensive weapon* of absolute power. Why the press does not make more of this is one of those mysteries built into the fabric of life, but the Russians have noticed, as have the Star Warriors. (Edward Teller: "If the communists should become certain that their defenses are reliable and at the same time know that ours are insufficient, Soviet conquest of the world would be inevitable.") With Star Wars we obviously could destroy Soviet missiles with our own any Saturday morning, and hunt down their submarines at leisure. The MX and the D-5 submarine missiles, now being developed, are designed to have the accuracy for a first strike.

What does one conclude from all of this? Maybe only that we all need a drink. Star Wars will roll ever on, opposed by liberals who don't know why they oppose it, supported by conservatives who don't know why they support it, spending money we can't afford to do what can't be done. Should there ever be a war, as there always seems to be, kids from Arkansas will die because our noisy patriots chased pork and bad dreams instead of anything real. But the children of patriots seldom wear boots, and as for the dead from Little Rock... well, they breed fast in those parts.

Meanwhile, I'm going to relax and enjoy the show—sit on the balcony, sip a julep, and watch the paladins of Star Wars lurch forward in blank impassioned ignorance, puzzled but unwondering, independent as a school of minnows. Maybe there will be a clown; assuredly there will be clowns. After the parade, I'm going to Honest Ron's Discount Laser House, where you can get an orbital Divad at cost, not a dime more, and then go across the street for the kids, to Rube Goldberg's Policy Circus, with a snake lady and a two-headed dog.

Oh hell. Beam me up, Scotty.

ANTHROPOLOGY'S NATIVE PROBLEMS

Revisionism in the field

By Louis A. Sass

*... Thou shalt not sit
With statisticians nor commit
A social science.*

—W. H. Auden

In the fall of 1967, Renato and Michelle Rosaldo, then graduate students in anthropology at Harvard, went to the Philippines to live among the Ilongot, a small tribe (there are today perhaps 3,500 members) in the jungles of the island of Luzon. In a world where the pristine savage—untouched by the West, unstudied by its anthropologists—has virtually ceased to exist, the Ilongot, with their continued practice of headhunting, promised to be the next best thing. Both of the Rosaldos would eventually write innovative books about the Ilongot, works that would make their reputations. But soon after their arrival, they began to doubt their choice.

"We wanted to study ritual," Renato explained recently. "But when we got there, we didn't find any of the things we had been taught to look for—the complicated myths, ceremonies, and beliefs that all human groups are supposed to have." Renato is now forty-five and a professor of anthropology at Stanford. Tanned and wearing a Hawaiian shirt, he was sitting at a table in Michelle's mother's house on Long Island. He is a Mexican-American from an academic family, a man with a pleasant, vaguely asymmetrical face and an aura of great kindness and serenity. He continued his thought: "If you asked an Ilongot to explain why a marriage had been arranged, even why someone's head had

been taken, he wouldn't mention some ritual or belief. He would just say, 'We follow our desire.' Really, they were almost like hippies. Their lives seemed terribly spontaneous and improvisational. It didn't seem a bad way to live. But after Shelly and I had been there for a while, we became despondent. You see, we felt we had nothing to write about. Here we were, cultural anthropologists, and these people seemed to have no culture!"

The Ilongot had not developed elaborate rituals and myths—the stuff of standard ethnographies. What they did have were stories, seemingly endless tales about hunting expeditions, migrations to new parts of the forest, and headhunting raids. In these factual, relentlessly secular tales, relatively autonomous episodes were united, like beads on a string, by the thread of movement through space. Since the stories, unlike Western narratives, emphasized not plot or character but rather place-names and settings where incidents had occurred (a stream followed, a hill climbed, a clearing where some danger had been encountered), the Rosaldos at first found them exasperating. Yet Renato dutifully recorded them, glad to have something to do, and hopeful that the Ilongot would eventually entrust him and Michelle with the real thing, the rituals and myths they still hoped to discover.

But as they listened, as they heard the deep feeling with which the Ilongot were speaking, it dawned on them that the Ilongot sense of the world might be contained here, in these realistic adventure stories, these tales of overcoming obstacles and encountering the unexpected. Why, then, had they discounted the importance of these narratives? Rosaldo believes that their initial misunderstanding was a result of certain

Louis A. Sass teaches clinical psychology at Rutgers University. He is writing a book on madness, modernism, and notions of the primitive.

Younger anthropologists are striving to make a place for inner experience and individual actions, for unpredictability and historical change

assumptions about "primitive" societies—century-old assumptions about the Other that form the bedrock of cultural anthropology and that have largely determined how the West goes about understanding non-Western peoples.

"A traditional anthropological description is like a book of etiquette," said Rosaldo. "What you get isn't so much the deep cultural wisdom as the cultural clichés, the wisdom of Polonius, conventions in the trivial rather than the informing sense. It may tell you the official rules, but it won't tell you how life is lived. It will tell you as much about the Ilongot as the rules of baseball could tell you about some particular game—say, some exciting seventh game in the World Series. To really capture the Ilongot world, you'd have to write something more like an adventure story."

In the words of Eric Wolf, a sixty-three-year-old professor of anthropology at the City University of New York and one of the most prominent academics in the field, "The church of anthropology is in trouble. The sacraments have been stolen. People have looked behind the altar and found nothing there." Wolf seemed hardly troubled by this when I spoke with him. He has long opposed many of the traditional approaches to anthropological research and writing, and is glad to have kept up his objections loud and long enough to have become influential among younger anthropologists—a generation of men and women, now in their thirties and forties, that has provided Wolf with a kind of vindication.

Many younger anthropologists feel themselves in a situation akin to what the Rosaldos faced among the Ilongot. The phenomenon of "culture," once the *raison d'être* of their field, seems to be disappearing before their gaze. Rituals, myths, and kinship systems no longer appear so stable and distinct, or so regulative of human life, as they did in an earlier era. Intense reevaluation of the field's traditional subject matter—and also of its methods of observation and explanation—has plunged cultural anthropology into a profound state of crisis.

But along with this widespread self-doubt there is a tremendous creative ferment and a certain giddy excitement. Indeed, the field is in the vanguard of the social sciences today: a harbinger of trends in sociology, economics, political science, and psychology. There is a growing dissatisfaction throughout these disciplines, a sense that time-honored methods and assumptions, based largely on the natural sciences, are conceptually and morally bankrupt and need to be replaced by more sophisticated models. After so many failed prophecies, so much trivial research, and so little progress toward the discov-

ery of the "laws" of social behavior, the refrain with which conventional empirical studies typically end—"More research is needed"—is beginning to sound hollow indeed. Hilary Putnam of Harvard, once a champion of a more traditional notion of scientific knowledge, is one of a number of philosophers who now question the very idea of a social science. We would do better, he says, to talk more modestly of "the social studies."

It is in cultural anthropology that this debate has reached its highest pitch. Younger anthropologists striving to make a place for inner experience and individual actions, for unpredictability and historical change, have suggested an array of new approaches for a "science" long preoccupied with the timeless and the objective. They doubt that conventional anthropological methods can do justice to the kaleidoscopic nature of social reality, and believe that so-called value-free observations do not take into account wider political realities and moral ambiguities. They tend to read extensively outside their field, and have been influenced by recent developments in literary theory, philosophy, history, and feminist studies. Some have found inspiration in surprising places, from adventure fiction to surrealist collages—places where mystery and human feeling, unpredictability and struggle, are given their due.

This group of scholars has rejected not only the classical paradigm of anthropology but also the dominant "isms" of postwar social science: positivism, behaviorism, materialism, functionalism, and structuralism. In the process, they have raised questions about longstanding assumptions of Western thought: Should interpretations strive for realism and coherence? Is there order to be found in the world? Collectively, their work is a demonstration of the fragility of knowledge in a world where political ferment and intellectual sophistication have undermined traditional certainties.

The new anthropologists are an idiosyncratic group, a jealous and squabbling tribe without shared beliefs or acknowledged leaders. But there are intimations of an emerging consensus—perhaps not so much a new paradigm as an anti-paradigm: a refusal to explain away the irreducible complexity and ambiguity of human social life.

Clifford Geertz, a fifty-nine-year-old professor at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton and author of *The Interpretation of Cultures* and *Local Knowledge*, is, along with Wolf, one of the leading influences on current anthropological thought. He tells a story that captures the sensibility of many cultural anthropologists—their distrust of oversimplification and their sense that knowledge about human life necessar-

ly lacks a solid foundation. An Indian tells an Englishman that the world sits on the back of an elephant which, in turn, rests on the back of a turtle. Hoping to get to the bottom of things, to discover the true foundation of the world, the Englishman asks, "And what does that turtle rest on?"

"Another turtle," is the Indian's answer. "And that turtle?"

"Ah, Sahib," is the final answer, "after that it is turtles all the way down."

Anthropology has always been an interdisciplinary and disputatious field—"an intellectual poaching license," as anthropologist Clyde Kluckhohn once described it. But during its 'classical period'—roughly, from the 1920s through the 1960s—certain ideas about method and subject matter were largely taken for granted. This period began with the research carried out during World War I by Bronislaw Malinowski, a melancholy Pole with a powerful sense of mission. After Malinowski's famous sojourn in the Trobriand Islands in the South Pacific—the "paradigm journey to the paradigm elsewhere," as Geertz has called it—armchair theorizing about other peoples and societies was no longer acceptable. Thereafter, all budding anthropologists would undergo the same rite of passage as Malinowski: pitching their tents among the "natives" for a year or two.

There, in the field, they would learn to view primitive cultures as relatively self-contained and static. Their emphasis on close-range observation—the attempt to be empirical—and their desire to find a still point outside the changing world of the West—a longing for the simple and the pure—kept them from studying changes within primitive societies or the interaction of such societies with the West. Rather, the scientific inclination and romantic yearnings of classical anthropologists guided them toward the study of the internal equilibrium of "culture"—a concept first defined in its anthropological sense

by Sir Edward Tylor as "that complex whole which includes knowledge, belief, art, morals, law, custom, and any other capabilities and habits acquired by man as a member of society."

Prior to the classical period, many in the West had been content to think of the people in tribal cultures as wild men at the mercy of their passions, with "manners beastly, customs none," as one missionary wrote. In contrast, Malinowski offered "cultural relativism." Primitive society, he came to believe, was dominated by mythic consciousness and "the iron rule of custom"—a code of behavior and manners so strict that "in comparison the life at the Court of Versailles or Escorial was free and easy." Indeed, the very word "primitive" hardly seemed appropriate to this new image—though, to this day, no one has found a suitable alternative.

A commonplace of classical cultural anthropology was that whereas modern man has historical perspective—he writes and records—

A desire to find a still point outside the changing West kept anthropologists from studying changes within primitive societies



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primitive man is governed by the mythic. Thought to be based on a cyclic rather than linear sense of time, mythic consciousness exists in a sort of time-out-of-time. Claude Lévi-Strauss, the French anthropologist who founded "structural anthropology" and who exerted a powerful influence in the 1960s, came to believe that nonliterate cultures are characterized by repetition and harmony. He contrasted their "cold," crystalline, and intricate beauty with the "hot" societies of the modern West, where the turbulent flux of history and progress keeps culture and myth from having as powerful an effect. Lévi-Strauss expressed this structuralist vision of mythic consciousness by saying that it is not *man* who thinks myth but rather *myth* that thinks *itself* in man. So it seemed appropriate to describe myth-dominated peoples by using the "ethnographic present" and the generalized third person; for what a particular Trobriander did in a particular situation was, one could assume, what he had always done, and what any Trobriander in that situation would do.

There are anthropologists, good ones, who understand that classical anthropology has certain problematic assumptions but who worry nevertheless that younger members of the field, in attacking some of these assumptions, may be doing more harm than good. They fear that their field is at risk—in danger of breaking down into separate disciplines, or of undermining its authority by an intense criticism of its foundations. Some even fear that anthropology may actually disappear along with its subject matter, the primitive world.

At a conference in 1980 on the crisis in anthropology, Cora Du Bois, a retired Harvard professor, spoke of the distance she felt from the "complexity and disarray of what I once found a justifiable and challenging discipline. . . . It has been like moving from a distinguished art museum into a garage sale." Marvin Harris, author of *The Rise of Anthropological Theory* and *Cultural Materialism* and a research professor at the University of Florida, is more vehement: "What we're getting today is mystification . . . an esoteric and nihilistic venture," the product of "essentially literary minds hostile to applying scientific methods."

The "literary minds" Harris is referring to are those anthropologists who favor approaches, long influential in France and Germany, that are usually called interpretive, or hermeneutic. The acceptance in America of these ways of seeing—they became prominent in cultural anthropology in the 1970s—has brought about a sea change in the discipline.

The most important proponent of an interpretive approach in anthropology is Clifford Geertz, who sees his field's true mission not as

the behavioral observation of other societies but as the comprehension of their point of view. He argues that human action cannot be properly understood, or even described, if one takes the objectivist point of view generally associated with the natural sciences. Geertz points out that two events that may appear identical from a purely behavioral point of view may have radically different meanings and outcomes depending on the observer's interpretation of the intention of the person involved in the events.

To explain this idea, Geertz borrows an illustration used by the philosopher Gilbert Ryle. Twitching and winking the eyelid involve essentially the same physical movement. From a behavioral point of view, they therefore would be described in identical fashion. But there is an enormous difference in intended meaning and social effect between a movement that may be nothing more than a physical response to a gust of wind and one that is meant as a sign of conspiratorial complicity (or, to complicate the example, as a self-mocking *parody* of conspiratorial winking). In the case of conspiratorial complicity, the eyelid's movement is itself an interpretation, since it comments on the social interaction going on around the person who is winking (And in the self-parodying case, the wink comments on its own commenting.)

This suggests that the facts of social science are not facts at all but interpretations of interpretations. The philosophical position implied by this point of view, known as antifoundationalism, has become prominent in contemporary American thought. The antifoundationalists emphasize insight—knowing as a way of creating coherence in the world, or of shattering that coherence with a shocking analogy. They reject what has been called "the doctrine of immaculate perception"—the belief in a bedrock of indubitable information on which to ground knowledge. For the antifoundationalists, it is turtles all the way down.

But Geertz has warned against the tendency to conceive of the interpretive form of understanding as a fundamentally unscientific one, a process founded on intuitive empathy with the private and unobservable experiences of those who are different, alien, Other. Such a view leads to "the Cartesian anxiety," the notion that, in the absence of a certain foundation for knowledge, there is only an absolute relativism in which all assertions are equally valid.

Geertz notes that one grasps the point of view of an Other through examining a public act such as a wink. Further, recognizing the true significance of a wink requires knowledge about the relevant culture, since winking is necessarily a social event. A literal sharing of the private perspective of a subject is an impossibility. Yet by

Understanding the culture, one can base one's interpretation on a reality that is communal.

In fact, the interpretive position is not necessarily opposed to traditional empiricist research in the human sciences: it recognizes that social scientists can, and sometimes should, quantify. But it would remind them that, whatever their degree of statistical rigor, the knowledge they acquire is built on the sands of interpretation. One can count winks, but one must first interpret them.

Geertz's method is profoundly anti-reductionist in spirit. His explanations do not move backward toward historical determinants, nor downward toward some more basic structure—biological drives, the unconscious, or economic forces. Rather, his explanations move outward, to embrace a variety of social practices and to reveal their essential unity. Geertz's best-known essay is an analysis of cockfighting in Bali. He interprets this communal ritual as a "story people tell themselves about themselves"—a way in which the Balinese represent for themselves, symbolically and publicly, the aggression and rivalry that lurk beneath the serene surface of their society.

Among the Ilongot, the most important stories people tell themselves about themselves are literally stories. Therefore, in order to capture the Ilongot's distinctive sense of their lives, Renato Rosaldo wrote a book that is unusual in interpretive anthropology—his prizewinning *Ilongot Headhunting, 1883–1974, A Study in Society and History*.

"I came to study culture but I discovered history instead," Rosaldo has written. It is also true that he found the Ilongot's culture in their history—for it is there that he discovered what he believes to be their unique view of the world. Although the Ilongot did not have any written history, this did not mean they had no awareness of their past. To Rosaldo's surprise, their stories were consistent with one another and could be used to construct a history that extended back a century and corresponded closely to independent sources of information, such as the reports of missionaries. More importantly, he came to realize that the Ilongot did not think of themselves as existing in the predictable and cyclic time of classic ethnographies. They had the sense of inventing their own social lives, and of living in a world filled with risk and improvisation—the world of their stories.

In his book, Rosaldo places both himself and the Ilongot in historical perspective: he tries to express the sense of time and change inherent in the Ilongot tales, while also tracing the process he went through in revising his image of their world. As he writes: "For those of us rather coarsely attuned to more strident movements—

the rise and fall of massive totalitarian regimes, the widely resounding booms and busts of the stock market—Ilongot history must appear comparatively silent, even immobile. Relative to our own, the Ilongot past has been inscribed in miniature, written in such a low key that its moving rhythms are all too likely to elude us. Our moral imperative, in attempting to comprehend Ilongots, should be that we take their lives nearly as seriously as we take our own. The perception required of us is that seemingly small changes, many of them phrased in an unfamiliar cultural idiom, can have vast reverberations in the lives of people."

Another critique of objectivist social science—more radical and political than that of the interpretive school—has been made by several French theorists, including Michel Foucault, the historian and philosopher, and Pierre Bourdieu, an anthropologist and sociologist. These writers are, in a sense, anthropologists of the social sciences, attacking our notions of rationality as they are made manifest in scholarship and research. They see social science not as a neutral search for truth but as a symptom of the perversity of modern consciousness—of the illness Nietzsche was referring to when he wrote that "our knowledge will take its revenge on us, just as ignorance exacted its revenge during the Middle Ages."

Foucault, who died in 1984, was one of the most startling and influential thinkers in the human sciences in the last two decades. He saw the disciplines of modern social science as *disciplinary* in a literal sense: he traced their origins to the Inquisition and to the birth of the various penal institutions of modern society. In the grimmest illustration of his point, he adopted as a metaphor the Panopticon, the model for a "scientific" prison which Jeremy Bentham conceived in 1791, at the height of the Enlightenment enthusiasm for technological rationality.

The essential point of the Panopticon was to effect a radical separation between observer and observed, and to keep the latter under constant surveillance. The prisoners would be kept in a circular building surrounding an observation tower, where the observer, himself invisible, would peer through slits at the prisoners displayed before him like specimens. For Foucault, premodern society was the era of the "principle of the dungeon": the powerless were hidden away in dark places and the powerful were visible—in, say, the spectacles of the royal court. In the modern world, however, the principle of "panopticism" prevails: the powerless are exposed, and power lies in the relentless, invisible gaze which studies them.

But it would be wrong to think of the admin-

Whatever their degree of statistical rigor, social scientists build their knowledge on the sands of interpretation

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istrators of this system as in control of it; those in the observation tower are no freer than the prisoners in their cells. Restricted to the tower, eternally cut off from the objects of their gaze, and condemned to their specialty—the mind-numbing activity of behavioral observation—they are, in effect, little more than “looking machines.” For Foucault, this image of the Panopticon is the reality at the heart of the Enlightenment dream. And it is the social sciences—those disciplines for objectifying the poor, the alien, the insane, and ourselves—that most clearly manifest the panopticism of our era.

Pierre Bourdieu's work concentrates on specific epistemological effects. In contrast to Geertz, who emphasizes blindness—what objectivism does *not* see—Bourdieu analyzes the illusions that loom up before the objectifying gaze. He has written of how the exaltation of the virtues of distance and impartiality—the sine qua non of “objective” knowledge—often transforms the observed into something more static and abstract than it really is. Thus, many anthropologists have described the native as actually operating in accordance with abstract cultural laws—when in fact these laws are the intellectual constructions of the observer. The observed is placed in an imaginary, timeless space devoid of the dynamism and unpredictability characteristic of the observer's own experience. (Evans-Pritchard, the famous British ethnographer of the Nuer and Azande people of the southern Sudan, once wrote that a Nuer man always felt he could see his whole life stretching before him as a predictable progression.)

A related bias of objectivism is to see the native's actions not as authentic responses to feelings but as performances directed toward an audience. According to Bourdieu, the detached anthropological observer, to whom the rituals of alien peoples inevitably have the character of well-rehearsed spectacles, will unwittingly project his own attitudes onto what he is gazing upon. For example, in observing a mourning ritual, he may assume that what the native experiences is not grief but the spectacle of himself grieving.

This point was brought home to Renato Rosaldo in a direct and tragic fashion the year after his book on the Ilongot was published. On October 11, 1981, his wife fell to her death from a treacherous mountain trail while doing fieldwork in the Philippines. Jolted by grief, he began to understand how inadequate scientific methodology was when it came to deep human feelings. “For a long time I couldn't stand to read anthropology, couldn't bear to listen to an academic talk,” he said. “It got me too angry to think of how the things happening to me would be talked about by my fellow anthropologists.

But then, after six months or so, I started reading ethnography again, and I looked at what had been written about death and mourning. What found turned out to be even worse than I had expected. It made me want to talk back. ‘You can't do this to me. I won't allow it.’ That's how I felt.”

In the past several years Rosaldo has written and lectured about the effect his wife's death had on his attitude toward anthropology. He came to feel that there was something profoundly dehumanizing, almost voyeuristic, in the way many anthropologists went about their task. With their scientific focus on the observable and the general, and their romantic interest in the alien and the bizarre, they seemed blind to the individual's reaction to life's shocks.

“They left the most important thing out,” Rosaldo said. “Unlike novelists, anthropologists seemed to ignore the actual experience of mourning and to pay attention only to the rules of mourning rituals. Somehow, they ended up presenting rituals as if they had nothing to do with feelings—as if grieving natives were only play-acting. It was strange. The methodological tail seemed to be wagging the dog.” To Rosaldo, it appeared that cultural anthropologists had become so obsessed with what they thought of as “culture” that they were taking literally something Lévi-Strauss once said: people only *have* feelings because their culture makes them obligatory.

In an extreme, almost taboo exercise of anthropological empathy, Rosaldo pursued Bourdieu's critique by trying to identify with the motives of the Ilongot headhunter. His paper “Grief and the Headhunter's Rage,” published in 1984, describes how the overwhelming anger he experienced after his wife's death helped him grasp a crucial motive for headhunting that he had not previously appreciated. That motive was the need of the older Ilongot men—the men who planned the headhunting raids—to achieve release from the intense sadness and rage they would feel when members of their family or tribe died. Rosaldo maintains that in Ilongot society, anger is publicly celebrated rather than hidden, and headhunting raids are a socially sanctioned form of catharsis. By severing a head and tossing it away, the headhunter vents his grief.

Before coming to this realization, Rosaldo had not been able to understand why these raids were undertaken at certain times and not at others. Like the anthropologists criticized by Bourdieu, he had tried to understand headhunting according to an abstract theory—the notion that heads were taken to balance off losses suffered during earlier raids. Now he saw that the process was much more spontaneous, for i

largely depended on the feelings of the older men of the tribe.

Rosaldo's article is not altogether satisfying. Are we to understand headhunting as just another way people "get out their feelings"? Some anthropologists think that Rosaldo, in his zeal to empathize with the Other, ignored the profound "differentness" of the Ilongot—their society is not ours. Rosaldo has also been criticized for overgeneralizing from Ilongot culture, which he admits is exceptional in being so secular and in lacking many of the rituals present in other primitive groups. He believes, however, that the specialness of Ilongot society makes evident widespread blind spots in anthropological understanding. Anthropology, in his view, must come to terms with history, spontaneity, and human emotions.

Along with anthropologists who want to return to primitive groups their sense of history are those interested in the place of these groups in history—that is, their role in the large-scale economic and social trends sweeping the modern world.

Among the blacks who toil on the large sugar plantations in the Cauca Valley in western Colombia there is widespread belief in a form of magic called "the baptism of the bank note." These workers, many of them peasants who have only recently become wage laborers, believe that an evil godparent will sometimes conceal a bank note under a child while he is being baptized. The peso note is thus baptized as well, and receives the child's name. From then on, whenever this note is in circulation, it returns again and again to the deceiving godparent, bringing him or her interest but impoverishing anyone else involved in the transaction. The godparent achieves wealth through this nefarious act, but the soul of the child is denied the legitimacy of baptism and is doomed to an eternity in limbo.

This and similar beliefs in Colombia and Bolivia are the subject of Michael Taussig's *The Devil and Commodity Fetishism in South America*, a ground-breaking book which turns the standard anthropological relationship of "modern" and "primitive" upside down. "In my analysis, it is the culture of the capitalist market which in effect moves to center stage as exotic and astonishing, and not the powerless poor of the Third World," says Taussig, who is forty-six and a professor of anthropology at the University of Michigan.

Taussig's book examines the capitalist system from the point of view of the laborers of the Cauca Valley. The peasant world in which they formerly lived (and to which they may from time to time return) is characterized not by the

competitive "commodity exchange" of a large-scale market economy but by "gift exchange"—reciprocal and equal transactions whose main purpose is the fostering of solidarity. In such an economy an object's value is more closely tied to its practical use than to its abstract worth as an item of exchange. To the people of such a world, it is unnatural that money should bring interest (that is, profit) without labor. Money, after all, is not an organic thing with an inherent ability to grow, like a plant, a cow, or a person.

Taussig interprets the baptism of the bank note and other such beliefs as a mingling of myth and history—a way in which the belief system of an indigenous, traditional culture both registers and fends off the historical forces of encroaching capitalism. "I was trying to read their stories and rituals, and the associated halo of activities, as proto-Marxist," he says. "Through their images of evil, I wanted to trace a mythology which portrays capitalist development in terms of its fetishes—not merely the worship of money and goods but the strange way in which these things virtually come to life."

Taussig's work is controversial. But it has been widely hailed as an attempt to achieve certain theoretical syntheses that many cultural anthropologists have been calling for during the past decade. The first of these—the study of the influence of the international economic order on local cultures—was inspired by the "World-System" analysis of political sociologist Immanuel Wallerstein and the interdisciplinary work of anthropologists such as Eric Wolf.

"I don't believe in culture as an organic, integrated thing," Wolf said recently. "To me, 'culture' is a moral injunction to look for unsuspected connections." In his ironically titled book *Europe and the People Without History*, Wolf describes numerous cases in which observers were wrong in thinking they had discovered purely indigenous practices of primitive cultures. Some of the rituals of the Iroquois Indians, for example, were intended to create a sense of solidarity against the Europeans. Like many anthropologists with an interest in Marx, Wolf and Taussig are critical of interpretive approaches that treat the world as a collection of what historian Ernest Bloch called "culture souls without windows, with no links among each other, yet full of mirrors facing inside." They are also critical of the classical image of cultures as internally cohesive and isolated organisms, since, in their view, this image stems from a deeply conservative desire for stability and discourages awareness of conflict within and between cultures.

But some cultural anthropologists, including many Marxists, believe that the World-System approach fosters its own forms of oversimplifica-

Anthropologists are now interested in the place of primitive groups in history—their role in large-scale economic and social trends

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tion. By denying the power of cultural forces, it may project a Western bias for materialism and economic determinism where it does not apply. These anthropologists have called for a further conceptual synthesis—one that would study how the inner phenomena of a culture, like belief in the baptism of the bank note, can affect economic realities, and, in addition, how indigenous cultures on the economic periphery may transform or oppose the dominance of the capitalist center. Taussig's work exemplifies this new approach, which merges Marxism and interpretive anthropology—a marriage of Wolf and Geertz, so to speak.

Taussig argues that to interpret beliefs such as the baptism of the bank note is to engage in a politicized hermeneutics. By studying what he calls "the tropes and chords with which the political imagination composes its poetic wisdom in today's Third World," we in the West can gain some critical distance from ideas like capital, interest, and competition, which form the very atmosphere of our lives. He compares his purpose to that of the playwright Bertolt Brecht, who was both a Marxist and a modernist: "Whereas anthropologists have been concerned with the shock of the exotic, Brecht was concerned with the shock of the normal. You stand back and you say, my God, isn't this awful, and it is all so everyday." Like many of his generation, Taussig believes that this critical attitude, this Brechtian "making-strange," must also be directed toward his own field, toward "the culture of explanation" in anthropology itself. "We're ill equipped in the social sciences to deal with the messy reality that is around us," he said recently. "How does one develop a politics of explanation or interpretive strategies which catches the multifaceted nature of power? And what if power itself comes in all sorts of disorderly ways?"

As anthropologists begin to look afresh at the world—and at themselves looking—there is little in the canon of classical anthropology that is not being reexamined. Even the work of Malinowski himself has been called into question.

Annette Weiner, in fieldwork done in 1971 for her dissertation, journeyed right to the sacred heart of anthropology—Malinowski's "paradigm elsewhere," the Trobriand Islands. On her second day there, she stumbled upon a feature of the traditional culture that Malinowski had not described.

Two young girls took Weiner to a village plaza thronged with people, apparently taking part in some sort of fair. The men sat along the edges of the plaza, watching or cooking, while, in the center, hundreds of women handled huge baskets containing whisk-broom-shaped bundles

called *nununiga*. The bundles, each made from about twenty strips of dried banana leaves, had no obvious use or aesthetic appeal, yet for hours the women tossed them into a central clearing counted them, and then gathered them up into piles. Occasionally, harsh words would pass, or someone would begin to cry. Weiner knew only that this was a ceremonial for a person who had died some months before. "I saw this man," she said, "a Trobriander who could speak English, so I ran over to him to ask what was going on. 'Ah,' he said, 'that's women's business. You better talk to the women.'"

Weiner, the fifty-three-year-old chairman of the anthropology department at New York University, now believes that Malinowski did not follow this advice, and consequently failed to appreciate the importance of women in the maintenance of collective life. Anthropologists had long made certain assumptions about the role of women. It was assumed, for example, that women were more closely associated with nature than with culture. According to the traditional theories, women were mere bystanders at the reciprocal gift exchanges so essential to social life in primitive societies—in the Trobriand "Kula," for example, it is the men who cross the ocean to exchange seashells fraught with cultural symbolism. Women's association with the private rather than the public realm was also taken to be a universal fact.

After months of research, Weiner unraveled the meaning of the Trobriand mortuary ceremony. It turned out that "women's wealth," the banana leaf bundles, was a linchpin of Trobriand social and cultural life, and that the distribution of the *nununiga* bundles was the way in which the female relatives of the deceased symbolically paid back those who had helped that person when he was alive. Only by doing this was it possible to maintain for the living the social identity held by the deceased (who for the Trobrianders was something like an officeholder whose office persists after the individual's death). Weiner believes that Malinowski, like other scholars, placed too much emphasis on utilitarian and individualistic concerns—for example, the seeking of political alliance and power—and consequently neglected systems of exchange that involve women and are related to a society's sense of intergenerational continuity.

"There is a great deal of truth in what Malinowski says," observed Weiner, "but he was trapped by his own sense of what women were about." Older ethnographies, including virtually all of the classics in the field, are now seen by many scholars as needing to be revised because they provide an oversimplified perspective—culture seen from only the male point of view.

In recent years, some younger anthropologists

ave seemed to find the very idea of representing alien peoples to be nearly impossible. How, they ask, can one culture set itself up as the ultimate frame of reference—as if its categories were the grammar of thought itself and other modes of thought but specimens to be labeled or explained?

In response to this dilemma, a spate of experimental ethnographies has appeared. Some use an interview format that allows the native informant to speak for him- or herself, and not necessarily as an “average” representative of the group in question. Vincent Crapanzano’s *Tuhami: Portrait of a Moroccan*, for example, features a decidedly atypical Moroccan informant and deftly calls the anthropological enterprise into question: “I was primarily interested in information, Tuhami in evocation.”

Another response has been to concentrate on the knower rather than the known. Several recent ethnographies have focused less on the tribes and societies under study than on the process of fieldwork itself. In these works the tone of so many of the classics—a gentle irony about the natives, who understand themselves less well than does the anthropologist—is wholly absent. The fieldworker does not assume a god-like omniscience (Malinowski wrote in his diary of his “feeling of ownership” over the Trobrianders: “It is I who will describe them or create them”). Rather, in studies like Paul Kabinow’s *Reflections on Fieldwork in Morocco* or Jean-Paul Dumont’s *The Headman and I: Ambiguity and Ambivalence in the Fieldwork Experience*, the fieldworker emerges as a kind of antihero, or even a buffoon manipulated by the more cunning natives.

Most recently, and largely at the urging of the anthropologist George Marcus and the historian of anthropology James Clifford, this self-conscious focus has shifted from the process of fieldwork to that of anthropological writing—to an examination of the shaping of subject matter by prose style. Ethnographies are being scrutinized like literary works—as “allegories of subjectivity” that reveal as much about the interpreter and his cultural assumptions as about the society under investigation.

The most interesting example is an essay by Clifford Geertz on E. E. Evans-Pritchard, “Slide Show: Evans-Pritchard’s African Transparencies.” As Geertz shows, Evans-Pritchard’s style is so down-to-earth as to seem at first but a window held up to the Nuer and Azande worlds. (It contrasts, incidentally, with Geertz’s own prose—a rich, literary style which, as he has said, “is supposed to make it obvious that Geertz is present.”) In his essay, Geertz shows that the very straightforwardness of Evans-Pritchard’s prose is itself a loaded stylistic effect. With its

common-sense tone of the Oxbridge Senior Common Room, it seems somehow to master the Nuer and Azande—to portray them almost as facsimiles of the British practical man. The dark mysteries of the Azande world, which is pervaded by belief in witchcraft, dissipate under the noonday sun of this “objective” Anglo-Saxon gaze.

In Geertz’s view, such a critique neither invalidates Evans-Pritchard’s contribution nor undermines the worth of anthropological research and writing in general. What Geertz is demanding of an anthropologist is the ability to shift among perspectives, and to be ironically self-aware of his or her own biases. These are qualities rare in the discourse of social science, a discourse that has largely sought to mask the subjective nature of social observation.

At a conference held at New York University two years ago to celebrate Malinowski’s centennial, two influential anthropologists of the older generation, Marshall Sahlins, of the University of Chicago, and T.O. Beidelman, of New York University, grumbled publicly about the “intellectual jitters” and “epistemological hypochondria” of the younger generation. In their view, the self-critical quality of current anthropology compares unfavorably with the scientific self-confidence of the Malinowski era.

But it is also possible to see the questioning that pervades cultural anthropology not as a retreat from but as an expression of the original spirit of the field. The anthropologist’s task, Malinowski wrote in 1921, is no “idle hunting after curios” or “ramble among the savage and fantastic shapes of ‘barbarous customs and crude superstitions.’ ” It is, rather, the attempt “to enter into the soul of a savage and through his eyes to look at the outer world and feel ourselves what it must feel to *him* to be himself.” And this is done not just to learn tolerance, but to better “understand our own nature and to make it finer, intellectually and artistically.”

In choosing as its practitioner the fieldworker—moving among several worlds, encountering the Other—anthropology long ago chose to open itself to certain risks, risks capable of undermining the very foundations of the field. It should not be surprising, then, that cultural anthropology, the most adventurous of the social sciences, is the first of these disciplines to enter the stage in which the greatest modern art, literature, and philosophy have existed for some time. And this is, in the words of the literary scholar Erich Heller, “the stage where every act of creation is inseparable from the critique of its medium, and every work, intensely reflecting upon itself, looks like the embodied doubt of its own possibility.” ■

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A HARD SPEECH

Yevtushenko's recipe for success

In a recent interview with the *New York Times* the celebrated Russian poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko confessed that his creative method is based on the recipe for borsch, a popular Russian soup with a variety of ingredients. His speech last December to a congress of Soviet writers in Moscow—a meeting opened in the wake of the Communist Party's announcement of its quest for "new openness"—is a good sample of borsch, indeed. In this concoction, the hot pepper gets along quite well with some slimy sauce. Alas, it was not served in full for domestic consumption; Soviet citizens enjoyed only the weaker broth.

As far as the ingredients of this borsch are concerned, the reader in this country might be perplexed. Yevtushenko has always been known to say too much and nothing; this time he neither ceases to take pains to remain a "communist with a human face" nor says anything really new. Only someone who had been a member of the Soviet writers' union for at least twenty years could decipher all of the spicy hints and stale euphemisms. The fact that I enjoy such an advantage gives me the liberty to make some notes.

Fine stuff! Classics are always to the point, although excessively comprehensive. After citing these two ideas, one might assume that no elaboration is required and leave the podium. Our speaker proceeds.

One small inaccuracy. Like Stalin, his "unchosen successor," Lenin himself was never chosen. To be precise: he seized power after a successful *coup d'état*.

In 1921, the New Economic Policy was decreed "seriously and for a long time," as Lenin put it; in practice it lasted only until 1929, when it was brutally aborted by Stalin. During these years some private enterprise was permitted. After a period of starvation, or "war communism," the New Economic Policy triggered a quest for consumption: at the wave of a magician's wand, butter, milk, ham, cheese, and other vestiges of bourgeois decadence became accessible again to the average Russian.

Maria Alekseyevna, a mysterious émigré princess, appears to be a most exotic ingredient in this borsch, but is actually a major stumbling block even for well-trained U.S. Sovietologists. Several people called me to inquire about this person who is causing concern in the union of Soviet writers. Do some influential aristocratic circles still exist? Let us return to this a bit later.

THE NEW YORK TIMES

Talk by Yevgeny Yevtushenko In Its Own Words

MOSCOW, Dec. 18 — Following Yevgeny Yevtushenko's speech to a congress of Soviet writers in Moscow, the *New York Times*. The material is the version published today by the newspaper.

Two citations. Tolstoy: "The graph that I would write for I would say: I conceal nothing. I am enough not to lie. One should not to lie in a negative sense, remaining silent."

Shchedrin: "A system of society might cause rather pleasant dreams, but at the same time rather rude awakening."

Not concealing anything, remaining silent about nothing, the cornerstones of civilization, the point where their bottom is burnt, but one on which Russian literature has stood and will continue to stand.

Lenin was nurtured on the classics. [This ethic enabled him to withstand the test of power, unlike his unchosen successor.] The country was torn by drought and hunger, Lenin was not afraid to attack the newly emerged bureaucracy and Communism, supported Mayakovsky, whom he was not so fond of, and, putting the interests of the nation ahead of art, schemes, painlessly transferred the country onto the rails of the New Economic Policy.

'A Self-Cleansing Force'

Provincial concern a thing that the émigré princess Maria Alekseyevna will bring to Lenin. Lenin understood that remaining silent was a self-destructive force, and that self-flattening. [Pasternak revived the civic spirit of the nation, governed the flow of the country only because of this he did.]

[A break in the flow of the course of building is impermissible, as it will be baneful for building and so on. We do not have the right to...]

TO STOMACH

m, by Vassily Aksyonov

MBER 19, 1985

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Yevtushenko daringly mentions the kulaks (Russian for "clenched fist"): millions of these well-to-do farmers were eliminated in the "collectivization campaign" of the 1930s. To the best of my knowledge, no Soviet official has dared to speak openly about the "precious agricultural wisdom" of the kulaks.

How far is this "long-awaited striving for change" going to go? Judging from what is in italics (the spiciest ingredients of the borsch, eliminated by *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, the literary weekly), not too far.

To fix this rather rickety idea, I can only suggest the replacement of the word "acceleration" by the word "degradation."

A reference to the monstrous campaign of the late 1940s and early 1950s against "cosmopolitanism and groveling before the West." During this period everything that originated outside the Soviet Union was regarded as subversive. It is not necessary to mention cybernetics and genetics; even the recipe for French bread was replaced by a certain "real Russian" concoction (actually, there was no difference whatsoever), and words like "jazz" and "tango" were thrown out of the language.

This ticklish reference to the delegates' pockets can be equated with, say, a remark about white gloves in a debate about apartheid. In fact, many delegates to this congress enjoy far greater privileges than coupons for souvenirs. These privileges may include packages of special food rations, chauffeured limousines, free country houses, luxurious apartments, and seaside villas.

Vassily Aksyonov is the author of numerous stories, plays, and novels. He was forced to emigrate from the Soviet Union in 1980 following the publication in the West of his novel *The Burn*.

One may say with confidence that half the timberland is wasted not in printing the "pseudoscholarly" stuff mentioned by Yevtushenko but rather in creating the annual deluge of official propaganda booklets, brochures, etc.

For Soviet historians, the top priority is to promote the Marxist-Leninist theory of history, not history itself. Under these circumstances, the "white spots"—a reference to the peculiar disappearance of certain undesired faces from historically valuable photographs—are simply taken for granted. The process of distortion has gone so far that I cannot see any way out. An objective revision of Soviet "history" would ruin the "most advanced" theory and destabilize the ruling ideology.

The last thing Russia needs is another book on Lenin, even a truthful one. Remember the shortage of timber, remember the forests!

One date in particular always vanishes from sight. This is 1937, the peak of Stalin's purges, a time of mass torture and killings. This date of death is cunningly omitted by Soviet historians; it's as if it were all a matter of death by natural causes. Historians shouldn't pour salt on old wounds.

Here once again is the mysterious émigré princess, Maria Alekseyevna. Who is she? Let us not exhaust the reader's patience. The specifically Russian connotations go back to the comedy *Wit Works Woe*, by Alexander Griboyedov (1795–1829). Princess M. A. is described by characters in the play as the supreme judge of the town's rumors and gossip. Since the first performance of this comedy, the name has been a common noun and the expression "What will Princess M. A. say about that?" has been popular. Paradoxically, while speaking in favor of openness, Yevtushenko compares foreign broadcasters with this gossipmonger, thereby giving Soviet authorities an opportunity to dismiss undesired information as nothing more than gossip.

[Also morally impermissible displays of ugly clothing in app stores, thousand-people-long line something as simple as sneakers the most criminal among all the cities is the shortage of paper for books that people read while ha timberlands are being cut down boring pseudoscholarly brochures]

[We do not have the right lulled by the agreeable sight of est of upraised hands at meet among those who raised their something was left unsaid, cealed. Bureaucratic check ma dicating that an undertaking over smoothly are still not th signs of the long-awaited chang ticles rhetorically calling fo licity are not the same as publ self.]

[Editorials on the need fo ness of thought and languag are written in a language so you involuntarily yawn — w for these needs that the grea the hapless Akaky Akakiye once stolen. When you read K sky and Solovyev, you see real history, complete an cealed. But when you read th ically retouched pages of ou history, you bitterly see pages are interspersed w spots of silence and con dark spots of obsequio stretching and smudges tions.]

[The fear of a creative our Revolution has led us grant, unacceptable fact series of "Lives of Famo we still have no book on many textbooks, import and events are arbitraril They not only fail to list for the disappearance of ple in the party, but som the date of their death, as peacefully living on pen]

[How many times in the Great Patriotic Wa gin of victory been assig that geographical poin people understood that victory was not at a location but in the very man. How long are we helping all those foreig seyevnas who happily c half their poisonous from things that we up?]

Spiritual Power

A nation that allow lyze its own mistake bravely knocks th weapon out of its ene it is spiritually invin lessness in the face help to produce a fea the problems of the correct solution.

[Marx and Engels about ideological a false civic conscienc reaucrats who car the body of literary

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ter’s duty in the ominous
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e groans of the prisoners in
risons, to the stifled gasps
ruins of Beirut, to the cries
from the British women
ng the rocket base at Green-
mon and to the dying whis-
e starving in Ethiopia. But
humanity begins with our na-
Only not concealing and not
up things in our native land
us the moral right to be uni-
That is what socialist civic
nce is all about.

One can only regret that such a nicely coined meta-
phor did not embellish the recent International
PEN Congress in New York City, whose agenda was
“The Writer’s Imagination and the Imagination of
the State.”

To complete the picture, one should add to the titles
of banned books mentioned by Yevtushenko several
thousand others, and to the “offensive dust of unde-
served accusations” some heavy exhaust of truly de-
served accusation.

The closer to the conclusion we come, the more
metaphors we stumble upon. The borsch gets
thicker, the ideas rather more equivocal. One can’t
help but imagine the devastating effect that the evic-
tion of those incompatible with Pushkin, Tolstoy,
and Dostoyevsky would have in the “houses of litera-
ture” on both sides of the Atlantic.

Princess Maria Alekseyevna purveys the rumors
about some additional groans, gasps, and cries and
whispers elsewhere . . . Poland? . . . Afghanistan?
. . . Mordovian camps? . . . Those gossips.

Far and away the noblest idea. And one likely to be
drowned out by the applause? Standing ovation!

THE MORAL NECESSITY OF METAPHOR

Rooting history in a figure of speech

By Cynthia Ozick

Not long ago I was invited to read some tale of mine before an assembly of physicians who had, as it happened, a visionary captain. This man knew his Emerson: Emerson in "The American Scholar" had famously noted what he called the "amputation" of society, each trade and profession "ridden by the routine of . . . craft." "The priest becomes a form," Emerson wrote, "the attorney a statute-book; the mechanic a machine; the sailor a rope of the ship." And the doctor a CAT scan.

The doctors' visionary captain was out to ignite an Emersonian idea. He would set down among the doctors a fable-maker: a writer. What he had in mind was interpenetration, cutting through the dividing membrane of craft, peopling one cell with two temperaments. The purpose of the experiment would be to increase the doctors' capacity to imagine. The doctors, he explained, too often do not presume a connection of vulnerability between the catastrophe that besets the patient and the susceptibility of the doctors' own flesh; too often the doctors do not conceive of themselves as equally mortal, equally open to fortune's disasters. The writer, an imaginer by trade, will suggest a course of connecting, of entering into the tremulous spirit of the helpless, the fearful, the apart. The writer will demonstrate the contagion of passion and compassion that is known in medicine as empathy and in art as insight.

This, then, is the plan. The writer, though ig-

norant of every scientific punctilio, will command the leap into the Other. That is how tales are made.

And so, not suspecting what would come of it, I began to read out a narrative about a sexually active, intellectually sophisticated, faraway planet where the birth of children is no longer welcome, and finally, for prurient technological reasons, no longer possible. A number of children manage to get born anyhow, illicitly and improbably; and everything ends in barbarism and savagery. In short, a parable. Also a satire, outfitted in drollery and ribaldry. Drenched, above all, in metaphor. The tale of a lascivious planet too earnestly self-important to tolerate children could only have been directed against artifice and malice, sophistry and self-indulgence; it could only have pressed for fruitfulness and health, sanity and generosity, bloom and continuity. My story and its barren conclusion were, I thought, a contrivance that declared itself on the side of life; and therefore, presumably, on the side of the doctors themselves. In bringing metaphor to the doctors, surely I was obeying their captain, and opening the inmost valve of the imagining heart?

A rumbling. A stirring, a murmuring, a collective hiss. Here were the doctors, all at once ranked before me, a white-coated captious tribe, excited, resentful, bewildered, belligerent. They accused me of obscurantism. They wanted plain speech. They were appalled by metaphor (the shock of metaphor), by fable, image, echo, irony, satire, obliqueness, double meaning, the call to interpret, the call to penetrate, the call

Cynthia Ozick is the author of Art & Ardor, Levitation: Five Fictions, and The Cannibal Galaxy. She is at work on a new novel.

comment and diagnose. Before the use of metaphor they felt themselves stripped and defenseless; it was clear I had sickened them. Now the argument may be urged that physicians are themselves abundantly given over to metaphorical speech and thought; that they live every hour under the raucous wing of the Angel Death and Crippling, whose devastating imagery they cannot deny, and whose symbols they add cell by cell, X-ray by X-ray; that ambiguity and interpretation are ineluctably in the grain of their tasks; that all medical literature, however hidden in obscure vocabularies in abstruse journals, is, case after case, a literature of redemption through parable: new cases remember past cases.

But dismiss all this. Say that the doctors have rejected metaphor as not of their realm—as inimical to their gravity. They do it because they have one certainty: they know that, whatever else they may be, they are serious men and women. The struggle to heal, the will to repair the shattered, the will to redeem and make whole—this is what we mean when we speak of lives lived under the conscientious pressure of our moral nature. And metaphor, what is metaphor? Frivolity. Triviality. Lightness of mind. Doubles. To talk in metaphor to serious men and women, to talk of metaphor to serious men and women, is to disengage oneself from the great necessary bond of community. It is to cut oneself off from the heat of human pity—and all for the sake of a figure of speech.

If the doctors think this way—if numbers of other serious men and women think this way—may be, first, because they associate metaphor with writers and artists of every sort, and, secondly, because they associate writers and artists with what we always call inspiration. It isn't only that doctors like to keep away from inspiration on grounds of science and empiricism and predictability. Nor is it, for serious people, mainly a matter of valuing stability over spontaneity, or responsibility over elation. Something there is in inspiration that hints of wildness—a wildness even beyond the quick streak of possession, that brings resolution without warning. Serious people are used to feeling an at-homeness in their minds. Inspiration is an intruder, a kidnapper of reason, a burglar who shoots the watchdogs to bed. Inspiration chases off sentries and censors and monitors. Inspiration instigates reckless cliff-walking; it sweeps its quarry to the edge of unfamiliar abysses. Inspiration is the secret sharer who flies out of pandemonium.

All these characteristics do suggest that inspiration is allied to the stuff of metaphor. Isn't metaphor the poetry-making faculty itself? And where does the poetry-making faculty derive from, if not from inspiration? It is in fact a tru-

ism to equate poetry and inspiration, metaphor and inspiration. Though truisms are sometimes at least partly true, my purpose is to tell something else about metaphor. I mean to persuade the doctors that metaphor belongs less to inspiration than it does to memory and pity. I want to argue that metaphor is one of the chief agents of our moral nature, and that the more serious we are in life, the less we can do without it.

Begin, then, with the history of inspiration. Inspiration is one of those ideas which can, without objection, claim a clear history; but never the history of poetry. Its genesis is in natural religion, or, rather, in the religion of nature. To come to Emerson again: in an essay rather unsuitably called "History"—it might more accurately have been named "Anti-History," since it annihilates the distinction between Then and Now—Emerson recounts a picturesque conversation with "a lady with whom I was riding in a forest [who] said to me that the woods always seemed to her to wait, as if the genii who inhabit them suspended their deeds until the wayfarer had passed onward; a thought which poetry has celebrated in the dance of the fairies, which breaks off on the approach of human feet." Now that is a very pretty story, but only because in Emerson's day the woods around Concord were safe, and the civilization of genii and fairies long finished. Inspiration may end in daydream or fancy, but it sets out in terror. For us Pan is all poetry, a charming faun with a flute; among the Greeks he caused panic. Fairies and all the other spirits of natural religion were once malevolent powers profoundly feared. Devout Athenians on the third day of the important Anthesterion festival took the ceremony of frightening away the spirits as a somber religious duty. Emerson, reading history as benign nature, reads natural religion as a sublime illumination—"The idiot, the Indian, the child and the unschooled farmer's boy," he announces, "stand nearer to the light by which nature is to be read, than the dissector or the antiquary"—whereas for its historical adherents, its flesh-and-blood congregants, the religion of nature was mainly panic, dread, and desperate appeasement of the uncanny. Poetry, including Emersonian poetizing, seeps in only after two millennia have exhausted and silenced the fairies; only after the great god Pan is indisputably, unexaggeratedly, dead. In natural religion there are no metaphors; the genii are *there*; the poetry is not yet born.

The genii are there, potent and ubiquitous. They are in the birds and in the beasts, in the brooks, in the muttering oaks—the majestic Zeus himself got his start as a god who spoke out of the oak tree. Divinity lives even in a notched

Serious people are used to feeling an at-homeness in their minds. Inspiration is an intruder, a kidnapper of reason

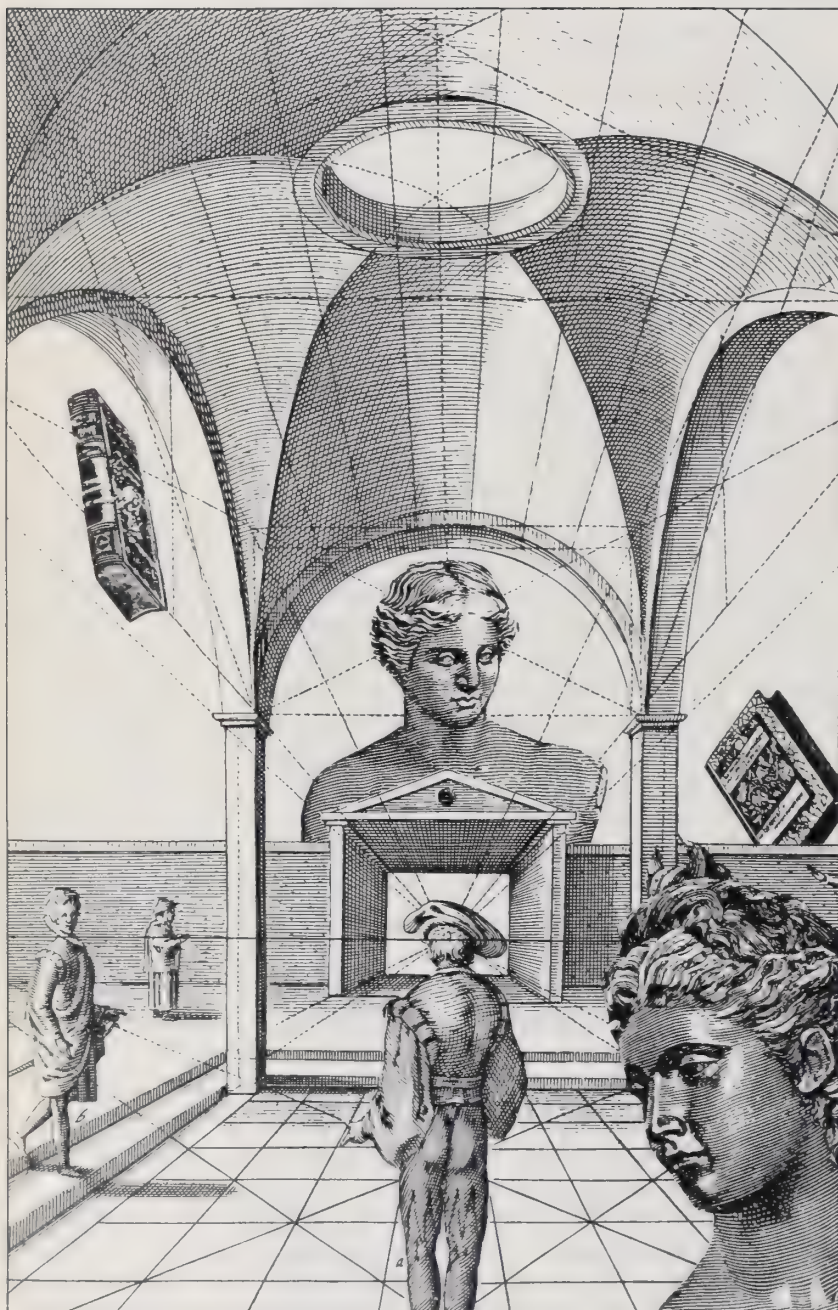
The priests at Delphi now and then accepted a bribe for a politically favorable interpretation

stick. In natural religion, there is nothing that is not an organ of omen, divination, enthusiasm. But when we reflect on this "enthusiasm"—a Greek locution, *én theos*, the "god within"—there is one instance of it so celebrated that it comes to mind before all others. The syllables themselves have turned into the full sweetness of poetry: the Oracle at Delphi; the sound of it is as beautiful as "nightingale." The cult of the Eleusinian mysteries remains a secret, a speculation, to this day; we know only that there was immersion in a river, that sacred cakes were

We can still follow its process, and there is nothing metaphoric in any of it.

Apollo was a latecomer to Delphi. Earthquake-prone, the place had once belonged to Gaea, the earth goddess, and the shrine was built over a gorge, or pit, a sort of saucer in the ground, within sight of the mountains of Parnassus. Excavations have uncovered no crack or opening of any kind in the floor of the saucer, but a certain gas was said to issue from a hole in the earth: the narcotic stench of decomposition—below lay the carcass of the terrible python Apollo slew. An underground stream flowed there, prophetic waters called Kassotis; these too had narcotic properties. The agent of divination—the enthusiast, the sibyl possessed by the god—was at first, apparently, a young virgin. Then the rules were changed, no one seems to know why, and now the votary had to be a respectable, often married, woman of at least fifty—she was, however, required to dress up as a maiden. This was the Pythoness, or Pythia, Apollo's oracle, the incarnation of everything we mean, in our own civilization and language, by inspiration.

Her method was to induce frenzy. She chewed the leaves of a narcotic plant, drank from the narcotic spring, breathed in the narcotic vapor. A number of attending priests, called the Holy Ones, members of important local families, waited until she seemed on the brink of seizure and then led her to a tripod, the seat of the god's speaking. These notables already had in hand the question the god was to treat. The answer came, in the moment of possession, from the mouth of the sibyl either as howls or murmurs—cascades of gibberish flooded the shrine. When the Pythia's vatic fit was over, the priests had to take up the task of interpretation, a role both intellectual and political. It is conceivable that their interpretations were composed in advance, since the questioner's predicament had been submitted in advance, and often in writing. Being both human and bureaucratic, the priests now and then accepted a bribe in exchange for a politically favorable interpretation. Still, they were without doubt men of no small gifts: they were in fact devoted to their ingenious versifying, and would sometimes set their interpretations in the meter of Homer or Hesiod, or else in succinctly ambiguous prose that, no matter what the future brought, was always on the mark. The replies of the oracle were famously broad, ranging from family court matters to statecraft. The priests like most priests everywhere, tended to think conservatively, though they were not unenlightened, and were capable of liberal decisions: the occasional manumission of slaves, for instance. Delphi, the fount of inspiration, was in essence



eaten, a sacred potion drunk, and the birth of a holy infant proclaimed. The exalting ritual performed by the initiates, shrouded all through antiquity, had no public scribe or record-keeper. The events at Eleusis continue inscrutable. But about what went on at the shrine of Apollo at Delphi almost everything has been disclosed.

the seat of pragmatism. Santayana, recalling that Plato too identifies madness with inspiration, and acknowledging that the "aboriginal madness" of the oracle could produce "faith, humility, courage, conformity," yet marvels that "the most intelligent and temperate of nations submitted, in the most crucial matters, to the inspiration of idiots."

All this does not mean to insinuate—it would be an untruth—that because the oracle's confusion of the god-spirit at Delphi had nothing to do with our idea of religion as conscience, Greece was a society that paid no attention to the moral life. We know otherwise, from Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle preeminently; we know otherwise from Greek drama, Greek poetry, Greek history, Greek speculation. What else is the story of Antigone if not a story of conscience? What else is tragedy if not moral seriousness? And beyond these, the mind of science, the mind of art, are Greek. There is not one Greece, but a hundred: heroes side by side with slaves, reason side by side with magic, the self-restraint of Epictetus side by side with sensuousness. It is the Greeks, W. H. Auden reminds us, "who have taught us, not to think—that all human beings have always done—but to think about our thinking." If one nation can be measured as more intelligent than all other nations that ever were, or were to be, that is how we can measure the Greeks. And the priestly interpretations at Delphi were themselves grounded in an immensity of human understanding: ambiguity is psychology; ambiguity is how we sort things out, how we decide. "Nothing in excess" is a Delphic inscription.

Yet what was missing in the glory that was Greece was metaphor. Perhaps this statement shocks you with its instant absurdity. You will want to say, What? A nation of myth, and you claim it has no metaphor? Aren't myths the greatest metaphors of all? And surely the most blatant? Or you will want to listen again to the priestly interpretations at Delphi: aren't these, in their fertility of implication, exactly what we mean by metaphoric language?

The answer in both instances, I think, is no. Remember that mythology took on the inwardness of poetry only when the gods were no longer efficacious, only after they had ascended out of the reality of their belief system into the misted charms of enchantment. And even now, when we read that Apollo slew the python, what do we learn? We learn that snakes are dangerous and that the gods are brave and strong. For Apollo's constituents, the aversion to snakes—and also their strange sacredness—was confirmed; so was the reverence for Apollo. If there is a lesson, it is either that the bravery of the gods ought to be emulated; or else that it is hubris to suppose the

bravery of the gods can be emulated. But why, you will say, why speak of "learning," of "lessons"? Do we go to the gods for schooling, or for self-revelation? Look, you will say, how humanly resplendent: each god represents an aspect of human passion. Here is beauty, here is lust, here is wisdom, here is chance, here is courage, here is mendacity, here is war, and so on and so on. Isn't that metaphoric enough for you?

Observe: there is no god or goddess who stands for the still, small voice of conscience.

As for the Delphic riddles: they were recipes, not standards. They were directions, not principles. Nor was there any consistent social compassion inherent in their readings. The oracle remembered nothing. The voice of conscience did not speak through the god at Delphi, or through any of the gods. Moral seriousness could be found again and again in Greece, especially among the geniuses; it could be found almost anywhere, except in religion, among the people. The reason is plain. Inspiration has no memory. Inspiration is spontaneity; its opposite is memory, which is history as judgment. When conscience flashed out of Greece, as it did again and again, it did so idiosyncratically, individually, without a base in a community model or a collective history. There was no heritage of a common historical experience to universalize ethical feeling. To put it otherwise: there was no will to create a universal moral parable; there was no will to enter and harness metaphor for the sake of a universal conscience.

By turning their religious life into poetry, we have long since universalized the Greeks. They are our psychology. We have ravished their cosmos and their beliefs to explain ourselves to ourselves. But that is our doing, not theirs. The Greeks, with all their astonishments, and in spite of the serenity of "Nothing in excess," were brutally parochial. This ravishingly civilized people kept slaves. Greeks enslaved foreigners and other Greeks. Anyone captured in war was dragged back as a slave, even if he was a Greek of a neighboring polis. In Athens slaves, especially women, were often domestic servants, but of 150,000 adult male slaves, 20,000 were set to work in the silver mines, in ten-hour shifts, in tunnels three feet high, shackled and lashed; the forehead of a retrieved runaway was branded with a hot iron. Aristotle called slaves "animate tools," forever indispensable, he thought, unless you were a utopian who believed in some future invention of automatic machinery. In Athens it was understood that the most efficient administrator of many slaves was someone who had himself been born into slavery and then freed; such a man would know, out of his own oppressive experience with severity, how to bear down hard. A foreigner who was not enslaved lived under prejudice and restriction. Demosthenes tells about the humili-

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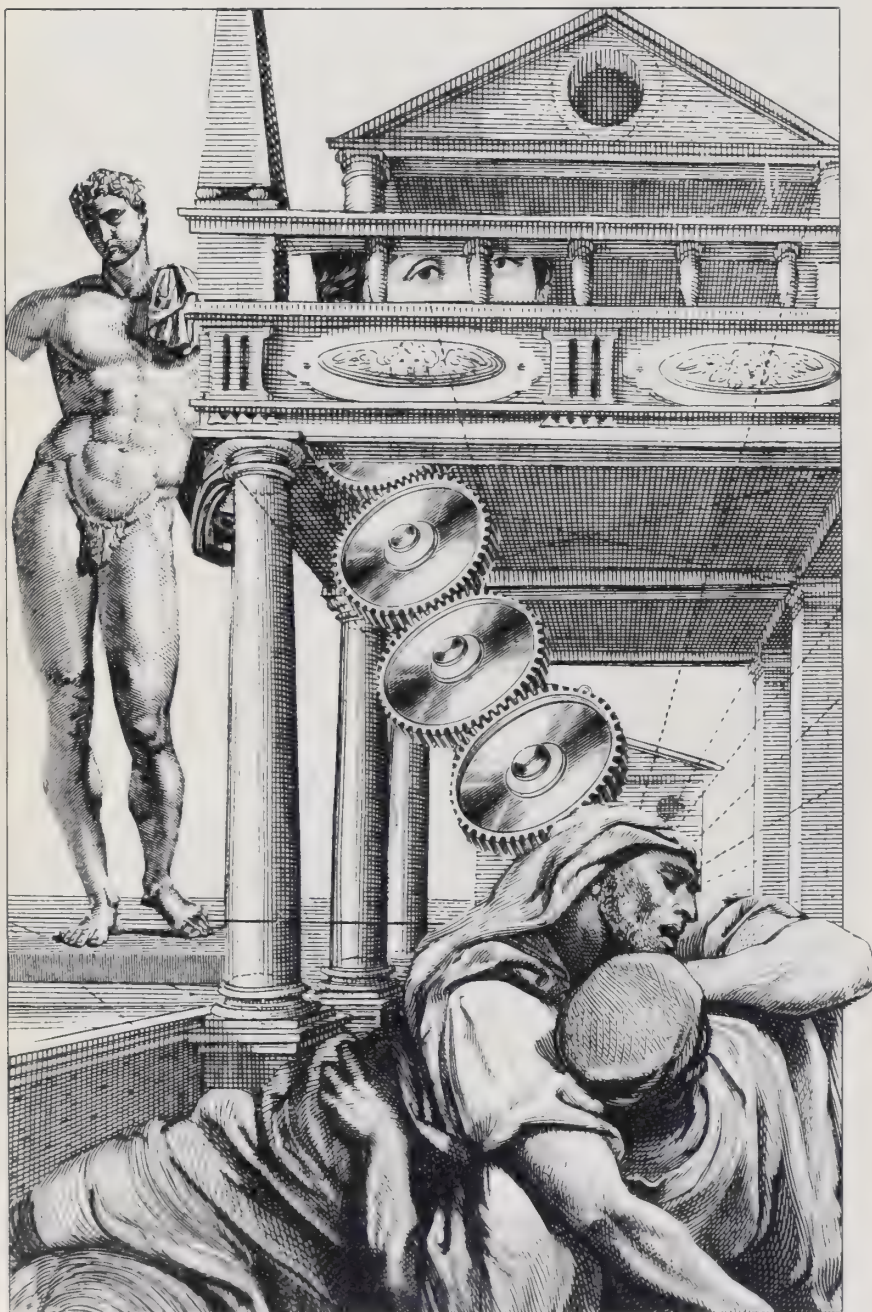
*The Greeks
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stranger*

ation of a certain Euxitheus, a prosperous Athenian whose citizenship suddenly came under a cloud because his father happened to be overheard speaking with an un-Athenian accent. Euxitheus had to prove that his father had in fact been Athenian-born, or his own status would drop to that of resident alien, stripping him of his property and his rights, and endangering his freedom. That the Greeks called all foreigners "barbarians" is notorious enough; but it was not so much a category as a jeer. It imputed to all foreign languages the animal sound of a

the Other; the outsider; the alien; the slave; the oppressed; the sufferer; the outcast; the opponent; the barbarian who owns feelings and deserves rights. And that is because they did not, as a society, cultivate memory, or search out any historical metaphor to contain memory

We come now to a jump. A short jump across the Mediterranean; a long jump to the experience of another people, less lucky than the Greeks, and—perhaps because less lucky—collectively obsessed with the imagination of pity; or call it the imagination of reciprocity. The Jews—they were named Hebrews then—were driven to a preoccupation with history and with memory almost at the start of their hard-pressed desert voyage into civilization. The distinguished Greeks had their complex polity, their stunning cities; in these great cities they nurtured unrivaled sophistications. The Jews began as primitives and nomads, naive shepherds as remote from scientific thinking as any other primitives; in their own culture, when at length they established their simple towns, they had no art or theater or athletics, and never would have. A good case can be made—though not a watertight one—that the Jews did not become students and scholars until they learned how from the Greeks; surely the classroom is a Greek innovation. And, finally, the Jews carried the memory of 400 years of torment. Unlike the citizen-Greeks, their history did not introduce civics; it introduced bricks without straw, and the Jews who escaped from Rameses' Egypt were a rough slave rabble, a mixed multitude; a rowdy, discontented, rebellious, ragtag mob. A nation of slaves is different from a nation of philosophers.

Out of that slavery a new thing was made. It should not be called a philosophy, because philosophy was Greek, and this was an envisioning the Greeks had always avoided, or else had never wished to invent, or else had been unable to invent. I have all along been calling this new thing metaphor. It came about because thirty generations of slavery in Egypt were never forgotten—though not as a form of grudge-holding. A distinction should be drawn between grudge-holding and memory; they are never the same. As for grudge holding, it was forbidden to the ex-slave rabble. The helping hand, says Exodus, reaches out to your enemy. If you meet your enemy's donkey or ox going astray, you must bring it back to him. If you happen on your enemy's donkey collapsed under its burden, you may not pass by; you must help your enemy relieve the animal. The Egyptians were cruel enemies and crueler oppressors; the ex-slaves will not forget—not out of spite for the wrongdoers, but as a means to understand what it is to be an outcast, a foreigner, an alien of any kind. By turning the concrete memory of slavery into a universalizing metaphor of reciprocity, the



grunt or a bark: *bar-bar, bar-bar.*

So there is much irony in our having universalized Greece through poetizing it. The Greeks were not only not universalists; they scorned the idea. They were firm in despising the stranger. They had no pity for the stranger. As a society they never undertook to imagine what it was to be

slaves discover a way to convert imagination to a serious moral instrument.

Now a fair representation of the Delphic Oracle is not the work of a minute; this we have seen, and it is a paradox. Inspiration, which is as sudden and as transient as an electrical trajectory, takes a long time to delineate, possibly because latency (a hidden prior knowing) and intelligibility are in its nature. It is in the nature of metaphor to be succinct. Four hundred years of bondage in Egypt, rendered as metaphoric memory, can be spoken in a moment; in a single sentence. What this sentence is, we do not know; we have built every idea of moral civilization on it. It is a sentence that conceivably sums up at the start every revelation that came afterward. It has given birth and tongue to saints and prophets, early and late. Its first dreamers are not its exclusive owners and operators; it belongs to everyone. That is the point of its having been dreamed into existence at all.

The sentence is easily identified. It follows fifteen verses behind "Love thy neighbor as thyself," but, majestic as that is, it is not the most majestic, because its subject is not the most recalcitrant. Our neighbor is usually of our own race, and looks like us and talks like us. Our neighbor is usually familiar; our neighbor is usually not foreign, or of another race. "Love thy neighbor as thyself" is a glorious, civilizing, unifying sentence, an exhortation of consummate moral beauty, difficult of performance, difficult of performance. And it reveals at once the little seed of parable: the phrase "as thyself." "Thyself"—that universe of feeling—is the model. "As thyself" becomes the commanding metaphor. But we are still, with our neighbor, in our own world. We are still, with the self, in psychology. We have not yet penetrated to history and memory. The more compelling sentence carries us there—Leviticus 19, verse 34—and you will find in it history as metaphor, memory raised to parable:

The stranger that sojourneth with you shall be unto you as the home-born among you, and you shall love him as yourself; because you were strangers in the land of Egypt.

Two chapters on, Leviticus 24, verse 22, insists further: "You shall have one manner of law, the same for the stranger as for the home-born." A similar injunction appears in Exodus, and again in Deuteronomy, and again in Numbers. Altogether, this precept of loving the stranger, and treating the stranger as an equal both in notion and under law, appears thirty-six times in the Pentateuch. It is there because a moral connection has been made with the memory of bondage. Leviticus 24, verse 22, demands memory, and then converts memory into metaphor:

"Because you were strangers in the land of Egypt." Bondage becomes a metaphor of pity for the outsider; Egypt becomes the great metaphor of reciprocity. "And a stranger shall you not oppress," says Exodus 23, verse 8, "for you know the heart of a stranger, seeing you were strangers in the land of Egypt." There stands the parable; there stands the sacred metaphor of belonging, one heart to another. Without the metaphor of memory and history, we cannot imagine the life of the Other. We cannot imagine what it is to be someone else. Metaphor is the reciprocal agent, the universalizing force: it makes possible the power to envision the stranger's heart.

In the absence of this metaphoric capability, what are the consequences? Nowhere beyond the reach of the Pentateuch did the alien and the home-born live under the same code. The Romans originally had a single word, *hostis*, to signify both enemy and stranger; in early Roman law, every alien was classed as an enemy, devoid of rights. In Germanic law the alien was *rechts-unfähig*, a pariah with no access to justice. The Greeks made slaves of the stranger and then taunted him with barks. There have been, and still are, religio-political systems that have incorporated the teaching of contempt, turning the closest neighbors into the most despised strangers—a loathing expressed in words like "untouchable," "dhimmi," "deicide." In our own country, slavery thrived under the wing of a freedom-proclaiming Constitution until the middle of the last century. And in 1945, a British camera on a single day in a single German deathcamp just liberated photographed a bulldozer sweeping into five pits 5,000 starved and abused human corpses at a time, a thousand to a pit, all of them having been judged unfit for the right to live.

By now you will have noticed that I have been quoting Scripture—a temptation that is always perilous, not only because it is a famously devilish pastime but also because it induces the sermonizing tone, which for some reason always seems to settle in the nasal cavities. For this I apologize. My intended subject, after all, has not been national character or ethics or religion or history; it has not even, appearances to the contrary, been Matthew Arnold's fertile delta: Hebraism and Hellenism. What I have been thinking of is *language*—explicitly the work of metaphor.

And it is time now to ask what metaphor is. One way to begin is to recognize that metaphor is what inspiration is not. Inspiration is ad hoc and has no history. Metaphor relies on what has been experienced before; it transforms the strange into the familiar. This is the rule even of the simplest metaphor—Homer's wine-dark

Metaphor relies on what has been experienced before; it transforms the strange into the familiar

Through
metaphor, the
past has the
capacity to
imagine us, and
we it

sea, for example. If you know wine, says the image, you will know the sea; the sea is for sailors, but wine is what we learn at home. Inspiration calls for possession and increases strangeness. Metaphor uses what we already possess and reduces strangeness. Inspiration belongs to riddle and oracle. Metaphor belongs to clarification and humane conduct. This is the meaning of the contrast between the Oracle at Delphi and the parable of servitude in Egypt. Inspiration attaches to the mysterious temples of anti-language. Metaphor overwhelmingly attaches to the house of language.

Should it, then, seem perplexing that both the oracle and the parable are identically dedicated to interpretation? The chief business of the priests at Delphi is practical interpretation. The incessant allusion to Egyptian bondage is again for the purpose of usable interpretation. And still the differences are total. Because the Delphic priests must begin each time with a fresh-hatched inspiration, with the annihilation of experience, they cannot arrive at any universal principle or precept. Principles and precepts derive from an accumulation of old events. Delphi never has old events; every event in that place is singular; the cry from the tripod is blazingly individual, particular, peculiar unto itself. From the tripod rises the curse of nepenthe; amnesia; forgetting; nor is it the voice of the race of humanity and its continuities we hear. The tragedy of the Delphic priests is not that their interpretations are obliged to start from gibberish. After all, what goes in as raw gibberish comes out as subject to rational decision, and it is more than conceivable that social principles might be extracted from a body of such decisions. But the priests think consciously only of their own moment. Their system is not organized toward the universalizing formulation. The tragedy of the priests is that, cut off from the uses of history, experience, and memory, they are helpless to make the future. They may, in a manner of speaking, "prophesy," with whatever luck such prophets have, but they cannot construct a heritage. They have nothing to pass on. They cannot give birth to metaphor; one thing does not suggest another thing. In a place where each heart is meant to rave on in its uniqueness, there is no means for the grief of one heart to implicate the understanding of another heart. In the end, inspiration and its devices turn away from the hope of regeneration.

Nowadays much of American literature is included in this Delphic fix. Certain novelists claim that fiction must express a pure autonomy—must become a self-sufficient language-machine—in order to be innovative; others strip language bare of any nuance. These aestheticians and minimalists, seeming opposites, both

end inevitably in nihilism. A certain style of poetry is so far committed to the exquisitely self-contained that it has long since given up on the incandescent dream we call criticism of life. Abandoning attachments, annihilating society, the airless verse of self-scrutiny ends, paradoxically, in loss of the self. A certain style of criticism becomes a series of overlapping solipsisms—consider those types of "deconstruction" that end only in formulae. Insofar as these incommunicado literary movements are interested in interpretation at all, they have their ear at the Pythian tripod.

Metaphor, though never to be found at Delphi, is also a priest of interpretation; but what it interprets is memory. Metaphor is compelled to press hard on language and storytelling; it inhabits language at its most concrete. At the shocking extension of the unknown into our most intimate, most feeling, most private selves, metaphor is the enemy of abstraction. Irony is of course implicit. Think how ironic it would be to declare the parable of Egypt, if you did not take the memory of slavery as your exemplar! Think how ironic your life would be if you passed through it without the power of connection. Novels, those vessels of irony and connection, are nothing if not metaphors. The great novel transforms experience into idea because it is the way of metaphor to transform memory into a principle of continuity. By "continuity" I mean nothing less than literary seriousness, which is unquestionably a branch of life-seriousness.

Now, if all this has persisted in sounding more like a lecture in morals than the meditation or language it professes to be, it may be worth turning to that astonishing comment in T. S. Eliot's indispensable essay on what he terms "concentration" of experience. "Someone said," says Eliot in "Tradition and the Individual Talent," "The dead writers are remote from us because we know so much more than they did.' Precisely, and they are that which we know." He is speaking of the transforming effect of memory. The dead writers have turned metaphoric; they contain our experience, and they alter both our being and our becoming. Here we have an exact counterpart of biblical memory: *because you were strangers in Egypt*. Through metaphor, the past has the capacity to imagine us, and we it. Through metaphorical concentration, doctors can imagine what it is to be their patients. Those who have no pain can imagine those who suffer. Those at the center can imagine what it is to be outside. The strong can imagine what it is to be weak. Illuminated lives can imagine the dark. Poets in their twilight can imagine the borders of stellar fire. We strangers can imagine the familiar hearts of strangers.

YOU ARE WHAT YOU WATCH

A status-conscious guide to personal programming

By Larry Tritten

I. How to Watch PBS

Invite friends over to watch *The Blue Dahlia* on your Sony Trinitron. Wonder what Wordsworth would have felt about word processors. Name your cat after one of Shakespeare's minor characters. Refer to Laurence Olivier as "Lord Olivier." Wear a running outfit to brunch at the kind of coffeehouse where there are nonobjective paintings on the wall and people are reading things like *Tristram Shandy* and writing insights in lavender ink on ruled notebook paper. Have a Neiman-Marcus catalogue in your bookcase beside a biography of Bakunin. Go to garage sales looking for Leadbelly records. Save all of your cans and take them regularly to a recycling center. Pronounce the word "genre" with fearless emphasis. Use an herbal dishwashing liquid. Claim to know what a gerund is and hope nobody ever asks.

O.K. posters: Bertrand Russell, Marlene Dietrich, Miss Piggy.

II. How to Watch MTV

Style your hair with a vacuum cleaner. If you're a girl, subscribe to both *Glamour* and *Creem* and either don't use any makeup at all or make yourself up to look like a member of Kiss. Wonder if Joan Jett has smaller breasts than David Bowie. Suspect that Nina Blackwood isn't on as often as a VJ as Martha Quinn because she gets more dates. Spread the rumor that Molly Ringwald is the illegitimate daughter of Mick Jagger or that Prince is the illegitimate son of Little Richard or that Cyndi Lauper is the ille-

gitimate daughter of Ethel Merman. Wonder if Eddie Van Halen married Valerie Bertinelli because she looks like him. Think of *American Bandstand* as adolescent. Propose that gospel music, religious hymns, and romantic ballads have a rating system. Worry about herpes.

O.K. heroes: Sean Penn, "Weird Al" Yankovic, Pee-Wee Herman.

III. How to Watch 'The Twilight Zone'

Laugh at the fortunes you get in Chinese fortune cookies but believe them anyway. Believe that dreams are theatrical presentations staged in the minds of humans by beings in another dimension. Constantly look for some small sign that you've crossed over into a parallel world. Find Ambrose Bierce. Use the word "phenomenon" at least once a day. Live in the past, dream about the future, and evade the present. Keep some ectoplasm in a jar on the mantel as a conversation piece.

O.K. bumper sticker: I BRAKE FOR EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS.

IV. How to Watch 'Miami Vice'

Get a tan, even if you have to do it with a sunlamp. Rent a Mercedes. If you're a man, wear white suits. If you're a woman, wear something that could be mailed in a four-by-six envelope. Wear sunglasses indoors and out, even if you live in North Dakota and it's November. Refer to cocaine as "blow," "lady," "nose candy," "rock," "snow," or "C." When you come back from a vacation, smuggle something (anything) through customs. Read Travis McGee novels when the series is in reruns. When you go

Larry Tritten is a freelance writer in San Francisco.

to the bank to deposit or withdraw money, talk about making a "drop" or a "pickup." Suspect that every briefcase you see is full of stacks of banded currency. Think of the centerfold photograph in *High Times* as soft-core pornography. Make sure the trunk of your car is cleaned out so there's plenty of room to put someone in there. Keep at least six kinds of rum in your liquor cabinet. Suspect that your phone is tapped. Have an art deco living room. Believe every small plane and small boat you see is carrying contraband. Suspect everything.

O.K. favorite song: "You Belong to the City."

V. How to Watch 'At the Movies'

Wear a sweater. Complain that the size of the television screen doesn't do justice to the film clips. Pop your own popcorn and hand it out to your guests along with Jujufruits and Raisinets. Enjoy Czechoslovakian cartoons and *cinéma vérité* documentaries. Own a VCR (but be unable to remember exactly what the letters stand for) and ask your guests if they'd like to see your tape of *Potemkin* or *My Dinner with Andre*. Complain about there not being enough names of directors on Hollywood Boulevard. Draw analogies between Albert Speer and John Simon. See half of the movies you see in a theater named for one of the Greek muses and the other half in the kind of theater where your feet stick to the floor. When someone near you in a theater talks, immediately ask him to be quiet—but feel that it's your duty to fill in your own companion on the film credits and private life of every character actor on the screen. Use Mitchum.

O.K. bumper sticker: MOVIES WERE BETTER THAN EVER.

VI. How to Watch 'Fame'

Be an NBC page or a Universal Studios tour guide or wait tables in a stage-door restaurant called Hello Deli. Read *Variety* in McDonald's over an Egg McMuffin. Sing and dance in the shower. Show everyone you meet your eight-by-ten glossies. Daydream about being asked to appear in a movie with the Muppets. Use your answering machine as an opportunity to do rou-

tines for a captive audience. Smell good. If you're a woman, wear leg warmers everywhere you go. Audition for everything (including parts that necessitate transvestism) and call them even if they say "Don't call us, we'll call you." Know the new name of Grauman's Chinese Theater. Be the understudy of the hypochondriacal star of an off-Broadway show or have a roommate who is Norman Lear's cousin. Watch *Entertainment Tonight* regularly in a bar that serves complimentary hors d'oeuvres. Complain about how they let Cassie sing "What I Did for Love" in the movie of *A Chorus Line*.

O.K. bumper sticker: SAVE THE MIMES.

VII. How to Watch '60 Minutes'

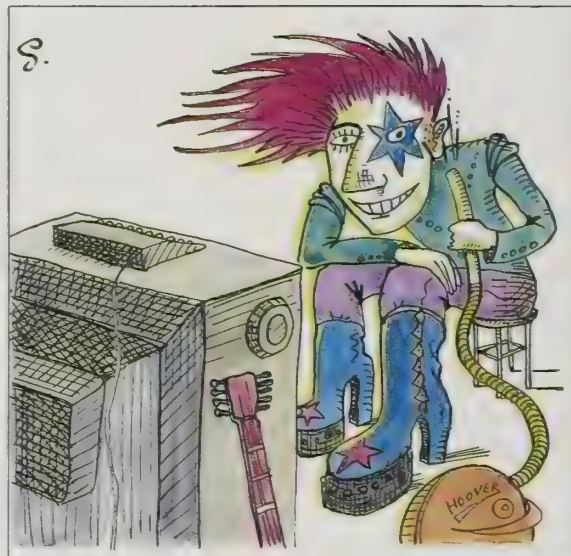
Be a poli sci major at a junior college or a sociologist at a government agency. Distrust television commercials. Refuse to work for anyone

who puts his hat over his face when photographers are around. Believe that the CIA is responsible for most of the dissent in Nicaragua, Albania, and Disneyland and that it has infiltrated Kentucky Fried Chicken franchises in Eastern Europe and the Orient. Wonder if Japanese baseball players use cocaine. Take the Fifth Amendment—even if the issue is only who ate the last piece of leftover chicken.

en. Have a good lawyer. Read ingredient labels uneasily. Sue the Better Business Bureau, just in case.

VIII. How to Watch the Playboy Channel

Think that Larry Flynt is vulgar and that Bob Guccione is tawdry but that Hugh Hefner is a philosopher. Make a careful distinction between pornography and eroticism and downplay your enjoyment of the former. Care as much about the interview with Italo Calvino as you do about the discussion of vaginal orgasm by a stewardess, a sex therapist, a prostitute, and a comedian. Try hard to pick up models, but if you can't, don't be averse to experimenting with phallic sex. Send back a steak in a restaurant to impress your date. Time your sexual climaxes (and hers) with a digital wristwatch. Know how to make love with every part of your body, including your mind.



LETTERS

Continued from page 7

ward Abbey replies:

It's good to know that so many people share my interest in cowboys, ranchers, and our public lands. In addition to the letters published here, about a hundred others were sent to my home address, many of a highly personal nature and most too enthusiastic to be printed in a decent family magazine like *Harper's*.

Now to the business at hand. Ralph Beer agrees with my central thesis, that the public rangelands are overstocked and overgrazed. He differs from me in placing primary blame on the responsible government agencies. I agree with him that the Forest Service, the Bureau of Land Management, and the Fish and Wildlife Service do a poor job; but I think they do a poor job because of the undue political influence exercised by the livestock lobby here in the West.

Beer raises the question of wildlife exploiting private property. Indeed, that is a problem for many ranchers. It is not the problem I was attempting to deal with. He also accuses me of speaking only for some elite group of sportsmen. Wrong: I was speaking for myself, the wildlife, and the general health of the land.

To Bud Eppers I say this: all citizens should enjoy the privilege of living on, with, and for the land. When the American population is reduced to a sane and rational number (say about 50 million), we can do so. Until then, however, the public lands should be reserved for the pleasure of everyone and for the livelihood of our most underprivileged minority—the native wildlife.

Georgia Jones suggests making an open-season game range of Manhattan Island. From what I hear, Manhattan—like Los Angeles—has already become exactly that.

Governor Ed Herschler is partly right: as a place to live, Wyoming is still more pleasant than Texas, Florida, New Jersey, or California. But he and his fellow promoters, developers, and empire builders—throughout the West—are doing their best to change that.

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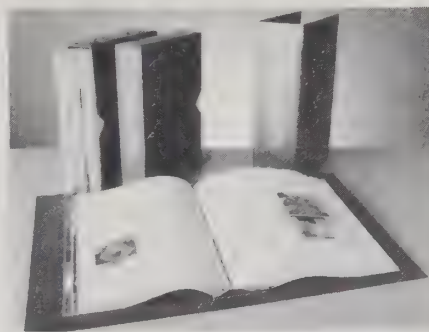
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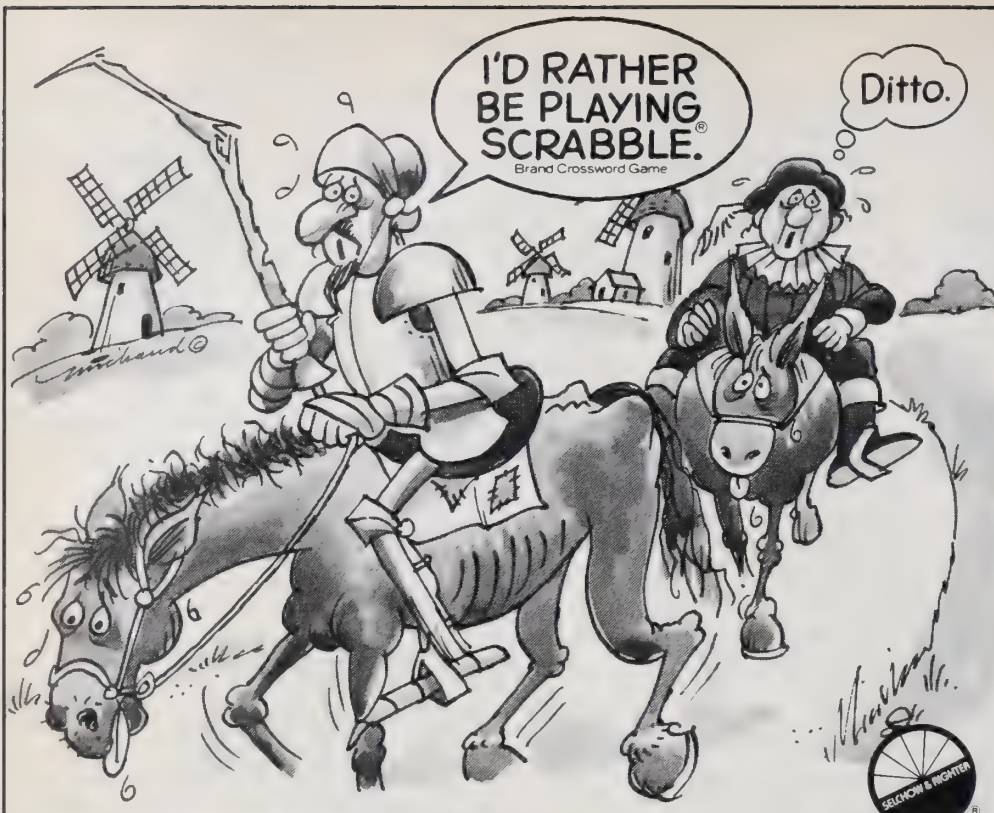
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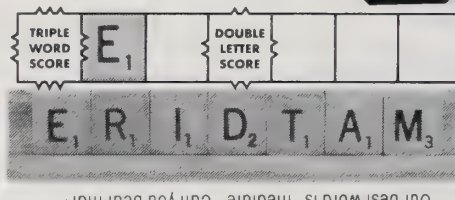
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Sid Goodloe is correct: the abuse of public lands by "recreational vehicles" will soon surpass the damage done by a century of overgrazing. You should stop it.

To Robert A. Jaynes—always to the back. Don't let an old desert rat like me buffalo a young cattleperson like you.

Finally, again, do cowboys work hard? Of course they do—part of the time. And they love it.

May Index Sources

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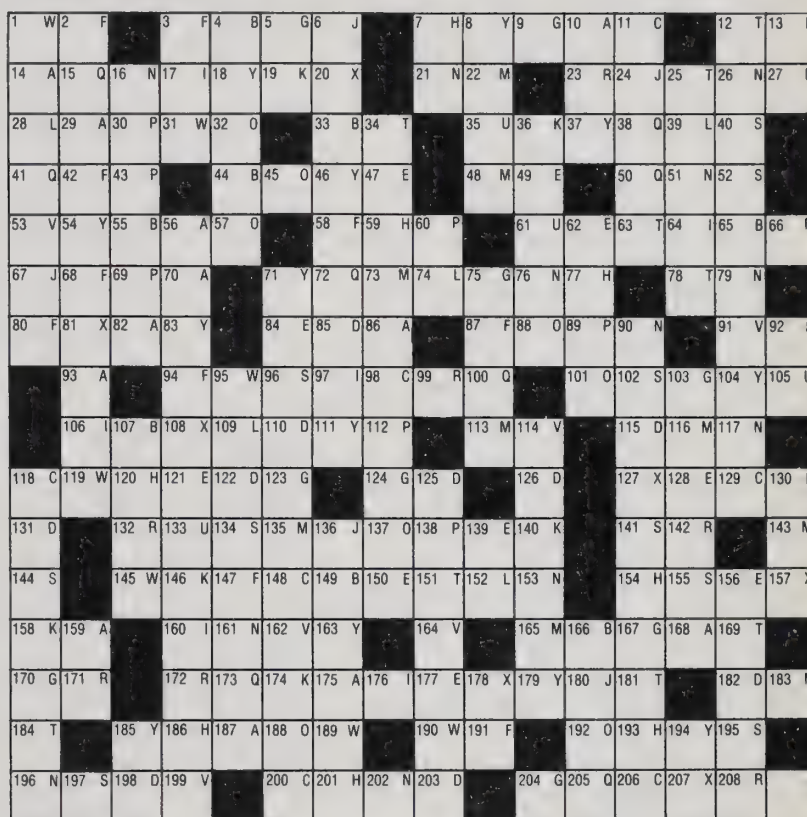


DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 41

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 75.



CLUES

- A. Sense of humor; disposition to laugh
159 175 56 168 10 187 14 82
29 93 70 86
- B. Defend, support
149 107 55 44 166 33 4 65
- C. Nimble, flexible
206 148 11 200 129 118 98
- D. Pleasantness, friendliness
85 131 125 126 110 122 198 182
115 203
- E. 1938 film in which Ronald Colman played François Villon (4 wds.)
156 49 177 84 62 128 139 47
150 27 121
- F. Halibut, sole, flounder, etc. (hyph.)
94 191 80 58 2 87 147 68
3 42
- G. 1938 song by Louis Armstrong and Zilner T. Randolph (3 wds.)
9 167 103 170 123 5 124 204
75
- H. Instrument for varying resistance
120 59 154 186 7 77 193 201
- I. Idiot, peabrain
176 64 17 160 97 106
- J. Circumstance
136 180 6 24 67
- K. Insult, provoke
158 174 146 36 19 140
- L. Mediator
152 74 13 28 109 39
- M. Japanese film, top prize-winner at the 1951 Venice film festival
135 143 165 116 48 73 113 22

- N. 1779 play by Gotthold Lessing (3 wds.)
76 202 16 51 21 79 183 161
90 196 26 153 117
- O. Lying near
45 192 101 88 137 32 188 57
- P. Help to surmount difficulties for the time being (2 wds.)
138 30 89 43 130 69 60 112
- Q. Helpless
15 38 205 72 41 100 173 50
- R. Neighborhood
99 23 132 66 171 172 208 142
- S. Semicircular projection of Antarctica, from Ice Bay to Edward VIII Bay (2 wds.)
197 195 40 52 134 141 92 96
102 144 155
- T. Remarks casually; drinks quickly (2 wds.)
169 151 12 184 181 34 78 25
63
- U. Chances, probability
133 61 35 105
- V. Try tentatively
114 164 53 91 199 162
- W. Old Fr. dance in quadruple meter
189 119 31 145 190 1 95
- X. Tense, nervous, conforming rigidly (2 wds.)
108 127 178 207 20 81 157
- Y. One exercising power in the background, as Richelieu's Père Joseph (2 wds.)
37 194 179 8 111 163 71 54
185 46 18 83 104

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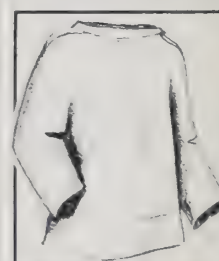
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SOLUTION TO THE APRIL PUZZLE

NOTES FOR "BAR HOPPING"

A slash (/) represents the bar in the diagram in the notes
below. ACROSS: 1. SCRUB-S/P; 6. S/PUR(IS)T; 10. CLE-
MATIS/O, anagram; 11. S/OATH, anagram; 12. T/SCALLOP-
ER, hidden; 13. UMIK/B, anagram; 17. C/ASA-FETID-A;
18. F-REELY(anagram)-F; 19. S/A(C)ID; 20. LENS/A, hid-
den; 22. F/R-I-BALD; 24. OCCU(PANTS)/R; 27. W/AL(rever-
sal)-I-B-I; 29. J(UDDER)ING/O; 30. AD-ZE/D; 31. E/DIS(reversal)-COUNT;
DOWN: 1. SC(R...)UFF/L(e); 2. C(L)AM/P; 3. RETICENCE(anagram)/-D; 4. BACKS-LAPS/E; 5. A-/BAT'S,
reversed; 6. PILA(F)/R; 7. ROOST/A, anagram; 8. STEADILY/B, anagram; 9. TH(R)E-AD/D; 14. L/HESI-
TANCE, anagram; 15. P/(VICAR)IOUS; 16. M/PRECLUDE(anagram)-(hors)E; 20. MAJ-GOL/F, reversed; 21.
Y/FABRIC, anagram; 23. D/D(RIFT)S; 25. S/UNDER, two meanings; 26. N/(W)IS(reversed)-H; 28. Y/B(re-
versal)-(ag)ENT.

SOLUTION TO APRIL DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 40). RICHARD REEVES: THE REAGAN DETOUR.
Alexis de Tocqueville . . . taking notes for what would become *Democracy in America*, remarked on
the number of . . . politicians who gained control of government by attacking it. "It was by promis-
ing to weaken it," de Tocqueville said, "that one won the right to control it."

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together
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York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's Magazine*, please include a copy of your latest
mailing label. Entries must be received by May 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened
at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. The solution will be printed in
the June issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 39 (March) are M.M. Martin, Amherst, Massachu-
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A	D	Z	E	D	I	S	C	O	U	N	T
M	E	T	R	I	C	H	E	I	S	T	S

PUZZLE

Double Entry

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

The left and right sides of this month's diagram are identical. Each "clue" below, therefore, is really two distinct clues, written consecutively with no additional connecting words, leading to two answers, one of which is to be entered on the right side, the other on the left. Either may appear first in the clue.

In addition, six paired entries in the diagram (shaded) are unclued. The two across the bottom of the diagram will together form a phrase that describes all the others; in order to get the phrase in the correct order (and correctly situate the right and left sides), enter the unclued entries at the top of the diagram in alphabetical order.

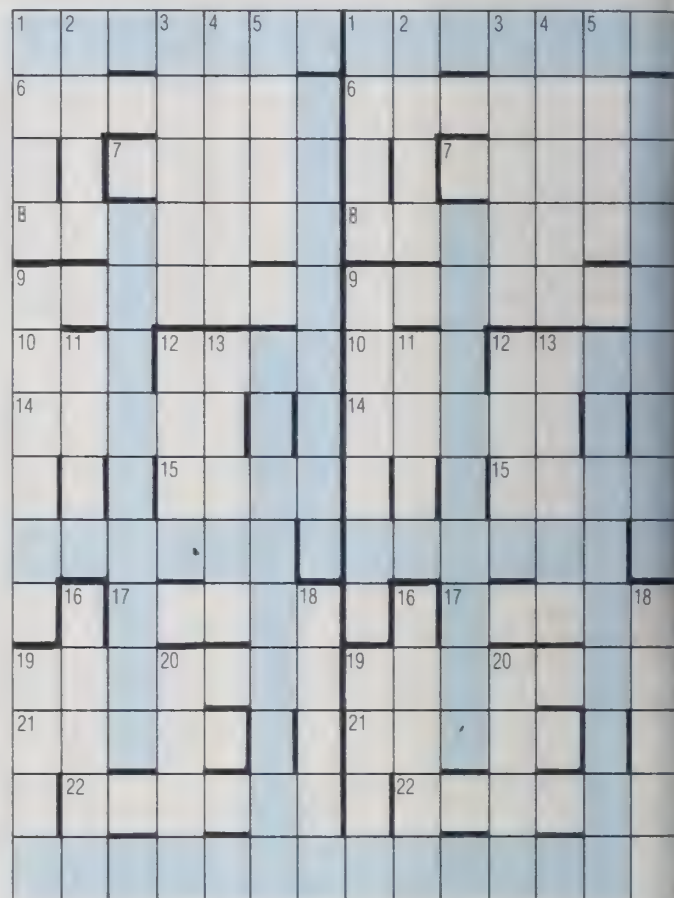
Clue answers include five proper names and one common foreign word. The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 75.

Across

6. Coming from an ancient culture, hire cab surreptitiously to be in a better position and not in line (7)
7. Native-born Israeli comes across as a Brazilian when siren is blown up (5)
8. It's more stylish in Italy today being taken in by the return of red wine produced by Irish group (7)
9. Supply supports stew, lobster soups, or mixed tropical fruit (7)
10. Trivia: one by one Franklin beat him, with backing of Southern state (3)
12. They've come out for the old Socialist leader in question, for a quick moment, having lost head (4)
14. True, the boy and I in retrospect like the ocean. He's in for a long time! With this aft, he could be saved! (5)
15. Work hard: heartless petroleum company spies on fifty in turnover of unskilled people (4)
17. Complains loudly about stingers? Quite the opposite! Has to recast words at the bar? (5)
19. South American animal captured by Nicaraguan, a courageous individual with appointment to provide order (7)
21. He composed regal composition lacking movement in E, right (5)
22. Flier with a big bill messed with count . . . a couple of words leads to verbal fights (6)

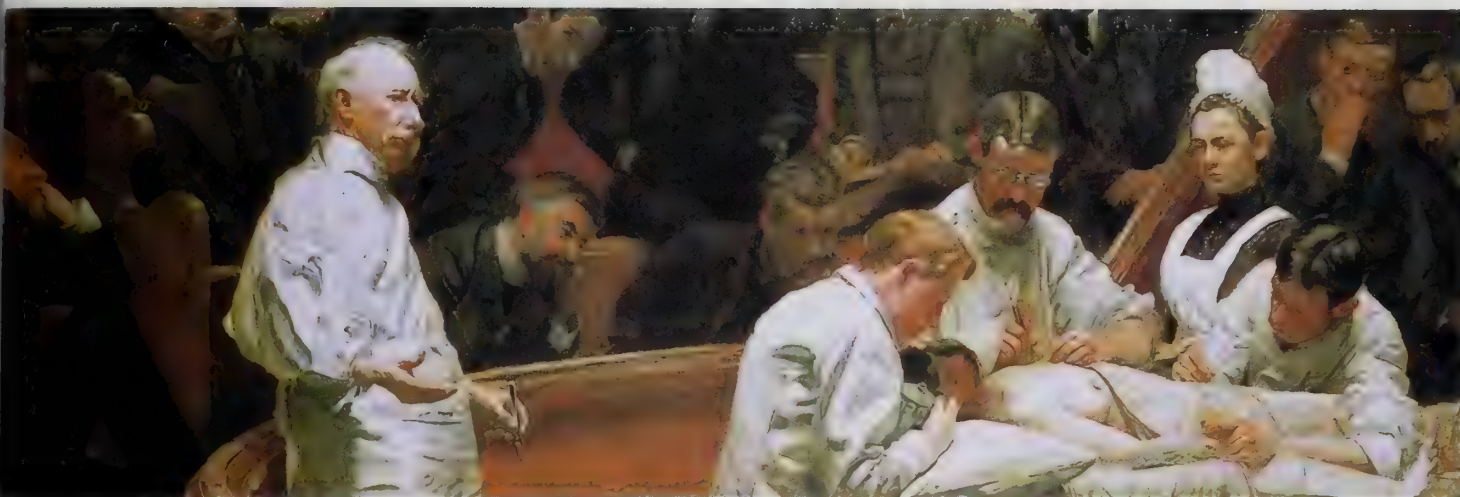
Down

1. SPAR in explosion; after docking, she had cast off (4)
2. Luminous radiation around aurora borealis hides re-turning of a plane (4)



3. From the mountains, beginning of charge is tormenting comparatively thirsty Rough Rider (5)
4. Bachelor, without changes, supporting principle: "laugh, trifle, practice" (5)
5. Either reading, 'riting, or 'rithmetic? It's certainly unique start to education, drawing anger in European country (4)
9. Spit is developed as Vail raised winter equipment bill for homemade materials (6)
11. For starters, nuthatch is discovered in nests partially acclimated in South American city (4)
12. A tiny bit of poetry from William Buckley I left with editor gets brought up: "There's a lot of baloney in here!" (4)
13. Get rid of all memory of moderate rent at first getting inside place on the market—there's nothing in the apartment (5)
16. Taboo too pronounced: African people, initially Christian, slurred Paul—it's the fault of the Catholics! (5)
18. Read about fashionable fishnet half-sock we had distributed (5)
19. \$0.001 for plant seed . . . European country doesn't have any (4)
20. One kind of G-man set fire around back of pusher, raised marijuana, e.g., and hauled in the sticks! (4)

Contest Rules. Send completed diagram with name and address to "Double Entry," Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's Magazine*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by May 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the July issue. Winners of the March puzzle are Meg Wolitzer, New York, New York; Janet E. Stovel, Toronto, Ontario; and Mike W. Styga, Virginia Beach, Virginia.



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Cover: Detail of The Agnew Clinic, by Thomas Eakins. Courtesy of the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine. (See page 40 for full reproduction.)

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LETTERS

Update: Sellafield Sea-dumping

On January 23-24, 1986, British Nuclear Fuels (BNF) discharged approximately one-half ton (440 kg) of purified uranium into the Irish Sea from the government-owned nuclear fuel reprocessing plant known as Sellafield, on the English coast of Cumbria. This plant, which is the world's largest commercial producer of bomb-grade plutonium and as such is of interest to us all, is notable for a pipeline a mile and a half long, through which it relieves itself daily of up to a million gallons of radioactive waste. Over its thirty-six years of operation, the plant has put a quarter-ton of plutonium into the waters off the English and European coasts.

This past winter there were three "incidents" at Sellafield within a month of each other, if the disgorging of the half-ton of uranium is counted as one. The chairman of BNF, soon to retire, who really is named Con Allday, insists that the uranium dumping was not an accident: "...after senior management had considered the likely environmental effects (which would be negligible and virtually undetectable), we discharged 440 kg of purified uranium into the sea. No rules were breached and the regulatory authorities were informed beforehand." With these few deft strokes he tells us volumes about British rules and regulatory au-

thorities. Indeed, what we have here is a sort of thumbnail portrait of the British nuclear industry.

More than a year ago *Harper's Magazine* published an article of mine about Sellafield ["Bad News from Britain," February 1985]. At that time a commission appointed by the British government and named for its chairman, Dr. Douglas Black, had made a study of the high rate of childhood leukemia in the villages surrounding Sellafield—ten times the national rate, which itself is high—and concluded that the plant was not to blame for it: "An observed association between two factors does not prove a causal relationship." The plant was to continue to function, regulated and supervised, and that is precisely what it has done.

At this writing, the European Parliament has voted that the plant be closed. The Irish premier, Garret FitzGerald, in a meeting with Prime Minister Thatcher, has asked for an independent monitoring force to be allowed into the plant. Says the London *Times*, "His proposal for independent monitoring was being knocked down." (Previous to this interview, FitzGerald may well have mistaken himself for the elected leader of a sovereign country.) The European Parliament vote seems unlikely to fare better, since the British government is in the midst of a vast expansion of Sellafield and is planning another reprocessing plant at Dounreay, in Scotland, the site of Britain's elderly breeder reactor. Britain is in what is called "the lucrative trade of importing nuclear waste," a trade which

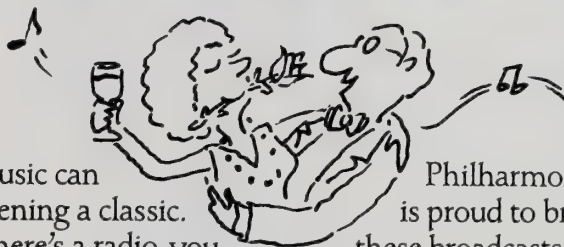
ourishes exuberantly in a scene of economic desolation.

What has happened at Sellafield (originally called Windscale) is this. The plant was first of all a "plutonium factory" whose sole object was to produce plutonium for Britain's weapons program. During 1952 and 1953 a secret experiment was made that involved discharging large amounts of plutonium into the Irish Sea. Secret or not, the fact is that the plant was built with a large pipe for delivering wastes, including plutonium, into the sea—a feature whose existence, even in those naive early days, the government forbade the head of the plant to mention—and that this approach to waste disposal has never been departed from. And though it is now called reprocessing plant rather than a plutonium factory, its function is still the extraction of plutonium and purified uranium, not the making manageable of radioactive waste. Salable materials are retrieved from nuclear waste—at no great level of efficiency—and the rest is flushed into the environment, whether pumped into the sea or vented into the air.

If the problem of nuclear waste were really so simple that it could be solved by routinely pumping it into the sea, the trade would not be lucrative. The Japanese are technically capable of dumping waste off their own shores, and if they thought, for example, that a half-ton of purified uranium would not alter their coastal environment for the worse, they would surely be happy to realize this great savings—Sellafield is Britain's major earner of yen. Instead, it appears that Japan (and other countries as well) pays for the reprocessing of dangerous waste. Britain extracts what it can cheaply and dumps the rest, denying that it is dangerous—a lucrative arrangement, indeed.

The British press, not risible, nevertheless finds "black comedy" in Sellafield. Is this black comedy? Certainly we are at the frontier of the genre. There are two basic kinds of nuclear mishaps: leaks, and fires or explosions. Sellafield is a leak—a massive, continuous, forty-year nuclear accident. It is designed and operated so as to release radioactive materials into the environment rou-

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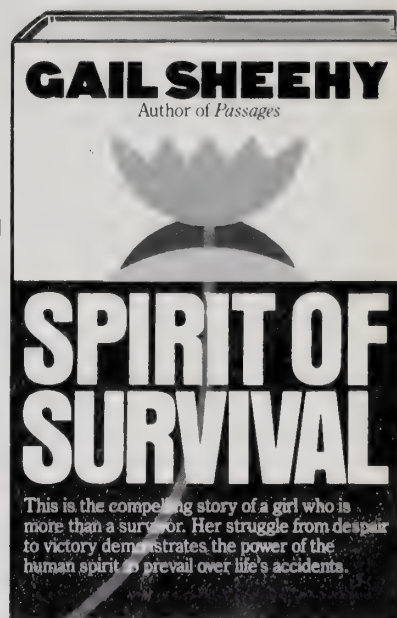
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nely. The norms of the world nuclear industry require that the concept "accident" be applied to leaks. So now we have the British nuclear and official establishments struggling with the semantic difficulties involved in keeping distinct the unintentional release and the intentional release of radioactivity into the environment, the first being occasional and a cause for concern, the second being routine and constant and no risk to public health. The ruthenium in one's herding is apparently benign if it is there in compliance with rules and regulatory standards.

Sellafield (Windscale on your Greenpeace button) had its famous core fire in 1957, put out with water hoses, the worst nuclear accident yet to occur in the West, and there have been instances of criticality since then. The plant being a shambles, in the view of Michael Heseltine, then secretary of the environment, and, in the words of the *Observer's* Geoffrey Lean, "a spatch cock, leaky jumble," we would all do well to remember it in our prayers. But to dwell on the question of "accidents"—whose identification as such is in many cases arbitrary or, as in the case of the purified uranium, controverted—is to lose sight of the main point, which is that the British government insists on the appropriateness of grand-scale dumping of nuclear toxins into the world's environment. It is this—the basis of the lucrative trade—that is rescued by all the diverting or, if you will, comic potholes about "sloppy management."

The British government owns and has always owned this plant. It shelters behind entities of its own creation to establish deniability, but decisions affecting the existence and operation of the plant are government decisions. It is the government that cannot afford to operate it safely, and the government that enjoys its great profitability. It is the government that denies the special environmental consequences of radioactive pollution.

A team of health experts should go to the area to find out what has happened there. As it is, only such evidence as the British government chooses to generate is available, and

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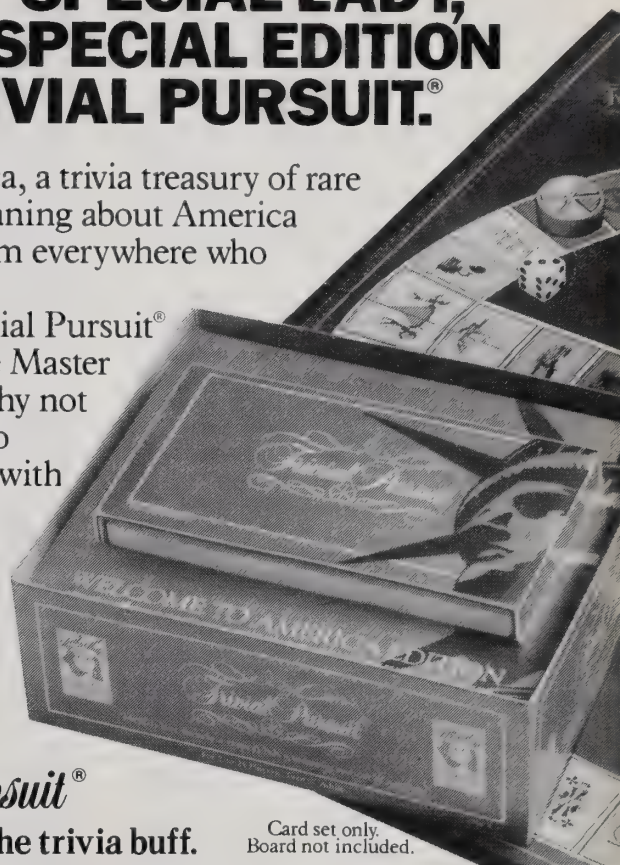
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that is a study showing cases of childhood leukemia few enough to seem ambiguous. If it were found that generations could live in an environment increasingly contaminated with radioactivity and not suffer significant ill effects, we would all breathe a great sigh of relief and only fault the British for having kept this good news to themselves so long. It is perhaps appropriate to note here that while the British government has slashed funds for cancer research, BNF (the British government in its avatar as nuclear establishment) has become Britain's largest contributor to cancer research.

The Europeans want a look at this plant, and they should have one. (The British inspectorate that has been responsible for Sellafield all along is about to inspect again—with greater than usual thoroughness, one must hope. Still, it would hardly reflect well on them if they suddenly found great fault with the leaky jumble—if, for example, they were suddenly to notice that pipeline.) An

outsider's appraisal is overdue. International observers would certainly not share British assumptions about things nuclear. As I have said, it is the uniqueness of the British approach to radiation that has made the industry so profitable. A British journalist told me once that Britain's exposure standards were laxer than America's by one million times. I certainly hope he was wrong. Nevertheless, in reading British material about environmental contamination one finds consistently that the presence of toxic material in fish or in household dust is never considered problematic in itself. The question is always whether such materials are present in dangerous concentrations—which are never specified.

A hundred Britons have by now taken up their pens to chasten me for my not knowing that radioactive substances occur naturally at least in trace amounts, that there is background radiation in nature. Their press and government encourage this kind of confusion. Meanwhile, Ra-

venglass Estuary, on the coast south of Sellafield, once one of the greatest nesting sites in Europe, is contaminated with plutonium at a level 27,000 times the background level left from atmospheric testing (itself a standard I would like to see the British quantify).

Con Allday explains with weary patience that the Irish Sea is aslosh with "many thousands of tons of naturally occurring uranium," into which his latest little half-ton of purified uranium will vanish untraceably. In general, radioactive contamination is treated not as a substance which can be ingested and assimilated into the body, or lodged in the lung, but as a certain quantity of radiation, averaged out over an area of some undisclosed extent but large enough to make the impact marginal. Then, too, it is always measured against a "background" level, understood to vary from place to place. There seems to be no conception of cumulative impact—every leak is a discrete event, though the pollutants' half-lives are

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many thousands of years long. There seems to be confusion between radioactivity as a natural phenomenon and the phenomenon of man-made radioactive material. This is rather like arguing that since iodine is all around, it's safe to drink it from a bottle.

The Europeans should have a look at Sellafield, and they should try to close it down. And they should remember that if the British will not bear the expense of keeping it secure while it is profitable, it should not be assumed that they will look after it when it is defunct. A shutdown will certainly not end the damage done here. It might be the easiest thing at some point for the government to abandon the old monster, let the population that tends it disperse, and take up the lucrative trade again in Scotland, with a deep bow to world opinion. What has been done at Sellafield *must* be understood and acknowledged.

Some questions:

Why does the *New York Times* tell us nothing at all about major Europe-

an issues like this one? Do those worldly souls never pick up a foreign newspaper? Is it a principle of American journalism that we are wiser or happier for being spared information? Are nuclear and ecological issues in foreign countries of no interest to Americans? Articles just frequent enough to keep the paint fresh on stereotypes of national character are an insult and a disservice. Europe is not a Tussaud display or a theme park.

Why does Greenpeace not make its constituency in the United States aware of Sellafield? One bad tourist season would put the issue of profitability in a new light. Granted that the organization typically prints its literature on bumper stickers, why in the one brochure I did find was it announced that sea-dumping had ceased worldwide, when British and European chapters are quite keenly aware of what is happening in the Irish Sea? People disbelieve me when I tell them about Sellafield—because Greenpeace would do something about it, surely. Where is Green-


peace? A quarter-ton of plutonium is an impressive amount, I think, and unless baby seals have radiological immunities I am not aware of, this sort of thing could undo a lot of hard work.

Marilynne Robinson
Northampton, Mass.

Cuomo on the Contras

Lest readers of *Harper's Magazine* be misled as to my views regarding President Reagan's policies toward Nicaragua, a possibility which might have arisen from the excerpt the magazine published of an interview I gave to the *Village Voice* ["Liberalism's Last Hope," April], let me say that I oppose Reagan's support of the *contras*. I declined to discuss my thoughts on Central America because my understanding was that that particular interview was to be just on New York State issues. In retrospect, this was perhaps a mistake.

Continued on page 74



South Pacific. Down Under.


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NOTEBOOK

A pig for all seasons

By *Lewis H. Lapham*

Toward the end of last month I received an urgent telephone call from a correspondent on the frontiers of the higher technology who said that I had better begin thinking about pigs. Soon, he said, it would be possible to grow a pig replicating the DNA of anybody rich enough to order such a pig, and once the technique was safely in place, I could forget most of what I had learned about the consolations of literature and philosophy. He didn't yet have the details of all the relevant genetic engineering, and he didn't expect custom-tailored pigs to appear in time for the Neiman-Marcus Christmas catalogue, but the new day was dawning a lot sooner than most people supposed, and he wanted to be sure that I was conversant with the latest trends.

At first I didn't appreciate the significance of the news, and I said something polite about the wonders that never cease. With the air of impatience characteristic of him when speaking to the literary sector, my correspondent explained that very private pigs would serve as banks, or stores, for organ transplants. If the owner of a pig had a sudden need for a heart or a kidney, he wouldn't have to buy the item on the spot market. Nor would he have to worry about the availability, location, species, or racial composition of a prospective donor. He merely would bring his own pig to the hospital, and the surgeons would perform the metamorphosis.

"Think of pigs as wine cellars," the

correspondent said, "and maybe you will understand their place in the new scheme of things."

He was in a hurry, and he hung up before I had the chance to ask further questions, but after brooding on the matter for some hours I thought that I could grasp at least a few of the preliminary implications. Certainly the manufacture of handmade pigs was consistent with the spirit of an age devoted to the beauty of money. For the kind of people who already own most everything worth owning—for President Reagan's friends in Beverly Hills and the newly minted plutocracy that glitters in the show windows of the national media—what toy or bauble could match the priceless objet d'art of a surrogate self?

My correspondent didn't mention a probable price for a pig made in one's own image, but I'm sure that it wouldn't come cheap. The possession of such a pig obviously would become a status symbol of the first rank, and I expect that the animals sold to the carriage trade would cost at least as much as a Rolls-Royce or beachfront property in Malibu. Anybody wishing to present an affluent countenance to the world would be obliged to buy a pig for every member of the household—for the servants and secretaries as well as for the children. Some people would keep a pig at both their town and country residences, and celebrities as precious as Joan Collins or as nervous as General Alexander Haig might keep herds of twenty to

thirty pigs. The larger corporations might offer custom-made pigs—together with the limousines, the stock options, and the club memberships—as another perquisite to secure the loyalty of the executive classes.

Contrary to the common belief, pigs are remarkably clean and orderly animals. They could be trained to behave graciously in the nation's better restaurants, thus accustoming themselves to a taste not only for truffles but also for Dom Pérignon and béchamel sauce. If a man needs a new stomach in a hurry, it's helpful if the stomach in transit already knows what's what.

Within a matter of a very few months (i.e., once people began to acquire more respectful attitudes toward pigs), I assume that designers like Galanos and Giorgio Armani would introduce lines of porcine couture. On the East Side of Manhattan, as well as in the finer suburbs, I can imagine gentleman farmers opening schools for pigs. Not a rigorous curriculum, of course, nothing as elaborate as the dressage taught to thoroughbred horses, but a few airs and graces, some tips on good grooming, and a few phrases of rudimentary French.

As pigs became more familiar as companions to the rich and famous, they might begin to attend charity balls and theater benefits. I can envision collections of well-known people posing with their pigs for photographs in the fashion magazines—Katharine

Graham and her pig at Nantucket, William Casey and his pig at Palm Beach, Norman Mailer and his pig pondering a metaphor in the writer's study.

Celebrities too busy to attend all the occasions to which they're invited might choose to send their pigs. The substitution could not be construed as an insult, because the pigs—being extraordinarily expensive and well dressed—could be seen as ornamental figures of a stature (and sometimes subtlety of mind) equivalent to that of their patrons. Senators could send their pigs to routine committee meetings, and President Reagan might send one or more of his pigs to state funerals in lieu of Vice President Bush.

People constantly worrying about medical emergencies probably wouldn't want to leave home without their pigs. Individuals suffering only mild degrees of stress might get in the habit of leading their pigs around on leashes, as if they were poodles or Yorkshire terriers. People displaying advanced symptoms of anxiety might choose to sit for hours on a sofa or a park bench, clutching their pigs as if they were the best of all possible teddy bears, content to look upon the world with the beatific smile of people who know they have been saved.

I'm sure the airlines would allow first-class passengers to travel to Europe or California in the company of their pigs, and I like to imagine the sight of the pairs of differently shaped heads when seen from the rear of the cabin.

For people living in Dallas or Los Angeles, it probably wouldn't be too hard to make space for a pig in a backyard or garage; in Long Island and Connecticut, the gentry presumably would keep herds of pigs on their estates, and this would tend to sponsor the revival of the picturesque forms of environmentalism favored by Marie Antoinette and the Sierra Club. The nation's leading architects, among them Philip Johnson and I.M. Pei, could be commissioned to design fanciful pigpens distinguished by post-modern allusions to nineteenth-century barnyards.

But in New York, the keeping of swine would be a more difficult busi-

ness, and so I expect that the owners of expensive apartments would pay a good deal more attention to the hiring of a swineherd than to the hiring of a doorman or managing agent. Pens could be constructed in the basement, but somebody would have to see to it that the pigs were comfortable, well fed, and safe from disease. The jewelers in town could be relied upon to devise name tags, in gold or lapis lazuli, that would prevent the appalling possibility of mistaken identity. If a resident grandee had to be rushed to the hospital in the middle of the night, and if it so happened that the heart of one of Dan Rather's pigs was placed in the body of Howard Cosell, I'm afraid that even Roy Cohn would be hard pressed to work out an equitable settlement.

With regard to the negative effects of the new technology, I could think of relatively few obvious losses. The dealers in bacon and pork sausage might suffer a decline in sales, and footballs would have to be made of something other than pigskin. The technology couldn't be exported to Moslem countries, and certain unscrupulous butchers trading in specialty meats might have to be restrained from buying up the herds originally collected by celebrities recently deceased. Without strict dietary laws, I can imagine the impresarios of a nouvelle cuisine charging \$2,000 for choucroute de Barbara Walters or potted McEnroe.

But mostly I could think only of the benign genius of modern science. Traffic in the cities could be expected to move more gently (in deference to the number of pigs roaming the streets for their afternoon stroll), and I assume that the municipal authorities would provide large meadows for people wishing to romp and play with their pigs.

Best of all, terrorists might learn to seize important pigs as proxy hostages. A crowd of affluent pigs would be a lot easier to manage than the passengers on a cruise ship. If the demands for ransom weren't promptly met, the terrorists could roast the imperialist swine and know that they had eaten the marrow of their enemies and sucked the bones of fortune. ■

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HARPER'S INDEX

- Amount Mexico has borrowed abroad since 1974 : \$97,000,000,000
- Value of investments and deposits made abroad by Mexicans since 1974 : \$90,300,000,000
- Tons of hair Poland exports annually to West Germany in exchange for barber equipment : 100
- Percentage increase in trade between China and the Soviet Union in 1985 : 45
- Shipments of hazardous materials made in the United States each day : 500,000
- Portion of all vehicles carrying hazardous materials that are incorrectly labeled : 1/4
- Number of Americans who were tested for drug use by urinalysis in 1985 : 4,500,000 (see page 56)
- Percentage of the federal income taxes paid by individuals in 1981 that went to military programs : 45.5
- Percentage in 1986 : 51.4
- Amount the Reagan Administration has budgeted for military bands in 1987 : \$154,200,000
- Amount it has budgeted for the National Endowment for the Arts : \$144,900,000
- Number of pornographic videocassettes released each week : 100
- Number of videocassettes rented in 1985 : 1,200,000,000
- Number of books checked out from public libraries in 1985 : 1,197,000,000
- Percentage of total movie industry revenues derived from theatrical distribution in 1978 : 80
- In 1985 : 43
- Number of New York City police officers who are members of the Screen Actors Guild : 350
- Portion of the domestic TV market held by American manufacturers : 3/4
- Percentage of 1984 corporate R&D funded by the government in Japan : 1.8
- In the United States : 32.3
- Percentage change in Chrysler's profit in 1985 : -31.3
- In Lee Iacocca's salary and benefits : +35
- Number of schools that have invited Lee Iacocca to speak at their graduations : 150
- Number that have invited Mario Cuomo : 160
- Estimated percentage of diplomas that are printed on sheepskin : 3
- Estimated number of Americans who have counterfeit diplomas or credentials : 500,000
- Chances that a physician is an impostor : 1 in 50
- Chances that a resident of Washington, D.C., is a lawyer : 1 in 25
- Percentage of claims paid by insurance companies that are awarded by juries : 2
- Number of people who died in 1985 as a result of "telephone-related" injuries : 11,000
- Number of people who try unsuccessfully to get President Reagan on the telephone each year : 175,000
- Rank of France, Italy, and England among destinations of congressional fact-finding trips : 1, 2, 3
- Percentage increase in Atlantic City's crime rate since gambling was legalized there in 1978 : 275
- Number of weddings performed each day in 1985 at Las Vegas's Little Church of the West : 163
- Average duration of an American marriage (in years) : 9.4
- Percentage of Americans who say that good sex is "very important" to a successful marriage : 75
- Percentage of West Germans who say this : 52
- Number of people who have barreled over Niagara Falls and survived : 7
- Plastic pink flamingos sold in the United States in 1985 : 450,000
- Percentage of Americans who say they have never heard the word "yuppie" : 39

Figures cited are the latest available as of April 1986. Sources are listed on page 76.

READINGS

[Lecture]

THE GLASS AGE

*From "Plate Glass and the Soul," a lecture delivered by Richard Sennett in March at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Sennett, a fellow at the New York Institute for the Humanities, is the author of *The Fall of Public Man* and *An Evening of Brahms*, a novel.*

The skyscraper should be fatally attractive to suicides. Tall buildings thrust up into nothingness until their very height creates an abyss below. Plate glass, however, is the great modern protection against this, and lesser acts of spontaneity. Smashing a window of plate glass is hard work, and unscrewing it from its metal frame requires patience and steady hands. A person who suddenly feels he has had enough might press his face yearningly against the glass, yet he is restrained by a material that lets him see everything inaccessible to his desire.

Nineteen eighty-six is the centenary of the birth of Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, the architect who more than anyone else made plate glass the material through which our century defines the relation between inner and outer: the outside entirely visible from within, yet hermetically sealed off. It was Mies who in 1921 conceived of an office building entirely sheathed in glass; Mies who a year later built a model of a glass tower whose walls were billowing curves and folds; Mies who, after coming to Chicago in 1939, began to build these ideal visions of glass. And of course it is Mies, the archon of modernism, who is now accused of fathering a soulless environment of glass towers in which men and women are as cut off from one another as from the outside, an architecture if not of suicide, then at least of despair.

Until quite recently the visual experience of

joining inside and outside was a matter either of looking directly through an open window, or of looking through an often ripply material cut into small pieces and caged in wood. Fully apprehending the outside from within, yet feeling neither cold nor wind nor moisture, is a modern sensation. Although glass is at least 4,000 years old, it wasn't until the eighteenth century—after experiments with different formulas and the development of cast-iron rollers needed to perfect sheet glass—that windows could be made large. And it wasn't until the nineteenth century that truly radical glass architecture appeared. Greenhouses—like the ones Joseph Paxton built for the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, which we know only in drawings and photographs, or Kew Gardens, or the Jardin des Plantes—are extraordinary buildings. The dappling display of light and shadow in these enormous glass halls as clouds pass, as time passes, turns space into action. The rooms constantly change their form, just as a stage is transformed through lighting, but here there is no sense of artifice. Sunlight alone does the work. In terms of light, the nineteenth-century greenhouse abolished the distinction between inside and outside.

Moreover, glass allowed a more obvious drama—the drama of scale. Sheathing a building in iron-framed glass radically reduced the cost and time required to build big. Suddenly, men were able to build in a few months structures as large as cathedrals or the palaces of kings. Glass was thus one of the materials that enabled men to overcome their sense of great space as hard to conquer.

The material was used more tentatively, however, in dwellings. To *live* exposed to the outside seemed akin to walking around naked, not an appealing condition to our Victorian forebears. And there is a kind of Victorian logic to the delay in inhabiting glass houses until the develop-



From the Nation.

ment of the elevator, the steel skeleton, and other such advancements of the late nineteenth century, all of which ensured that exposure would happen far above the ground, up in the sky, where no one else would see. Indeed, in his Berlin days, Mies never imagined that such buildings would so reproduce and crowd upon themselves in cities. He usually drew his apartment towers as single buildings, alone on the horizon, places where “up” meant “alone”; up and alone, visibility entailed no risk.

Can one blame Mies for not understanding the rules of industrial multiplication? Is he accountable for all illegitimate offspring? Perhaps, but imitation is a form of homage hard to forbid. A better question is whether Mies understood the tool he wielded so much more gracefully than others. The answer, I think, is that he did not.

The architecture of Mies is an architecture of decree. Its grace and harmony depend on finely calculated balances, the exact placement of furniture—his own, naturally—the presence or absence of paintings, the colors of rugs. This is an architecture that makes the aesthetics of the whole depend on one man’s absolute control of the parts. Delicate and graceful a dictator as Mies was, his aesthetic blinded him to the consequences of glass. He decreed that large sheets of glass would dissolve the distinction between inner and outer in his buildings. Yet we know

that the suicide’s dilemma, when one day on the fortieth floor his family and his failed novel seem too much for him, is but an extreme version of the problem others have with glass walls. It is the problem of the man who sees from his window a tree blowing in the wind but cannot hear the wind blowing. The division of the physical senses that began in the Victorian greenhouse has become absolute, sight now divided in its operations from sound, smell, and touch.

The architects of Mies’s generation proclaimed an abyss between their own work and that of the past, due in part to their ability to use materials such as plate glass as these materials had never been used before. Yet this conviction of an abyss between modernism and the past was false—an observation about modern art in general that has become something of a cliché. But architecture is a special case. Having failed to recognize their own place in history, the Miesian modernists were condemned to repeat history. The plate-glass canyon on Park Avenue in New York embodies one of the great dramas in the social thought of the Romantic era: that of making sense of the incommensurable relationship between the human spirit—the soul—and the world around it. The acerbic, thoroughly modern Mies would have smiled at the very mention of the word “soul.” Yet the Romantic



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philosophers were preoccupied with why and how spiritual life had become divorced from the physical environment. Mies's work shows what this divorce looks like, even though he imagined it an image of marital bliss.

What does it matter that the architecture inspired by plate glass draws us into the spiritual problems of an earlier age? Once we connect these buildings with their cultural past, the enormous body of Romantic writing on solitude seems less a matter for smiles and indulgence. The practical problem of urban design now is how men and women can cope with the solitude imposed by modernism, and the Romantics knew more about solitude than we do. It had not yet been reduced to a badge of honor for the alienated, or a wound to be treated by collective compulsion.

The glass world imposes solitude upon its inhabitants: if I put the matter thus I write just another crude cliché, for glass has to be used in a certain way to arouse a sense of lonely space. Think of the glass house Mies built in Plano, Illinois, just after World War II. From a cultural perspective, the Farnsworth House is perhaps the most important structure Mies built, for it is an exact lesson in how, even on a domestic scale, plate glass can create an architecture of spiritual solitude.

In the Farnsworth House, intimate space is governed by the aesthetic of the generic skyscraper. The house is a rectangle of glass walls framed in white-painted steel; the box floats on eight steel stilts about four feet above the ground. There is a functional reason for the stilts, for the house sits on the floodplain of a nearby river, but form has not "followed" function here. As the irate owner later complained, there were far more efficient ways to design a flood-proof house.

A house on stilts proclaims that it is a threatened dwelling. With its base at chest level, the house seems to hover in space, floating like a spaceship, and you hurry forward to hoist yourself up to this refuge. The house, however, is not a refuge. The use of glass for every exterior vertical surface means you cannot get safely inside at all. The sight of people within is not reassuring: they look as if they don't belong. This building is meant for emptiness.

The sensations the Farnsworth House arouses would have been familiar to the Romantic writers. Here is a work of art set in hostile nature, a work in its very perfection inhospitable to human beings. Of course, many writers and painters in the Romantic era continued to draw friendly inspiration from nature. There was in the domain of letters, however, a sensibility parallel to Géricault's image of nature's cruelty in the *Raft of the Medusa*, or Delacroix's drawings

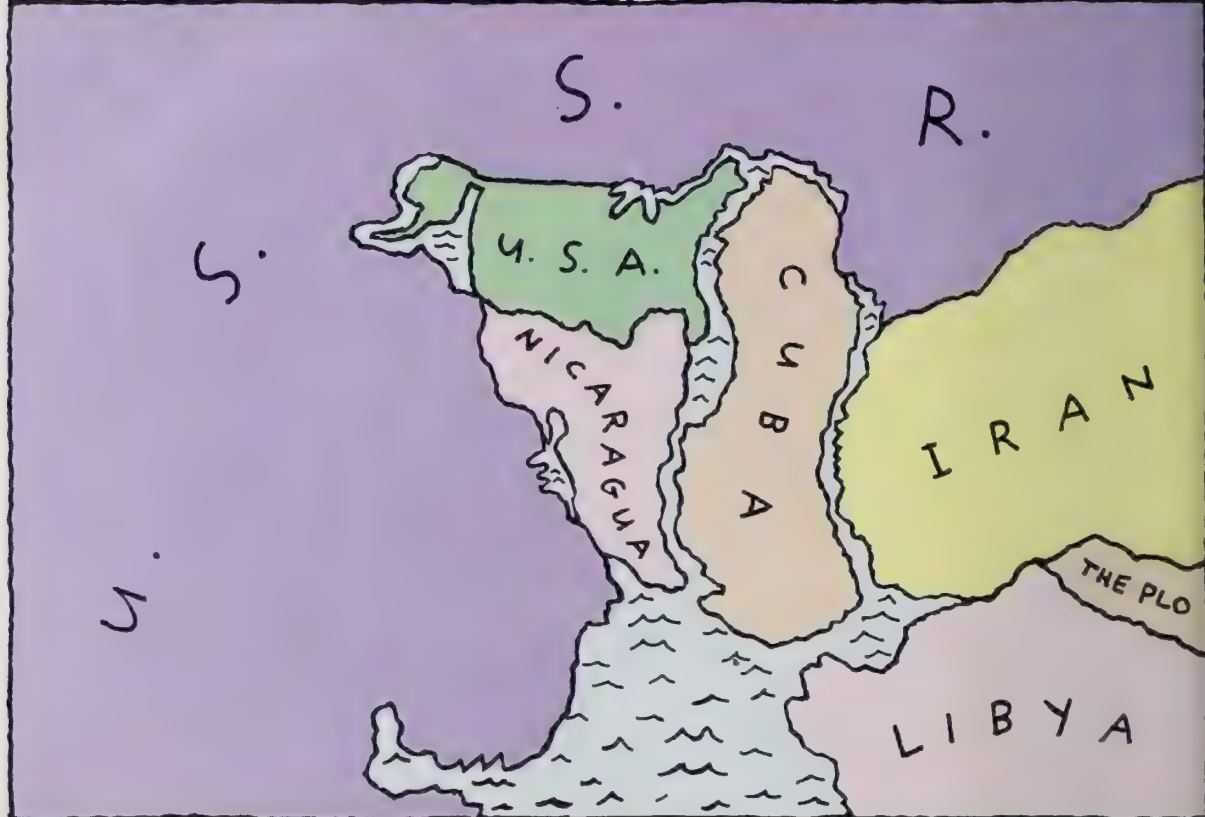
of storms and of the desert. Writers such as Schiller and Sénancour felt that nature was utterly indifferent to the projects of human beings, especially artistic projects. They tried to understand the meaning of epithets like "inhuman," "lifeless," and "cold"—the very vocabulary used so easily today to describe modern architecture. They tried to understand these words as naming complex processes occurring within the human psyche. "Coldness" in art or in life was not simply a sign of failure; rather it evoked nature's harsh truth. Cold art makes corresponding demands on its viewers.

In the spaces of Mies's structures where coldness works, like the public areas of the Seagram building in New York, we feel awed, awed by the space alien to us, space drawn into itself. The ways in which people talk about and experience modern architecture betray, I believe, that its aesthetics are really those of religious experience as the Romantics understood it: a divorce between the inner spiritual world and the outer physical or social world, a transmutation of inner solitude into works which, in their very estrangement, will resist the degradations of nature or other people. Such an art arrogates to itself, in its quest for formal perfection, the awesomeness and untouchable qualities of a sacred object.

The point of thinking about a particular architect in ways he would certainly hate is that it reveals to us something quite unexpected about the material environment in which we live. Far from being neutral, the space created by the architecture of glass is highly charged. It is space that, in its hostility to livability, in its very hostility to nature, seeks to consecrate itself—to become sacred, inviolable. Mies succeeded in this Romantic quest: his spaces, whether small, like the Farnsworth House, or large, like the Seagram building, are spaces we experience as untouchable, spaces through which we move but which do not belong to us. The quest of Mies's followers is the same: an architecture which, in its very inhospitability, creates a privileged position for itself. This is the highest, most arrogant privilege, Schiller said, a human being could claim—that his or her works were so perfect in themselves that it would be sacrilege to touch them.

What I hope all of this conveys is an understanding of what it means to say that modern architecture is "cold." It means that this architecture isn't modern, or exclusively so: "cold" was a temperature in art the Romantics felt and sought to explain. They did so by asking what happens when inner and outer life become incommensurate, what happens on, as Erich Heller once put it, a "journey to the interior."

THE KNOWN WORLD • MCMLXXXVI



From the Village Voice.

The second meaning of “cold” when applied to solitary art is that this art acquired, in the history of culture, rights of inviolability; it now aroused sentiments of veneration that formerly had been attached to religious artifacts and rites. Many Romantic writers were ambivalent about this transformation, this displacement from religion to art, this privilege accorded the interior over the exterior. Hegel spoke for Kierkegaard and Baudelaire when he declared that freedom requires people to reach beyond the boundaries of their own spiritual life. Modern architecture as exemplified in the elegant glass objects of

Mies has yet to afford us this sense of freedom in space.

Recently, in Chicago, I went to a cocktail party in one of the apartment towers Mies built at 830 Lake Shore Drive. The rooms seemed at first like all of his other elegant cubicles in the sky. The furniture was his; even the paintings, my host told me, had been chosen and hung by the architect. When the party began, with just a few people there, the apartment gave the usual effect: no one seemed to belong there. Then, as is the way of cocktail parties, the living room filled with people spilling drinks, flipping cigarette ashes on the exquisite rug, shouting at the top of their voices, their very numbers freeing them from the mournful hush that tends to fall

over two or three people in a Miesian chamber. I found myself at the edge of this yakking mass, near the window-walls of unobstructed plate glass. Beyond was only the emptiness of Lake Michigan. Now the glass seemed, if I may put it this way, to be a mediation: if any more exuberant Chicagoans pushed into this hot party, I might be pushed into the lake. Visually there seemed no way to avoid this danger. But the glass also reflected like a mirror the surging mass of drinking and carousing people within, so that one knew one wouldn't fall out: it reflected the humanity within.

At this moment I thought of a line from Baudelaire's letters: only when people feel vulnerable do they feel alive. And violation aroused in me the sense of being vulnerable. It seemed that this space had come alive by violation, the glass as window and as mirror, reporting and responding. For the first time in a building by Mies I felt comfortable leaning back against the glass. I don't want to make too much of this moment, only that it gave me an intimation of what the word “modern” might truly and positively imply. It gave me a sense of the inherent ambiguity of glass; more than a metaphor, glass is a field on which the exchange between inner and outer occurs, a field reflecting the violation of space, but also enclosing and protecting.

And I suppose this is why plate glass is so in-

teresting: now a window on nothing, now a mirror of solitude. Its possibilities have yet to be explored in the practice of an ambiguous, permeable, violating, warm, and thus truly modern art.

[Guidelines]

AFFIRMATIVE AESTHETICS I

From Standards for Evaluation of Instructional Materials with Respect to Social Content, prepared by the California State Department of Education. All textbooks used in California public schools must conform to these guidelines.

INTRODUCTION

Instructional materials should provide positive experiences and encourage aspirations unlimited by narrow and stereotyped portrayals. They should also provide an image of a pluralistic, multicultural society in which any member of any cultural group is looked upon as an individual, not just a member of a group. Neither adverse nor inappropriate portrayals may be allowed to occur in instructional materials to be used by pupils in California public schools.

MALE AND FEMALE ROLES

Remarks and descriptions disparaging to people because of their sex, such as "old maid," "fishwife," "dumb broad," "woman driver," "she's only a girl," "male chauvinist pig," "dumb jock," "hairy ape," or "what do you expect from a man," constitute adverse reflections, and materials containing such remarks are not in compliance.

Whenever material presents developments in history or current events, or achievements in art, science, or any other field, the contributions of women as well as men should be included in approximately equal numbers.

Fear, anger, aggressiveness, excitement, tenderness, and the like should occur randomly among characters, regardless of gender.

In some occupations, even today, it would be a distortion of reality to represent both sexes. For example, there are no female players, managers, or coaches in professional baseball or football, although several women have become active as owners. Exercise judgment in allowing appropriate exceptions to this standard.

ETHNIC AND CULTURAL GROUPS

References to any racial or ethnic group indicating that all or most members of that group

have certain undesirable characteristics constitute adverse reflections and must not be used. Derogatory generalizations such as "savage Indian," "lazy Mexican," "miserly Jew," and "dumb Polack" fall into this category.

"Fair proportion" is here defined as percentages based on the current population of each statutorily noted minority group. Tokenism is as unacceptable in instructional materials as it is in the real world of employment.

Be aware of those occupations that have been associated in a stereotypical way with persons of a certain group—Mexican-American farm laborers, Japanese gardeners, Chinese laundry workers, black domestic servants. Although such stereotypes need not be excluded entirely, they should be referred to very sparingly and should be balanced by references to members of the same group in other occupations.

[Guidelines]

AFFIRMATIVE AESTHETICS II

From the February issue of Radio Logic Journal, a broadcast management newsletter published by Ott and Snead in Richmond, Virginia.

In the last year or so we've seen a bevy of singles released that address current political/social issues and/or whose proceeds are earmarked for a corresponding foundation. . . . From a programmer's point of view, when is it proper to add this kind of single [to your playlist]? When the following two criteria have been met: (1) the political song must have a good overall sound, one that fits in well with your particular format; (2) the political song must be positive in theme, and its sound should be uplifting. Note that artist stature is irrelevant.

According to the above criteria, a CHR [contemporary hit radio] station should have played "Sun City" (when it was current). Its sound is a unique R&B/rock mesh, and its anti-apartheid theme is very positive. But the same station should reject "Russians," by Sting, since its sound is eerie and indiscernible and its theme is politically negative. Regarding this last point, it's important that programmers remain sensitive to the current political culture at all times. In today's positive Age of Reagan, doomsaying is as passé as bell-bottom pants.

Instructional materials have sometimes portrayed Mexicans in Mexico and Japanese in Japan as a substitute for presenting the Mexican-American and Asian-American experiences. Root culture may be discussed in conjunction with a particular minority group's experience in the United States or California, but such discussions alone do not satisfy the requirements of the law.

OLDER PERSONS AND THE AGING PROCESS

The purpose here is to promote the development of a healthy perception of older people and a concept of the aging process as a natural phenomenon. Depict the involvement, activities, and contributions of older people as a vital part of society.

References to older persons indicating, without describing mitigating circumstances, that their talents, intelligence, or activities are inferior to those of younger people, or that they are incapable of handling a situation without a younger person's assistance, constitute adverse reflections. Labels such as "old buzzard," "old geezer," "fuddy-duddy," "crone," "rocking chair wonder," or "the geriatric set" should not be used.

DISABLED PERSONS

This question should be asked: Do references to disabled persons indicate that they cannot live full, enjoyable, and productive lives? There should be no labels such as "spaz," "freak," "crip/cripple," or "vegetable."

Compliance with this standard is often more a matter of identifying already well-known persons as handicapped than it is of adding material about lesser-known figures simply because they are handicapped. Some examples are Milton, Beethoven, Edison, and the two Roosevelts, Theodore and Franklin.

BRAND NAMES AND CORPORATE LOGOS

Instructional materials shall not contain any identifiable illustrations of any identifiable commercial brand names, products, or corporate or company logos unless they are educational (example: Coca-Cola sign in India demonstrating social influence of American corporations abroad) or incidental to a scene of a general nature (example: Times Square, New York City).

Soft drinks. If soft drinks must be mentioned, "colas" should be referred to generically.

Recreational places. Names of places such as Disneyland or Marine World may be mentioned when they are part of contemporary childhood culture, even though they are profit-making enterprises.

Foods. When instructional materials contain

illustrations of foods, those of high nutritive value shall be emphasized.

a. Enriched or whole-grain cereals, breads, and other grain products.

b. Meats, poultry, and fish (lean, not fried); nuts (including nut butters); eggs; and dried legumes (beans and peas).

c. Dairy products.

d. Fruits and vegetables, including juices, and edible seeds.

[Speech]

GORBACHEV'S AMERICAN WAYS

From a speech delivered by Paul Warnke to the annual convention of Physicians for Social Responsibility, held in March in Philadelphia. Warnke, who served in the Defense Department in the late 1960s and was chief negotiator for the SALT II treaty during the Carter Administration, received the group's 1986 peace award.

When Mikhail Gorbachev made his arms-control proposals in January, the Reagan Administration said they contained nothing new—that they were simply a reiteration of old Soviet ideas. Echoing the Administration, *Time* called Gorbachev's statements a repackaging of earlier Soviet proposals.

Having read the Soviet proposals, I would have to agree that they are indeed a repackaging of old ideas—but old American, not Soviet, ideas. Let's examine five key points:

1. Gorbachev has called for strict limits on strategic defense. This is not a Soviet idea. In 1967 and 1968, the United States spent a lot of time trying to persuade the Russians that a broad-scale strategic defense was a stupid idea, and that there could be no progress on controlling offensive weapons unless they abandoned it. By the time we signed the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty in 1972, we had persuaded them of the validity of our position.

Today, President Reagan is making the same argument about strategic defense to the Russians that they once made to the United States. In fact, he frequently quotes former Soviet President Alexei Kosygin, who said in 1967 that offense is bad, defense is good, and both countries should move swiftly to build defensive systems.

2. Gorbachev has offered to enter into a comprehensive test-ban agreement. Again, this is an American, not a Soviet, idea. In 1963, the

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United States successfully negotiated the Limited Test Ban Treaty, which stopped atmospheric testing. At that time the United States also pledged to pursue an end to all testing.

What is the current U.S. position? Depending on when you ask, the Administration says that the time is not propitious for a test ban; or that verification is still inadequate; or that the United States has to continue testing weapons so we will have confidence in their reliability; or, more baldly, that the United States is going to continue testing until nuclear weapons are no longer needed for deterrence. I think the slipping and sliding on this issue is one of the more discouraging aspects of the current American position.

3. Gorbachev has proposed a ban on anti-satellite weapons. In June 1978, I led the American delegation at the first talks on such a ban. We spent quite a long time trying to persuade the Russians that anti-satellite systems were destabilizing. Now that they've come around to our position, we've turned our back on it.

Look at our reversal in the context of Star Wars. If we assume, for the moment, that a space-based strategic system is a good idea, where is the logic in encouraging the Russians to develop weapons that could destroy such a system? I confess that it eludes me.

4. Included in Gorbachev's "repackaging of Soviet proposals" is the offer of a 50 percent cut in intercontinental strategic weapons. This was originally proposed by the Reagan Administration in May 1982, but now the Defense Department says it won't work. If we cut back the number of offensive weapons, the Pentagon has suddenly discovered, then there will be fewer targets for the Russians to strike. The argument goes that this will make war more likely by creating instability in the nuclear arms balance.

5. In 1982 and 1983, the Reagan Administration said it would not deploy Pershing II and ground-launched cruise missiles if the Russians got rid of all of their intermediate-range forces based in Europe. The offer struck me as unrealistic because it ignored the nuclear weapons on forward-based U.S. aircraft while calling for the removal of Soviet missiles that had been aimed at Western European targets for about twenty years. Not surprisingly, the Russians rejected it.

But Gorbachev now says he will remove the intermediate-range forces from Europe if the Pershings and the cruise missiles are removed. And while he previously had demanded that all calculations include the British and French nuclear forces, Gorbachev has amended his position and asks only that the British and the French do not increase their arsenals (and that the United States does not transfer the Pershings and cruise missiles, or any other nuclear

weapons, to their control). I hate to seem like an apologist for Gorbachev, but these two conditions strike me as very reasonable.

As you can see, I think the Reagan Administration's response to Gorbachev's proposals has been unimaginative and unrealistic. Why not take yes for an answer? Gorbachev has come around to the longstanding U.S. position on five key arms-control issues. The United States ought to embrace the present opportunity. We don't have to be afraid that somehow we are going to be gulled by the Russians. The fact is, we do pretty well in negotiations with the Soviet Union—as the latest Gorbachev proposals demonstrate.

[Transcript]

THE COMMISSIONERS: A PLAY IN ONE ACT

From "In the Matter of Certain Prefabricated Bow Forms," a hearing held by the U.S. International Trade Commission on February 12. The hearing was held to decide whether the commission should investigate a complaint brought by 3M against eleven companies for violating certain of 3M's patents for a new kind of bow used in gift wrapping. Ms. Strauss is on the staff of the commission.

COMMISSIONER STERN: We turn to certain prefabricated bow forms, Docket No. 1277, a Section 337 complaint.

MS. STRAUSS: Madam Chairwoman, I thought that I would give you a short demonstration. I will hand them out.

COMMISSIONER ECKES: Bow forms.

COMMISSIONER STERN: Formless bows, I think.

MS. STRAUSS: To open, you grasp the drawstrings in between at the unbonded end.

COMMISSIONER STERN: Oh, my goodness.

COMMISSIONER LIEBELER: Can I do it?

MS. STRAUSS: Yes, please.

COMMISSIONER LIEBELER: O.K.

MS. STRAUSS: Grasp the drawstrings.

COMMISSIONER LIEBELER: Wait a moment, I have a little mechanical—

MS. STRAUSS: And then just draw it up.

COMMISSIONER STERN: What are you all waiting for?

High Tech, High Trade

America's trade imbalance is becoming acute. There are no quick solutions. The trade gap can be closed only through patient, balanced efforts by industry and government.

American exporters must be more aggressive in penetrating foreign markets. More smaller companies should join major manufacturers in the export business. Big companies should redouble their efforts abroad.

U.S. industry has relied too heavily on the huge domestic market. Exports account for only eight percent of U.S. Gross National Product. This compares to 15 percent for Japan and 24 to 31 percent for Canada, France, Italy, Britain, and West Germany.

Government can spur exports by promoting free trade policies. We should work to dismantle existing trade barriers, rather than erecting new ones.

Protectionist measures by any name — trade quotas, tariffs, surcharges, or technology transfer restrictions — hinder economic growth. They undermine the complex network of financial and trading relationships linking America with the rest of the world.

The American government is pursuing discussions with the government of Japan aimed at widening access to Japanese markets. These negotiations will stimulate trade if they simplify regulations and ease restrictions inhibiting U.S. industrial and agricultural exports. While supporting these efforts, we should also encourage diligent enforcement of U.S. laws against targeting, dumping, and other unfair trade

practices in the domestic market.

We must also be alert to U.S. government policies that make it difficult for American companies to grow internationally. U.S. manufacturers are forming many joint ventures and other partnerships with foreign companies. These arrangements preserve jobs in America by enabling U.S. companies to penetrate foreign markets.

U.S. technology is vital to many of these agreements. Protectionist policies that restrict exports of technology discourage efforts to capitalize on global business opportunities.

National security considerations must always come first. But we must be certain that any technologies we withhold for exclusive American use are critical to our interests and are ours alone. It is folly to deny a friendly country technology it can get elsewhere. It makes no sense to padlock knowledge that's available from the free and open U.S. research complex.

Government policies must take into account these realities. Unnecessary restrictions on technology transfer undermine economic growth and weaken national defense. They undercut job creation. They damage relations with countries that share our economic and security interests.

Technology is the key that opens doors to foreign markets. Unrealistic restrictions on exporting and sharing technology handcuff American companies in their attempts to tap new markets abroad.



**UNITED
TECHNOLOGIES**

THE TRUTH ABOUT
IMELDA MARCOS
REVEALED

Bill Ruyton ©86



From the San Francisco Bay Guardian.

MS. STRAUSS: This is one style—the butterfly style. I don't have extra samples of the other styles. This makes a pompon bow, and there is another type that is similar to the butterfly style. You just tie the ribbons around the package.

COMMISSIONER BRUNSDALE: My goodness, what smart fellows. You buy them like that?

MS. STRAUSS: Commercially, they are now available in this form. You can buy—this contains five bow forms, so you can see that it is easy to store and ship. They don't get crushed. And they do come in small sizes—these are for larger packages.

COMMISSIONER LIEBELER: What does the patent cover?

MS. STRAUSS: The patent covers the bonding and the spacing of the bonds. They are bonded in spaced intervals and the drawstrings are contained within the bond.

COMMISSIONER BRUNSDALE: It is ingenious, really, a patent—

MS. STRAUSS: And also, these are two different types of respondents' bow forms. This is the second type that I have demonstrated here. And this is a slightly different fabric, and this is another—

COMMISSIONER STERN: Is it made out of plastic too?

MS. STRAUSS: Yes.

COMMISSIONER BRUNSDALE: These are Minnesota Mining?

MS. STRAUSS: Yes. They also come in different fabrics. You can—the one I have is a traditional

linen feel. That ribbon—both these products would also be manufactured by 3M.

COMMISSIONER BRUNSDALE: But not the case of the respondents?

MS. STRAUSS: Pardon me?

COMMISSIONER STERN: Are they plastic also?

MS. STRAUSS: I believe also, yes.

COMMISSIONER BRUNSDALE: Yes, but not the respondents' bows—

MS. STRAUSS: No, they are from abroad.

COMMISSIONER BRUNSDALE: O.K.

COMMISSIONER ECKES: What do we do with these things? Put them on packages?

COMMISSIONER LIEBELER: Yes, you put them on anything you want to put a bow on, I suppose.

COMMISSIONER STERN: Any further questions after this dandy demonstration?

COMMISSIONER ECKES: I move to institute and issue the appropriate notice.

COMMISSIONER ROHR: Second.

COMMISSIONER STERN: All right, Mr. Secretary, would you call the roll?

MR. MASON: Commissioner Eckes.

COMMISSIONER ECKES: Aye.

MR. MASON: Commissioner Brunsdale.

COMMISSIONER BRUNSDALE: I did not hear what we are voting on.

COMMISSIONER STERN: We are voting on the

question of instituting the investigation under Section 337.

COMMISSIONER BRUNSDALE: Thank you, Madam Chairwoman. I am recusing myself from this investigation.

COMMISSIONER STERN: O.K.

MR. MASON: Commissioner Stern.

COMMISSIONER STERN: I am going aye.

MR. MASON: Commissioner Liebler.

COMMISSIONER LIEBLER: Aye.

MR. MASON: Commissioner Rohr.

COMMISSIONER ROHR: Aye.

MR. MASON: Commissioner Lodwick.

COMMISSIONER LODWICK: Aye.

MR. MASON: Motion carries 5-0, one commissioner not participating.

COMMISSIONER STERN: O.K., thank you very much.

[Letter to the Editor]

THE ABORTION ECONOMY

From a letter to the editor, signed by Mrs. Paul Devine, in the January 30 issue of the Corwith Herald, an Iowa daily.

January was the thirteenth anniversary of the infamous Supreme Court ruling that made it legal (but not right) to kill unborn babies. Since then, over 18 million American consumers have died. That's right, *consumers!* America has a surplus of products, laborers are out of work, and the economy is a disaster. Several million of these babies would be teenagers today, and they would be consuming a lot of milk, cheese, and butter. Farmers would be much better off with these 18 million extra people consuming cereal and grain products—as well as more hamburgers, bacon, and chickens. Construction is down, but these 18 million would have to live someplace. Eighteen million would wear a lot of clothes, buy a lot of products—would Munsingwear have closed down?

Eighteen million more could have been in our work force, forcing more money into the economy. Our country is in bad shape now. What will it be like in another ten years? Our economic conditions are partially a result of abortions. The old law of supply and demand holds true

[Price List]

IN THE ARMS BAZAAR

From the "Standard Arms Price Index," in the March issue of Defense & Foreign Affairs. Unless otherwise specified, these arms are manufactured in the United States. Prices quoted are bulk rates on the international arms market as of February.

Category	Selling Price
HEAVY MG, CANNON	
12.7mm (Soviet)	\$5,000
50 cal. MG M-2	5,000
Oerlikon 20m (Type GAM-801) (Swiss)	200,000
GRENADES	
M-79 Grenade Launcher	925
M-203 Grenade Launcher	565
M-57 Fragmentation	12.50
M-34 Incendiary Frag	12.50
TANKS	
Scorpion 76 (fully equipped) (British)	350,000
M-60A3	1.5 million
Leopard 1 (West German)	1.8 million
Leopard 2 (British)	2.8 million
Vickers MBT (British)	1.6 million
AMX-30 (French)	1.5 million
Gepard AA (West German)	6 million
M-48 A3 Patton II (reconditioned)	1.5 million
ARMORED VEHICLES	
M-113	300,000
Engesa EE-11 Urutu (Brazilian)	225,000
M-578 Armored Recovery Vehicle	500,000-600,000
M-2/M-3 Bradley	1.8 million
VTP-1 (Chilean)	148,000
VTP-2 (Chilean)	98,000
ARTILLERY	
M-109A2	900,000
M-110A2 (203mm SP howitzer)	2 million
5.56MM RIFLES	
Semi-Automatic	
AR-180	495
Ruger Mini-14 (West German)	350
AR-15	515
Fully Automatic	
M-16A1	565
AK-47 (Chinese)	260
7.62MM ASSAULT RIFLES	
FAL (Australian)	550
FAL (Belgian)	595
AK-47 (Russian)	230
MEDIUM MACHINE GUNS	
L1A1/FAL (British)	800
HK (basic gun) (West German)	2,330
M-60	2,800
M-60 (with accessories)	3,200
SERVICE SHOTGUNS	
Model 500 APT6 (Mossberg)	235
Model 500 APT8 (Mossberg)	240

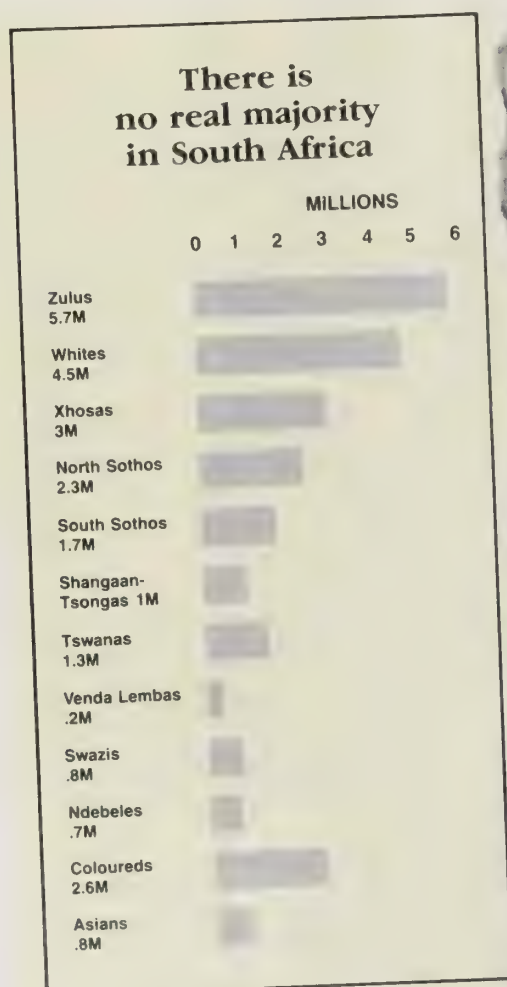
here. Our problem is lack of demand—and 18 million young people could demand an awful lot for many years.

Whether you are a farmer, laborer, businessman, or professional, you have already been affected by the 18 million dead, and you will continue to be in the future.

[Advertisement]

PRETORIA'S NEW MATH

This advertisement, paid for by the South African government, appeared in the Toronto Globe and Mail in March.



South Africa is the home of several ethnic groups. The black groups differ markedly from one another. South Africa is seeking to establish the common denominators, and implement its step-by-step plan to advance for the benefit of all.

[History]

RACISM'S CHANGING FACE IN ASIA

Adapted from War Without Mercy: Race and Power in the Pacific War, by John W. Dower, published this month by Pantheon Books. Dower is Joseph Naiman Professor of Japanese history at the University of California at San Diego.

After such a merciless war, in which racial hatred played so large a role, how can one explain the peaceful nature of the Allied occupation of Japan and the genuine goodwill that soon developed between the Japanese and the Americans? How could the race hate dissipate so quickly?

There are many answers, the simplest being that the dominant wartime stereotypes on both sides were wrong. The Americans were not demons, as the Japanese discovered when they were not raped, tortured, and murdered as wartime propaganda and rumors had forecast. And the Japanese were far more war-weary than their enemies had been led to believe. The Japanese people—unlike their militarist leaders—welcomed peace.

That is the simplest and perhaps most important answer, but it is not sufficient in itself. The abrupt transition from a bloody racist war to an amicable postwar relationship was also facilitated by the fact that the same stereotypes that fed superpatriotism and outright race hate could be adapted to encourage cooperation.

Take, for example, the crudest of Western images of the Japanese: the simian. Like most of the Western media, the Marine magazine *Leatherneck* used this image to heap scorn on the Japanese during the war. The cover of *Leatherneck*'s September 1945 issue, however, immediately following Japan's capitulation, introduced a subtle but significant metamorphosis: it depicted, in full-color illustration, a smiling Marine with an appealing but clearly vexed monkey on his shoulder, dressed in the oversized uniform of the Imperial army. *Punch*'s simian invader swinging from tree to tree; the *New Yorker*'s monkeymen snipers in the jungle; the apish "missing link" offered by the *New York Times*—all were abruptly transformed into the clever, imitative, domesticated pet. The wartime side of the image involved bestiality and jungle law. The other side—quick to emerge in a peaceful milieu—involved charm and mimicry. Thus, in *Newsweek*'s coverage of the Japanese surrender, the defeated foes are described as "Curious Simians."

This was still contemptuous, of course, but it

showed a more benign face of racism. The same process took place with the image of the Japanese as "lesser" men and women. This image was perpetuated, but it was transformed. The Japanese became people one could teach: good at imitation, good at learning—in short, good pupils. The "good pupil" was a central image in the minds of many Americans who participated in the occupation of Japan, and it clearly recalls—transformed—the wartime metaphor of the Japanese as children. During the war, Western social scientists used the idea of childishness to diagnose the pathology of the Japanese: they were collectively blocked at the anal or phallic stage, and they could be analyzed by essentially the same methodology used to deal with juvenile delinquents in America. In occupied Japan, the more generous and paternalistic side of this metaphor came to the fore: the Japanese became children to be guided toward maturity—or, more positively, apt and willing pupils in the school of Western-style democracy. During the war, Western newspapers and magazines wrote about "the child mind of the Jap conscript." After the war, the same newspapers and magazines spoke of "Seventy Million Problem Children," and cartoonists had a field day depicting the Japanese as infants in the crib or as children attending General MacArthur's School of Democracy.

Such attitudes on the part of the victors dovetailed neatly with the mind-set of the defeated Japanese, for the metaphors through which they viewed the world proved equally adaptable to postwar circumstances. The Japanese philosophy of "proper place," for example, facilitated the superficially drastic transition from leading race to defeated power.

Acceptance of a new, and lesser, "proper place" subservient to the United States was made easier for the Japanese because other staples of racist imagery prevalent during the war were also malleable. A noteworthy example is the belief, deeply embedded in Japanese folk culture, that the outsider, stranger, or demon has a positive, beneficent side. The stranger always possesses double powers: the capacity to destroy, but also the capacity to bestow gifts that can contribute to one's own strength. The demon—the overwhelmingly dominant persona of the Anglo-American enemy during the war—was also the demon with a human face, the potentially tutelary deity. During the occupation, and for many years thereafter, it was this latter side of the demon that prevailed: large, powerful, protective, awkward, vaguely forbidding, generally but not entirely trustworthy.

The transition from antagonistic to congenial images was further facilitated by the monolithic aspect of the dominant wartime stereotypes.

The Other remained essentially homogeneous. The demonic Westerners were suddenly transformed into teachers who could extirpate evil feudalistic and militaristic influences from Japan and lead the folk procession along the road to democracy. The Japanese, on the other hand, retained in Western eyes characteristics of the herd, the undifferentiated mass. Formerly "all bad," they now became all (or almost all)—what? Diligent, peace-loving, pro-American—and anticommunist. And, in turn, the communists inherited many of the traits which the Americans and the English had associated with the Japanese—deviousness and cunning, bestial behavior, fanaticism divorced from any legitimate goals or realistic perception of the world, and megalomania bent on world conquest.

As the transition from war to peace demonstrated, harsh idioms can have a benign underside. At the same time, however, even benign idioms often have a potentially devastating edge. Racial undertones, however muted, have been present on both sides in the postwar relationship between the former belligerents, and more overtly racist attitudes reminiscent of the war years will again emerge at times of heightened competition or disagreement.

[Fiction]

LOVE AND THE BRANCH MANAGER

From "Silver Sanctuary," a story by Shimizu Ikkō, translated by Tamae K. Prindle, in the Bulletin of Concerned Asian Scholars, July–September 1985. Shimizu is a leading writer of "business novels," a literary form that is enormously popular in Japan today. The hero of "Silver Sanctuary" is Tagawa Junji, a branch manager at the Nittō Bank.

On a holiday, Business Department manager Koyanagi Yūzō invited Tagawa to his Shiba-Takanawa home and advised, "You are asking for misunderstanding by staying a bachelor for such a long time." The name of the woman Koyanagi brought to Tagawa's attention was Oribe Misako. She was the second daughter of the Nittō Bank's leading customer, a graduate from the Department of French Literature of University A, twenty-five years old.

"She's by no means young, but she's good-looking, as you can see from this photograph. She has the perfect background for a banker's wife." Koyanagi hammered away: "You know what kind of place a bank is. It's different from ordinary companies. One cannot marry just anyone."

"I appreciate your concern."

Tagawa was on the verge of telling Koyanagi that he was already engaged to be married to Takigami Yōko when Koyanagi continued knowingly: "For example, one must not marry the daughter of a guard who, out of carelessness, got drunk and fell asleep and, as a result, took the lives of two young and promising men."

"But that accident was..."

"I know. I have talked with the manager of the Ikebukuro office. You probably want to add that the woman is the one who spotted the forged check. But even that is a problem to us now."

"Don't you see? Suppose you marry her. Every time you are reviewed for promotion, there is bound to be someone who will say that Tagawa-kun is outstanding but his wife is problematic. That won't help. Think twice about what I'm saying. I mean her father's incident and the forged check case included. All of this will affect your future adversely, making you seem problematic. You will be branded a non-desirable type of banker. This is why I transferred you out of the Ikebukuro office. Once you are tainted it's too late. Nothing can remove the stain. A person in charge of personnel—whoever it may be—would take the less tainted one, if he had to choose between you and someone else."

"Tainted?"

A strange word. While it has virtually no meaning in and of itself, its connotations are endless. In the extremely limited context of bank parlance, moreover, the word has the power to take over people's personalities. Koyanagi added, "I want you to think hard about the meaning of the phrase we hear all the time, 'the image of a typical banker.'" That is, a banker must be trustworthy and almost impartially serious, and at the same time must not have any personality. Koyanagi was asking Tagawa to fit himself into the assigned mold. One could not remain at the level of executive without coming to terms with this framework.

Tagawa refrained from making a clear-cut response. He asked Koyanagi to give him some time to make up his mind. Koyanagi patiently kept after him through the end of the year, going so far as to admonish, "This is your last chance to wipe out the stain you almost got at the Ikebukuro office."

In January of the following year, Yōko was transferred to the Sugamo office, as a part of an irregular rotation. The superficial reason given by the bank was that it would be easier for her to look after her father if she worked closer to her home. But in practice, the Sugamo office was farther way from her apartment than the Ikebukuro office. There was no telling where she might be sent next.

Tagawa finally made up his mind and told Yōko in a letter that he probably would be married in the near future.

His marriage to Oribe Misako took place just as he was offered a promotion to Chief Clerk of the Business Department, First Section.

[Decree]

POETIC LICENSE

The following is a "Decree of the State Council" that was recently issued by the People's Republic of Romania. Reprinted from the January issue of Index on Censorship.

The renting or lending of a typewriter is forbidden. Every owner of a typewriter must have an authorization for it from the militia, and such authorization may be issued only after a request has been made. All private persons who have a typewriter must, in the next few days, seek to be issued such an authorization.

Such a request, in writing, must be sent to the municipal militia or the town or community militia wherever the applicant happens to reside, and the following details must be supplied: first and second name of the applicant; names of his parents; place of work; type and design number of the typewriter; how it was obtained (purchase, gift, inheritance); and for what purpose it is being used.

If the application is approved, the applicant will receive an authorization for the typewriter within sixty days. On a specified date, the owner of the typewriter must report to the militia office with the machine in order to provide a sample of his typing. A similar sample must be provided during the first two months of every year, as well as after every repair to the typewriter. If the application is denied, the applicant can lodge an appeal within sixty days. If the appeal is dismissed, the typewriter must be sold within ten days or given as a gift to any person possessing the necessary authorization.

Anyone wishing to buy a typewriter must first apply for an authorization. Anyone who inherits a typewriter or receives one as a gift must apply for an authorization at once.

Defective typewriters which can no longer be repaired must be sent to a collection point for such materials, but only after the typewriter's keys, letters, numbers, and symbols have been surrendered to the militia.

If the owner of a typewriter should change his address, he must report the new address of the typewriter to the militia within five days.

HARPER'S INDEX

Interest payments on the federal debt that were made to foreigners in 1984 : \$19,800,000,000

U.S. foreign aid in 1984 : \$15,583,000,000

Hours spent on strike by Italians in 1979 : 192,700,000

In 1984 : 51,000,000

Rank of Italy, Argentina, and Libya in annual per capita pasta consumption : 1. 2. 3

Pounds of pasta the average American ate in 1975 : 6.8

In 1984 : 11

Number of Americans who drink Coca-Cola for breakfast : 965,000

Quarts of ice cream the average Southerner eats each year : 12

The average New Englander : 23

Potholes in the United States : 55,961,000

Cost of having a car blessed at the Daishi Buddhist temple in Kawasaki, Japan : \$10.77

Cost of a car wash at Steve's Detailing in New York City : \$145

Percentage of American women who said they liked sports cars in 1976 : 39

Who say that today : 56

Percentage of American men who say they sleep in the nude : 19

Percentage of American women : 6

Copies of *Bride's* bought by the magazine's average reader : 7

Percentage of black high-school graduates under 25 who are unemployed : 26.8

Percentage of white high-school dropouts under 25 who are unemployed : 26.2

Amount South Africa spends to educate the average white student each year (in rand) : 1,385

The average "colored" student : 872

The average black student : 192

Number of Jews permitted to emigrate from the Soviet Union in 1979 : 51,320

In 1984 : 896

Number of Americans who emigrate each year : 100,000

Percentage of New York City children who live below the poverty line : 40

Average age at which American girls began to menstruate in 1900 : 14.3

In 1984 : 12.9

Percentage of American obstetricians/gynecologists who have been sued for malpractice : 67

Number of Americans who have been killed on the job by robots : 1

Number of Americans currently frozen in the hope of one day coming back to life : 11

Number of Americans holding reservations with Pan Am for a trip to the moon : 90,002

Figures cited are the latest available as of April 1985. Sources are listed on page 74

Our index is more interesting than their content.

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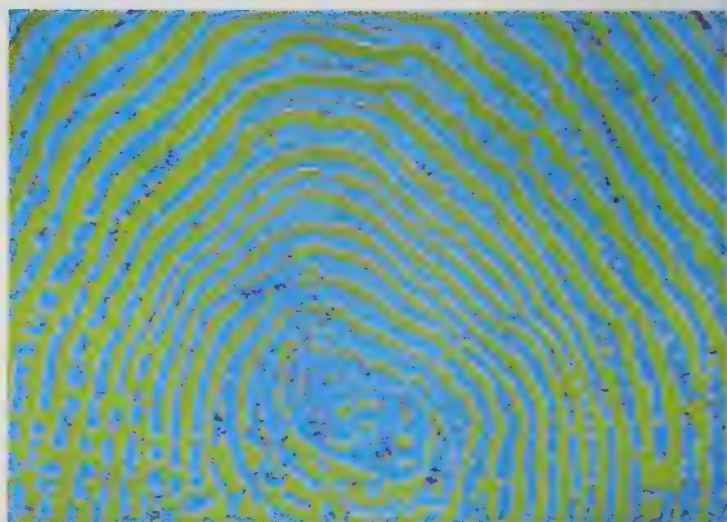
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HARPER'S
MAGAZINE

[Photographs]

SALMON PRINTS



These photographs, from the January/February issue of *Science* 86, show the circuli, or rings, on a single scale of an Alaskan salmon, left, and a Soviet sockeye, right. Salmon add from ten to thirty rings each year; the size and shape of these rings are influenced by the fish's diet, as well as by the temperature and salinity of the water. Salmon hatched in the same place will show similar patterns, and a salmon's home stream (and thus, according to international law, its nationality) can be determined by matching its print against known samples. BioSonics, a Seattle company, recently began selling the first video and computer salmon matching system to government fisheries departments.

[Essay]

THE HAPPY AND THE UNHAPPY

By Peter Schjeldahl, in *Parkett*, No. 7. Schjeldahl, a poet and art critic, lives in New York. *Parkett* is a Swiss quarterly published in English and German.

The real class war is between the happy and the unhappy. The happy never know what they have; the unhappy exaggerate it. It is a misunderstanding, but if everybody understood everything there couldn't be any history.

The unhappy may be rich or poor or middle-class. The happy are usually middle-class, marveling at the shiny pleasures of the rich and the smoky pleasures of the poor. It sometimes seems to the happy that their own pleasures are rather dull, but what do they know? Simply living is a pleasure to them such as the unhappy never know.

Usually, unhappy child equals future unhappy adult equals future neutral dead person. Usually, happy child equals future neutral dead person, with the adult in question. That is, it's all decided very early, but something can always go wrong. A happy child may be one capable merely of disappointment. For the unhappy, everything that goes wrong is Suspicion Confirmed. Unhappiness has its satisfactions.

Those who were unhappy and have become happy and those who were happy and have become unhappy know secrets they are not permitted to share. They are strange to themselves and embarrassments to both camps.

Unhappy people who have become happy look stunned. Happy people who have become unhappy look savage.

The unhappy are like fish envious of those who breathe air. It is comical watching the fish try to squirm up out of the water and assault the homes of the air-breathers. Then you realize, with growing awe, that they may be just pissed off enough to succeed.

If I am happy and you are unhappy, everything you say will dismay me and everything I say will grate on you.

One law for the happy and the unhappy is the tyranny of the happy.

The tyranny of the happy is no joke. Appearing happy is a compulsory aspect of rituals from which the unhappy are not excused. Thus do unhappy ones, in mid-ritual, come to imagine themselves happy. Then they meet someone who really is happy, and the way they feel is indescribable.

Happiness has no exchange value. Unhappiness is always in circulation. Life is continually minting new denominations of unhappiness. In the meeting places of the world, these change hands night and day. The unhappy move through the streets with their pockets bulging.

The happy are static, like gold in the ground.

The violence of the happy is heedlessness. The violence of the unhappy is biting and scratching. The happy know that to think too much is asking for it. The unhappy think without ceasing.

When I ask myself whether I am happy or unhappy, I remember that only unhappy people ask such questions.

[Short Story]

DOGS

By Thomas McGuane, in the Winter 1986 issue of *Grand Street*. McGuane is the author of *Ninety-two in the Shade*. "Dogs" will appear in a collection of his stories, *To Skin a Cat*, to be published in October by E. P. Dutton/Seymour Lawrence.

No one imagined how it would turn out for Howie Reed. But it all began when he was beamed by a softball at the rodeo picnic when the Jacquas, the Hatfields, and the Larrimores thought that everyone was so sick and tired of having to clean up the fairgrounds that a game would be fun. Howie Reed got beamed in the first inning and fell down. At fifty-one, his was close to the average age of all the players. It was a stately game with no score.

Right after that he went on a trip. He was gone for about two weeks, and just before returning, he called his friends to tell them he had walked into a door at the bank and blackened his eyes. When he got home the black eyes were almost gone. But it was clear that he hadn't walked into a glass door. Howie had had his face lifted. It is not possible to really explain the effect on us, his old friends and acquaintances, of his new glossiness: the incisions behind the ears, the Polynesian serenity of his new gaze, left many of our circle in Deadrock speechless.

The next time we all got together it was for a trout fry welcoming the new internist to town. In an area of long winters like ours, the entire community grows to hate all of its professional people in about five years. A new doctor is taken in with urgent affection. The arrival of Dr. Kellman, fresh from the Indian Health Service at Wolf Point, was no exception. A horseshoe pitch was improvised; an extension cord was found so that a television set could be left running in the yard for guests following serials. Most of us drank and pitched horseshoes or skipped stones on the beautiful river. Howie fainted.

Dr. Kellman examined him, then came over

to the carport where some of us had gone to avoid the sun. There, Dr. Kellman assured us that Howie was faking and that we should realize our friend was a mild hysteric; bring him a glass of water, possibly. Even accepting Dr. Kellman's diagnosis, it was awfully touching to see our old friend stretched out with his sleek new face aimed at heaven, the river flowing past him like time itself. In my view, it was either that very time, or the beaming, that explained Howie's face lift and faints. But that didn't lessen my concern for him.

No one noticed exactly when Howie left but he was gone by the time the party wound down. And if there was any worry over him, it was lost in the uproar of the Kellmans' discovering that the thirteen-year-old corgi the doctor had owned since his medical school days was gone. Sylvan Lundstrom, who was everyone's lawyer and Johnny-on-the-spot, called the police, the sheriff, and the radio station, carefully describing a generic corgi from the Kellmans' American Kennel Club guide to breeds. It would be morning before we could reach the drivers'-training group at the school: it was they who were usually most successful in finding lost dogs. Mrs. Kellman said she wished she knew less about the experimental purposes to which stray dogs were often put.

The dog was not found.

Monday I saw Howie in front of the Bar and Grill at lunch hour. He was going out, I was going in. Howie is in insurance and busy as all get-out, and a good kind of family man. So the following seemed odd.

"You're on the phone with an old girlfriend," said Howie. "Your wife is at your elbow. Your heart is pounding. Your old girlfriend says, 'Just wanted to call and say I still love ya!' 'You too!' I shout like I'm closing on a huge policy. How much of this the old lady buys, I can't say." Howie shoots off with a little wave. I am not painting Howie as an ugly customer but as a troubled guy who didn't ever used to talk like this. It used to be you'd bump into him and he'd tell you something homely, like the difference between whittling and carving (whittling you're not trying to make something).

Howie's wife went back to South Dakota in September, for good. To show he wasn't upset, Howie had his car painted "Just Married." He went to a sales conference in Kansas City and forced a landing en route, in Bismarck. He had to pay a huge fine for that, which he could certainly afford. But Dr. Kellman assured his new admirers that forcing a landing was a well-known thing disturbed people do. When Howie finally got to Kansas City, his company made him salesman of the year.

By October, Howie seemed completely his old self. The face finally seemed to be his own. His wife stayed away. We had another softball game after the fall rodeo. He was still driving the Just Married car and he was wearing a sweatshirt copy of the shroud of Turin. He was all over the field and drove in four runs.

Dogs kept disappearing. It was making the paper. Dr. Kellman was not building a practice as rapidly as he wished and he threw a Thanksgiving party, supposedly to introduce Diana, a yellow Labrador he had bought to replace the corgi. He said that the corgi had left a hole in his heart that nothing could fill; but he let his pride in the new dog show. We all went to the party, even the other doctors. Howie was so disheveled-looking we asked if he was in disguise. "To be the leading adulterer in a small Montana town," he said mysteriously, "is to spend your evenings dodging bullets. It is the beautiful who suffer." His whiskers pressed through the taut skin of his face. For the moment of our nervousness, in the central-heating itch of fall's first frost, it was as if the house were equipped with self-locking exits. We were quiet in the drifting cigarette smoke for just a moment, then went back to our carefree ways. Right out of the blue Howie added, "What the hell, I forgive you all. Everything I know I learned from Horatio Alger."

The dinner was served buffet-style and we ate with our plates in our laps. The Kellmans' new dog was beautifully trained and took hand signals, retrieving everything from black olives to ladies' pumps with a delicate mouth. When we'd nearly finished eating, Howie said to a young woman, a dental hygienist, in a voice all could hear, "That food was so bad I can't wait for it to become a turd and leave me."

Dr. Kellman diverted our attention by sending Diana on a blind retrieve into the bedroom. When she returned, Howie asked Kellman what he had had to "shell out for the mutt." And so on, but it got worse.

Mrs. Kellman tried to distract Howie by describing the problems she had had keeping the grosbeaks from running every other bird out of the feeder.

"You know what?" said Howie.

"What is that?"

"I wish you were better-looking," he said to Mrs. Kellman.

"Get out now," said the doctor.

"Suits me," said Howie, once the mildest of our chums. "I've monkeyed around here long enough. I prefer white people."

So, Howie left and the party went on. Actually, the relief of Howie's departure contributed to its being such a terrific party. We all told stories that, for once, weren't deftly to our own

credit. I thought once or twice of making a plea for Howie—we'd been friends the longest—but thought better of it. Dr. Kellman had been restrained, once.

When the time came to go, it was discovered that Diana was missing. Mrs. Kellman cried and Dr. Kellman said, "I guess it's pretty clear that crazy son of a bitch has my dog."

In order to keep the police out of it, I agreed to go see Howie. At first I tried to get someone else to do it, but when I saw how anxious some of the others were to call in the authority, I got a move on. He really had been a friend to all of us, but the pack instinct, whatever that is, was on alert. I think I felt a little of it myself, sort of like "let's kill Howie."

Anyway, I made the feeling go away and drove up to Howie's house, a cedar-and-stone thing of the kind that went through here a while back. Diana met me at the door. Howie turned and wearily let me follow him inside. Various dogs gathered from the hallways and side rooms and joined us in the living room. Howie made drinks.

"I'm glad it's you," Howie said, handing me my Scotch. "The bubble had to break. Margie gone. Salesman of the Year. Every breed I ever dreamed of." He gestured sadly at our audience: Diana, a black Lab, an Irish setter of vacant charm, a dachshund, a few mixed breeds who seemed to have a sheep dog as a common ancestor, all contented. And the old worn-out corgi.

"We didn't know what you were going through," I said. I didn't know whom I meant by "we," except that I thought it was in the air when I left the party that we were pulling together over a common cause. "It started I guess when you got beaned." Howie looked at me for a long time.

"That wasn't it. I admit the beaning was what gave me the idea. I fell down to gain time to think. I lay there and faked it and thought about how happy I was that my marriage was on the rocks. The time had come to be off my rocker whether I felt like it or not. Margie had a guy but it wasn't enough. Then the company saying the future belonged to me. It was too much. I did the fainting business because I needed a jinx, I was superstitious. One thing led to another and I started grabbing dogs. It sounds crazy but I felt like Balboa when he saw the Pacific. What pride! I'd never had anything like it. By the way, getting caught is no disgrace."

I took Diana down to the Kellmans', and Dr. Kellman, who is such a young man, made a seemingly prepared speech about how much Diana had cost and how in a practice that was starting slowly, you cannot imagine how slowly,

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Diana had been a crazy sacrifice both for himself and for Mrs. Kellman. Among the party guests there was the gloom of drama slipping away, of a return to the everyday.

In another two hours, I had restored each dog but one to its rightful owner. The doctor and his wife said they were glad to be shut of the arthritic, toothless corgi, hinting it was Howie's punishment to keep it. Howie said it suited him fine.

Anyway, as things go, it just all blew over. And in fact, by spring, when Howie started having some chest pains, probably only from working too hard, he went to Dr. Kellman, joining our new doctor's rapidly growing list of devoted patients.

[Short Story]

CASE HISTORY #4: FRED

From Slaves of New York, a collection of stories by Tama Janowitz, published this month by Crown.

Fred had a problem: he liked to approach strange girls on the street and offer to take them shopping at Tiffany's. As he was an out-of-work musician who lived in a cold-water walk-up near the Williamsburg Bridge, this often got him into trouble.

The first time it happened he was leaving a midtown record company (he had gone there to drop off yet another of his tapes) and across the block he saw a tall girl with short cropped hair and a certain elegant hard way of walking. He crossed the street against the light and came up alongside the girl. To his surprise, he found himself saying, "Listen, I like your linear definition. I was wondering—just for the hell of it—would you let me take you shopping at Tiffany's? It would give me a great deal of pleasure, and naturally I wouldn't expect payment of any kind."

The girl looked at him and said, "Buzz off."

If anything, Fred was energized by the experience. A few weeks later, while shopping for artichoke-chocolate-chip ice cream at De Roma's in SoHo, he saw a girl with skinny elbows and a wry, pixieish face. He looked over her shoulder: she was purchasing a can of cream of asparagus soup. "Good choice," he said. "Listen, I know this might offend you, but I'm a millionaire and I get a kick out of taking young women shopping at Tiffany's. Would you like to go? You can pick out something nice—a bracelet, whatever."

"O.K.," the girl said.

They got in a taxi. On the way uptown the girl explained that she was from Ohio and was visiting her sister. Fred said that he didn't do this sort of thing all that often, just when the mood struck. "It must be nice to have all that money," the girl said.

"Oh, it's not bad," Fred said.

In Tiffany's the girl grew very excited. "I can't believe this," she said. "Wait till my sister hears about this. She'll just die. This is like something out of the movies."

For almost an hour Fred and the girl perused the trays of emerald rings, chunky lapis bracelets, silver and pearl necklaces. Watching the girl, with her gingery freckles, her muttered cooing, and her skinny, twitching elbows, Fred was nearly overcome with love. At last the girl selected a \$3,000 belt of alligator and silver. "Very tasteful," Fred said. "A good choice. But don't you think you'd rather have a pin?"

The girl looked worried. "Well, it's up to you," she said. "You're paying. I mean, you can decide."

Fred knew the girl really wanted the belt, but he selected a tiny choker of pink coral and small diamonds.

Just as the salesperson was about to write up the purchase, Fred searched his pockets and his wallet. "Damn," he said. "I've forgotten my credit card. How stupid!"

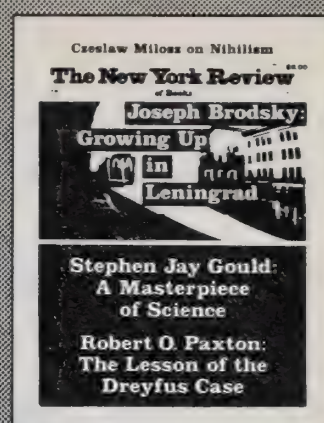
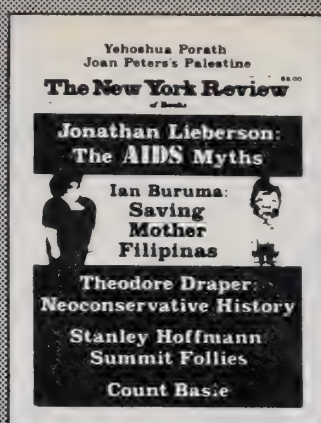
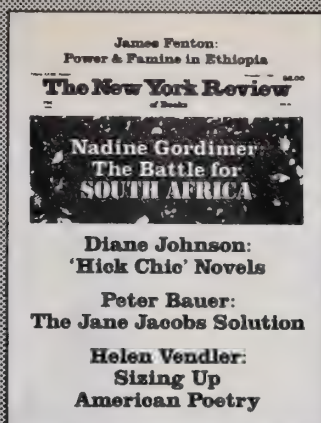
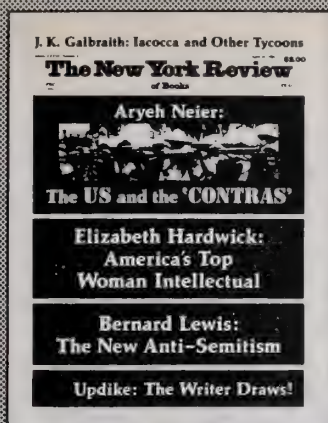
The girl looked wistful but said she understood absolutely.

That night Fred replayed the event over in his head. He felt he had never been more aroused, more attuned to life, than he had been in that hour and a half spent in Tiffany's. Yet obviously this was not normal. He remembered reading about how when Nietzsche, the famous German philosopher, was fifteen years old and in boarding school, a sadomasochistic nymphomaniac countess snuck into his dorm room late one night dressed as a man and beat him until she was sexually aroused enough to make love.

Though Fred didn't quite remember all the details of this incident, he did know that in future years, when Nietzsche was grown up, he developed his superman philosophy, in which the virile, powerful individual dominates in life and society.

In Nietzsche's case it was obvious how the primary, or key, event—his rape by the blond nymphomaniac countess—led to the creation of a new philosophy. But Fred could not understand why he himself had this penchant, this need, this lust to approach strange women on the street and offer to take them shopping at Tiffany's. He'd never had a key event. Maybe he'd never had any events.

For a few more times he was able to get away



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[Photographs]

ANOTHER FACE OF THE WEST



From "More Faces of the West," by Carlos Quintanilla and David Stansbury, in the October issue of *Austin's Third Coast*. At left, Tod Glume, TV Weatherman; at right, Watermelon, Holistic Food Market.

with his harmless ruse; but eventually the salespeople began to recognize him, and at last one of them, upon seeing him enter Tiffany's with yet another woman, called the police. He was detained and questioned for several hours; the woman also. She wept bitterly as she explained she had never seen Fred before. Tiffany's decided not to press charges provided Fred never entered the store again.

He thought about asking women to shop with him at Harry Winston's, but his original enthusiasm had worn thin, his pleasure in women had dimmed, even his new musical compositions seemed to lack the old zip and snap.

[Interview]

DYLAN UPDATED

From "Encountering Dylan," by Charles Kaiser, in the April *Boston Review*. The first interviewer is Nat Hentoff; the second is Kaiser.

INTERVIEWER (1966): What made you decide to go the rock-and-roll route?

BOB DYLAN: Carelessness. I lost my one true love. I started drinking. The first thing I know, I'm in a card game. Then I'm in a crap game. I

wake up in a pool hall. Then this big Mexican lady drags me off the table, takes me to Philadelphia. She leaves me alone in her house, and it burns down. I wind up in Phoenix. I get a job as a Chinaman. I start working in a dime store, and move in with a thirteen-year-old girl. Then this big Mexican lady from Philadelphia comes in and burns the house down. I go down to Dallas. I get a job as a "before" in a Charles Atlas "before and after" ad. I move in with a delivery boy who can cook fantastic chili and hot dogs. Then this thirteen-year-old girl from Phoenix comes and burns the house down. The delivery boy—he ain't so mild: he gives her the knife and the next thing I know I'm in Omaha. It's so cold there, by this time I'm robbing my own bicycles and frying my own fish. I stumble onto some luck and get a job as a carburetor out at the hot-rod races every Thursday night. I move in with a high-school teacher who also does a little plumbing on the side, who ain't much to look at but who's built a special kind of refrigerator that can turn newspaper into lettuce. Everything's going good until the delivery boy shows up and tries to knife me. Needless to say, he burned the house down, and I hit the road. The first guy that picked me up asked me if I wanted to be a star. What could I say?

INTERVIEWER (1985): Is that still the answer?

DYLAN: Well, that's part of it.

[Promotional Handout]

HEAVY METAL TEASE

From promotional material prepared by SMC Productions, the booking agent for Teeze, a Philadelphia heavy metal band.

Feel the fire of TEEZE—five heavy metal bad boys hell-bent on blowing out your speakers, wringing blood from your ears, and sending thousands screaming for more.

Seasoned veterans of the brutal one-night-stand club circuit, TEEZE has taken it one step further and produced its first tracks: "On the Run," "Hellraiser," "Looking for Action," "Leave Me to Burn," "Somewhere, Someday," "Midnight Madness," "Party Hardy," "Crank It Up," "When the Moon Is Full," "Going Away" . . . all of which were penned by the band.

Always a totally self-contained group, TEEZE travels on the road with its own tour bus, 30,000 watts of custom lighting, and a four-way 3,000-watt sound reinforcement system.

LUIS RIVERA is the dynamic front man of this outfit. One of the group's celebrated lady-killers, Rivera's high vocal range is often a piercing, if not painfully wonderful, experience. When Luis hunches over and grabs the mike till his knuckles turn white, it's only a matter of seconds until the P.A. is due for another vocal assault. When Luis roams the stage and growls at the ladies pressed in at the front, more than a few tears are shed—above and below the waistline.

BRIAN STOVER is the newest member to enjoy the success of this group. Brian's uncanny feel for twisting tortured notes from his ax while flying through the air onstage has been welcomed with open arms by this crash-and-burn outfit.

GREGG MALACK shares the lead guitar chores and also does an occasional vocal. Some uninitiated observers might think that Malack was permanently wired to a nearby 200 line—he's a constant blur of pumped adrenaline, frazzled hair, and slick leather.

KEVIN STOVER is the muscle and the engine room of this metal machine. Always rock steady and full of explosive thunder, Stover is a menace behind his sizable drum kit. At the end of any given night, Kevin might appear ready to keel over from the sweat and sheer physical strain. But he continues to hammer night after night—flailing arms and legs challenging his kit to withstand his nonstop abuse.

DAVID WEAKLEY, considered to be the perfect stereotype of the wasted rocker, indeed looks

and (on good nights) lives the part. Weakley represents the darker side of this group; his sardonic, some say perverse, sense of humor has often lightened up tense moments between band and audience.

[Short Story]

SOURCES AGREE ROCK SWOON HAS NO PAST

By Barry Hannah. Hannah, the author of Airships and Captain Maximus, recently read this story at the Sigma Tau Delta Society at the University of Mississippi.

"Pa. Is it really true the old eat their young?"
Gives pause.

"Couldn't rightly say, son. I'm a mid man. Feels like I'm walking on ice meself. Go on down to the barn, ask Grandpa."

Grandpa's down there in the back shadows, some loose bales around his old brogies. Seems to be humming and eating, pulling a nail out of a rotten piece of board with a pair of pliers.

"It is true, Grandpa?"

"Wyoming's not my home . . ."

"Yer nuts, Grandpa."

Sings, "Ate ol' Granny in a choo-choo car!"

Kid goes to the hut to see Grandpa's father. Withered beyond longevity, a tiny man in dwarf's overalls, deeply addicted to codeine and Valium, fears colored people; occasionally makes scratching protests on his old violin, which has become too large for him. Every disease has had its success with him. Now he's barely a scab demanding infrequent nutrients. Bald as a beige croquet ball, he rolls his own.

They've fixed him up a mike with a cord into an ancient Silvertone amplifying box. Even his snores can be heard, slightly, out in the yard.

"Double Gramps, is it true that the old eat their young?"

"God damn, I'm old!" blasts over the kid, feedback piercing too. The old man faints, recovers, goes into a codeine wither.

"But my question. Please, Double Gramps."

Almost accidentally, the old man fits bow to fiddle and scrawls out the grand trio of "Stars and Stripes Forever." Endlessly. It goes on the entire afternoon, amplifier picking up a prouder stroke here and there, screeching.

The kid grows up, a rock star, aging at twenty-three. He's already eating the young by the thousands when the second thought hits him. ■

Medical Research— building a healthier future

If you've ever been treated for high blood pressure... heart disease... diabetes... or almost any health problem, medical progress based on research has already touched your life.

Because of medical research, polio no longer strikes in epidemic proportions every summer. Today about three-quarters of patients diagnosed as having Hodgkin's disease will survive five years or longer—as opposed to less than half twenty years ago. Current treatment options for people with heart disease and high blood pressure include medication that helps the body's natural regulators to control blood pressure and volume, enabling the heart to function with less strain.

Scientists are now working on new ways of treating such devastating afflictions as heart disease, cancer and Alzheimer's disease. They are testing new enzyme inhibitors that may control or reverse the late complications of diabetes. Forthcoming breakthroughs in understanding biological processes and treating disease may change the quality and perhaps the length of your life.

Medical research leading to such results takes years of patient, often frustrating experimentation by many different teams throughout the public and private sectors of our scientific community. The tasks involved are not simple.

Advances in research stem from a partnership that includes federal agencies such as the National Institutes of Health (NIH) and the Alcohol, Drug Abuse and Mental Health Administration (ADAMHA), universities and teaching hospitals across America, and private industry laboratories. Each partner often works independently to acquire knowledge and test new concepts. They must build on the knowledge developed in all laboratories, and they often coordinate efforts in their search for answers.

Whether an idea originates in a university laboratory or starts with basic product research carried on in the private sector, important findings percolate through the

entire scientific community, where each new finding serves as a building block to establish a deeper understanding of what we are and how we function.

Medical research is an expensive process. It needs steady funding for equipment and personnel—even when progress is slow. Government and industry often work with university-based scientists and the medical profession not only in the acquisition of new knowledge and the development of new treatments, but also in funding these advances.

Now more than ever, we all must do our part to help keep the flow of discoveries active and ongoing. If funding for medical research is reduced, major advances in knowledge about some of the most dreaded diseases facing us today could be delayed for years to come.

What can you do?

- *Speak up.* Let your legislators know that you want funding of biomedical research by NIH and other government agencies to be kept at the highest possible levels.
- *Contribute* to voluntary health organizations supporting disease research.

Research-based pharmaceutical companies such as Pfizer are also increasing their financial investment in research. For instance, in 1984 alone, pharmaceutical companies in the United States spent over 4 billion dollars on research and product development.

At the same time, we at Pfizer realize the importance of committing more than money to research. As a partner in healthcare, we are continually working to discover new ideas, test new concepts, and turn new understanding to practical and beneficial uses. Now we are working harder than ever to make sure that this nation's medical research effort receives the attention—and funding—it deserves.

For more information on the future of medical research in America, write to Health Research U.S.A., P.O. Box 3852 FR, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163.



PHARMACEUTICALS • A PARTNER IN HEALTHCARE

THE DIAGNOSTIC NOVEL

On the uses of modern fiction

By Walker Percy

O f course the novel is in a mess; it always has been in a mess. Accordingly, articles about the state of the novel or the death of the novel are generally boring and are best left to the critics. It must be said, however, that the present mess is singular. I have no wish to suggest a remedy, or to mount an attack on contemporary novelists—nothing so grand as that—but only to make a few remarks about the connections between, of all things, medicine and literature.

By the novel, I am speaking of serious fiction. By serious fiction (which of course includes the comic), I am not speaking of entertainments cranked out as commodities for the marketplace, some very skillfully but all as standardized as soap operas. By the serious novel, long or short, I am speaking of the words set down by one person that create an original fictive world, which in turn is recognized by a reader and read with a sense of discovery and delight.

I will mention only one particular aspect of the current mess because, even with all the perennial crises, deaths, and resurrections of the novel, this one is surely something new and passing strange. It could only have come about through some loony misunderstanding by otherwise sensible persons, that is to say, novelists of repute, acclaimed by critics and rewarded by foundations.

The misunderstanding is of this order. Given that life in the modern world is deranged, it does not follow that the novelist should in the exercise of his vocation write deranged novels. This is like saying that the only way a psychiatrist can talk about crazy people is to talk crazy.

Don't misunderstand me. I intend no plea for a return to the "traditional novel" with its standard apparatus studied in Literature 101: characterization, plot, description, setting, narrative, and so on. No, if the practitioners of the *nouveau roman* want to do away with the traditional baggage of the novel, it is all right with me—if it works. Put a man and a woman on a park bench. Describe the geometry of the park paths and the contour of the shrubbery for ten pages. Say nothing about the man or the woman except that perhaps he decides to touch her on the thigh. Perhaps he does. Perhaps he does not. Perhaps it is only the woman who mistakenly imagines that he has done so. There is something to be said for such a novel.

But what is more curious and worthy of note—not because it is loony but

Walker Percy is the author of The Moviegoer and The Last Gentleman. He currently is at work on his sixth novel, The Thanatos Syndrome.

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*Otherwise why
would we, writer
and reader, be here?*

because it takes itself seriously and is taken seriously—is another school of novel writing. It proposes not only to dump the traditional baggage of the novel but to scuttle the novel itself. The very premise of novel writing—that the novelist has something to say, that he can to a degree encompass his meaning in words, that he is writing about something, that the reader can to a degree take his meaning—is denied by manifesto. There is traffic in words but not toward the end of communication. This kind of novel is, could only be, the issue of a misalliance between a playful French semiotics and a solemn American academe. But, like some wines, this French playfulness doesn't travel well. The result is a kind of non-sense proffered with that special gravity characteristic of some English departments, a sort of solemn Yale Germanness.

Rather than say anything about the anti-novel, poststructuralism, or deconstruction, I'd prefer to mention a nineteenth-century Russian doctor named Chekhov. One reason for doing so is a fellow feeling and certain superficial resemblances between us. He was a physician and a writer of fiction. I was a physician and am a writer of fiction. We both had pulmonary tuberculosis. Chekhov, like me, was not keen on doctoring and was glad of an excuse to get away from it.

There the resemblances seem to stop. Chekhov never wrote a novel. I never wrote a play or a short story, and don't intend to. But as I thought about it and began to read further in Chekhov, it occurred to me that there were other concerns which I shared with him, concerns which it seems appropriate to speak of now because they are of even greater moment to us than they were in the nineteenth century.

Again I find myself coming back to his medical training. And I hope it won't sound presumptuous to say that Chekhov's great genius brought a certain set of mind from medicine to literature that served well in his case and that in my case has been indispensable. I refer to the diagnostic stance that comes so naturally to the physician—diagnostic at the outset and in the end, one hopes, therapeutic.

Part of the natural equipment of the doctor is a nose for pathology. Something is wrong. What is it? What is the nature of the illness? Where is the lesion? Is it acute or chronic, treatable or fatal? Can we understand it? Does the disease have a name, or is it something new? Accordingly, I shall use as my point of departure not the conventional view of Chekhov as a masterful portrayer of life as it is, without judgment or ideology. I think, rather, of a less well known Chekhov, Chekhov the literary clinician, the pathologist of the strange spiritual malady of the modern age.

What interests me is the extraordinary apposition in Chekhov of a scrupulous respect for life in the concrete, a distaste for ideology, a refusal to bend fact to thesis, all this, on the one hand, and, on the other, his diagnostic approach to the ills of the modern world—an approach which, after all, entails a certain degree of abstraction and generalizing and sciencing. I would propose that now, almost a hundred years later, this literary-diagnostic method is even more appropriate to the fictional enterprise of the late twentieth century.

In other times, the sense of the wholeness and well-being of society, or at least much of educated society, outweighed the suspicion that something had gone very wrong indeed. Something is indeed wrong, and one of the tasks of the serious novelist is, if not to isolate the bacillus under the microscope, at least to give the sickness a name, to render the unspeakable speakable. Not to overwork the comparison, the artist's work in such times is surely not that of the pathologist, whose subject matter is a corpse and whose question is not "What is wrong?" but "What did the patient die of?" For I take it as going without saying that the entire enterprise of literature is, like that of a physician, undertaken in hope. Otherwise why would we, writer and reader, be here? Why bother to read, write, teach, study, if the patient is already dead? For in this case the patient is the culture itself.



The Agnew Clinic, by Thomas Eakins

Such terms as *diagnosis* and *pathology* are of course used analogically here, but I am using the word *science* deliberately and unequivocally in its original and broad sense of discovery and knowing, rather than its conventional sense of isolating the secondary causes of natural phenomena. For if I believe anything, it is that the primary business of literature and art is cognitive, a kind of finding out and knowing and telling, both in good times and bad; a celebration of the way things are when they are right, and a diagnostic enterprise when they are wrong.

The strategy of the novel in the late twentieth century is surely different from the fiction of the past 200 years. Literature in earlier times might be understood as an attempt to dramatize conflicts and resolutions, to articulate and confirm values in a society where there already existed a consensus about the meaning of life and the world and man's place in it. Given such a consensus, a corpus of meanings held in common, it was possible for a novelist or playwright or poet to create a fictive world within which the behavior of the characters could be understood, approved of, disapproved of, and the reader accordingly entertained, edified, and, in the case of great literature, his very self and his world confirmed and illumined.

In short, any literature requires as the very condition of its life a certain consensus, an intersubjective community within which writers and readers can traffic in words and symbols that mean approximately the same thing for both.

Now I think it fair to begin with the assumption, which seems fairly obvious, that, as the poet said, the center is not holding; that the consensus, while it might not have disappeared, is at least seriously called into question. Indeed, to judge from a good many contemporary novels, films, and plays, it often appears that the only consensus possible is a documentation of the fragmentation. The genre of meaninglessness has in fact become the chic property not only of the café existentialist, but even of Hollywood.

To state the matter as plainly as possible, I would echo a writer like Guardini, who says simply that the modern world has ended, the world, that is, of the past 200 or 300 years, which we think of as having been informed by the optimism of the scientific revolution, rational humanism, and that Western cultural entity which until this century it has been more or less accurate to describe as Christendom. The Christian notion of man as a wayfarer in search of his salvation no longer informs Western culture. What most of us seem to be seeking in its place are such familiar goals as maturity, creativity, autonomy, rewarding interpersonal relations, and so forth. Most contemporary novelists have moved into a world of rootless and isolated consciousness where, as Lewis Simpson put it, "the covenant with memory and history has been abrogated in favor of the existential self."

Before considering the kind of novel that becomes possible in such an age—the postmodern or post-Christian, as it is often called—I should like briefly to characterize the age itself, or one or two traits of it, from the point of view of the novelist. For like his predecessors, he seeks some remnant of a common ground from which he can see and tell, and where he hopes there will be others; other writers, other readers, who share, if not a consensus, at least a common sense of predicament.

Toward this end, it seems fair to describe the times not merely in conventional terms as a world transformed by technology both for good and for evil, the evil being the very real ugliness of much of the transformation and the very real depersonalization of many people living in such a world. What is not so self-evident is the more subtle yet more radical transformation of the very consciousness of Western man. I don't mean the mechanization and homogenization and dehumanization one hears about so often—though I would not quarrel with those descriptions. We are all familiar with an entire literature about the ennui of life in suburbia. Yet this literature itself, let's face it, is generally even more boring than the life it portrays.

No, the real pathology lies elsewhere—not in the station wagon or the

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all-electric kitchen, which are after all very good things to have, but rather in the quality of the consciousness of the novelist and his characters. But we miss the point if we say that the Western world and the life of Western man have simply been transformed by scientific technology. This is true enough, but what also has happened is that the consciousness of Western man, the layman in particular, has been transformed by a curious misapprehension of the scientific method. One is tempted to use the theological term *idolatry*. The misapprehension takes the form of a radical and paradoxical loss of sovereignty by the layman and a radical impoverishment of human relations—paradoxical because it occurs in the face of man's technological mastery of the world and his richness as a consumer of the world's goods.

In certain circumstances, such a surrender of sovereignty is not disabling. When something goes wrong in our technological environment, whether it is one's car or one's intestinal tract, we have reason to believe that "they" can fix it, "they" being the appropriate specialist. Our expectations are not unreasonable. Very few of us have the time or inclination to master carburetor repair or the physiology of the GI tract. But what happens when one feels in the deepest sense possible that something has gone wrong with one's very self? When one experiences the common complaint of the age: the loss of meaning, the purposelessness, the loss of identity, of values? What happens when a person comes to believe that his very self is also the appropriate domain of "them," that is, the appropriate experts of the self? A typical case of such a surrender of sovereignty is the patient who is delighted when he can present his psychiatrist or analyst with a symptom or dream that fits the prevailing theory—or when he performs well in an encounter group. The patient is, in effect, saying, "I may be sick, but how

happy I am when I can present my doctor with a sickness or a symptom or a dream that is recognized as a classic example of such and such a neurosis: I am an authentic neurotic!"

But what has all this to do with the state of the novel? Strangely enough, it is this very misapprehension of the scientific method that opens the possibility of a new and critical role for the novelist of the future.

Let me oversimplify this misapprehension and state it as briefly as possible. What I am about to say is no secret to the scientist, but it is not generally known by the layman. The secret is simply this: the scientist, in practicing the scientific method, cannot utter a single word about an individual thing or creature insofar as it is an individual, but only insofar as it resembles other individuals. This limitation holds true whether the individual is a molecule of NaCl or an amoeba or a human being. There is nothing new or startling about this. We all remember taking science courses in which one was confronted with a sample of sodium chloride or a specimen of a dogfish to dissect. Such studies reveal the properties shared by all sodium chloride and all dogfish. We have no particular interest in this particular pinch of salt or this particular dogfish.

Again, what has this to do with the novel? Perhaps I can state the connection best by describing my own discovery. As a person educated in science, as an admirer of the elegance and truth of the scientific method, and at the same time as a medical student undergoing psychoanalysis with the intention of going into psychiatry, it dawned on me that no science or scientist, not even Freud, could address a single word to me as an individual but only as an example of such and such a Southern neurotic type. All very well and good, you say, but so what? But you see, there is a Catch-22 here. The catch is that each of us is, always and inescapably, an individual. Unlike a dogfish, we are stuck with ourselves and have somehow to live out the rest of the day being more or less ourselves. And to the degree that we allow ourselves to perceive ourselves as a type of, example of, instance of, such and such a class of *Homo sapiens*—even the most creative *Homo sapiens* imaginable—to this same degree do we come short of being ourselves.



As to the novel, I can speak only in terms of the discovery that led me to take up novel writing, a vocation for which I was otherwise singularly unqualified. For a novelist should of course be well educated in the humanities, in literature; and if he is a Southern novelist, I am told that he is supposed to be saturated with the Southern tradition of folklore, yarns, storytelling, family histories, and such. If you want to be another Faulkner, you have to spend a good deal of time hunkered down on courthouse lawns, listening to old-timers talk about the way things were. I qualify under none of these canons, having been born and raised in Birmingham, Alabama, in a new house on a new golf course. The only stories I ever heard were jokes in the locker room.

What did at last dawn on me as a medical student and intern, a practitioner, I thought, of the scientific method, was that there is a huge gap in the scientific view of the world. The sector of the world about which science cannot utter a single word is nothing less than this: what it is like to be an individual living in the United States in the twentieth century.

If the scientist cannot address himself to this reality, who can? My discovery, of course, was that the writer can, and most particularly the novelist. Oddly enough, it was the reading of two nineteenth-century writers, Kierkegaard and Dostoyevsky, which convinced me that *only* the writer, the existentialist philosopher or the novelist, can explore the gap with all the passion and seriousness and expectation of, say, an Einstein discovering that Newtonian physics no longer works.

Before saying any more about the novel as an instrument for the exploration of reality, let me take notice of two traits of twentieth-century life that are peculiarly open to novelistic treatment and are also the consequence of an all-encompassing scientific-technological world view.

One is the isolation, loneliness, and alienation of modern man, as reflected in the protagonists of so many current novels, plays, and films. To a degree, this alienation can be traced, I think, to the surrender, albeit unconscious, of valid forms of human activity to scientists, technologists, and specialists. The other trait is the spectacular emphasis in novels and films on explicit sexual behavior.

The convergence of these two traits often results in a novel or film about a man or woman who, though isolated in the midst of 200 million Americans and rendered, so to speak, incommunicado, embarks on a series of sexual encounters which at the end leave the individual much as we found him or her, still isolated, still surrounded by a cocoon of silence.

This depiction of explicit sexuality is beset by all kinds of ambiguities. On the one hand, one can say fairly, and I for one believe, that there is such a thing as pornography and that there are a large number of bad writers and bad filmmakers who make a lot of money by writing novels and making movies designed to sexually excite the reader and viewer. I will say no more about pornography than that it has nothing to do with literature. What has happened, I think, is that with the ongoing impoverishment of human relations by the scientific ethos which pervades the Western world, it inevitably came to pass that for many people, both readers and writers, genital sexuality came to be seen as the only, the "real," the basic form of human intercourse. It is a matter of what we come to see as real, which is taken to be genital and libidinal.

Take a film like *Last Tango in Paris*—which I happen not to think a very good movie. But I do not think it pornographic either. In this film two people who remain strangers throughout perform a series of sexual operations on each other, mostly in dead silence, and in the end one kills the other. Two things happen: impersonal sex and dispassionate violence. Perhaps these are the only things that can happen. A case might be made that, given a certain urban environment and an educated class of laymen alienated from one another and from themselves, only three real options remain—

With the impoverishment of human relations by the scientific ethos, genital sexuality came to be seen as the only, the 'real' form of human intercourse

The castaway of the
twentieth-century
novel does not know
who he is, where
he came from, what
to do

genital sex, violence, and, perhaps the realest of all, death.

Sex, violence, and death are real enough, but is anything else real? And if not, is the work of the novelist and filmmaker simply the documentation and cataloguing of this impoverishment of the real in contemporary life?

I suggest an alternative for the novelist, which is perhaps more radical, at least more venturesome and challenging, than a mere documentation of isolation, depersonalized sex, and violence. If there is no such alternative, then we should have quit with Kafka, who limited human activity to a few moves to and fro in a dark burrow, an occasional encounter with another creature in the dark where one gropes, touches, feels, perhaps copulates, perhaps does not, then goes one's own blind way.

What I suggest is that there lies at hand for the artist, especially the novelist, an instrument for exploring the darkness of Kafka's burrow or Marlon Brando's unfurnished apartment, an instrument in every sense as scientific and as cognitive as, say, Galileo's telescope or Wilson's cloud chamber. Indeed, this may be the only instrument we have for exploring the great gap in our knowing, the only instrument that allows us to know ourselves and how it stands between ourselves and others.

This instrument is of course art in general and literature in particular.

But what is the function of literature in a period like this, a time when one era has ended and the new era has not yet come into being, that is to say, has not yet articulated itself, does not even have a name?

One important function of fiction in such a time, at least as I see it, is exploratory. If Fielding's *Tom Jones* is a celebration of life in eighteenth-century England, the fiction of our time is more like *Robinson Crusoe*, whose hero has been shipwrecked on a desert island—with important differences. This island is even stranger than Crusoe's. For one thing, although it is overpopulated, many of its inhabitants feel as lonely as Crusoe. For another thing, Crusoe saw himself as an intact member of European Christendom, and even a desert island as a tissue of meaningful signs. Such and such an animal track spelled danger. Such and such a fruit meant *eat me*. He knew what to do. But the castaway of the twentieth-century novel does not know who he is, where he came from, what to do, and the signs on his island are ambiguous. If he does encounter another human, a man Friday, he has trouble communicating with him. Certainly if two postmodern men met on an island today like Crusoe and Friday, neither would dream of trying to convert the other—for conversion implies there is something to be converted from and converted to. Perhaps some sort of sexual encounter is possible, perhaps a joint scientific venture; certainly murder is possible. But what else?

Then what is the task of serious fiction in an age when both the Judeo-Christian consensus and rational humanism have broken down? I suggest that it is more than a documentation of the loneliness and the varieties of sexual encounters of so much modern fiction. I suggest that it is nothing less than an exploration of the options of postmodern man. That is, a man who not only is in Crusoe's predicament, a castaway of sorts, but is also acutely aware of his predicament. What did Crusoe do? He poked around. He explored the island. He scanned the horizon. He looked for signs from across the seas. He combed the beach—for what? Perhaps for bottles with messages in them. No doubt he also launched bottles with messages in them. But what kind of messages? That is the question. What kind of messages could be understood?

The contemporary novelist, in other words, must be an epistemologist of sorts. He must know how to send messages and decipher them. The messages may come not in bottles but rather in the halting and muted dialogue between strangers, between lovers and friends. One speaks, the other tries to fathom his meaning—or indeed to determine if the message has any meaning.

Compare recent fiction with the community taken for granted in the traditional novel, for example, the reception described at the beginning of



War and Peace, where Anna Pávlovna and her guests discuss the Napoleonic wars. Conversation occurs, looks are exchanged, all perfectly understood in a community of shared meanings and assumptions.

To change the island image, the community of discourse in the current novel might be likened to two prisoners who find themselves in adjoining cells as a consequence of some vague, Kafka-like offense. Communication is possible by tapping against the intervening wall. Do they speak the same language? The quasi-conversations or non-conversations of two such men may be found in novels and plays from Kafka to Sartre to Beckett to Pinter to Joseph McElroy.

If this view sounds gloomy, allow me to express a kind of perverse hope and preference. I don't know whether this is a symptom of my own neurosis or whether it says something about the way things are. In a word, I'd rather be a prisoner in a cell tapping messages to a fellow prisoner in the twentieth century than be a guest at Anna Pávlovna's reception in Moscow in 1805.

The challenge now is both more critical and more exciting than the defeat of Napoleon. For the challenge now is nothing less than the exploration of a new world and the re-creation or rediscovery of language and meanings.

But to go back to my thesis, the diagnostic and cognitive role of modern fiction. When one age ends and the traditional cultural symbols no longer work, man is exposed in all his nakedness, which is uncomfortable for man but revealing for those of us who want to take a good look at him, which is to say, at ourselves. By the very nature of things and how they are known, it lies within the province of art, literature in particular—and not the natural sciences—to undertake this exploration.

It is no accident that so much of modern fiction has converged with a movement of European philosophy and that the same name, the much overworked term *existentialist*, has been applied to both. For both approaches, say, Kierkegaard's in philosophy and Dostoyevsky's in fiction, share a view in common, that of man, not mankind, but a particular man who finds himself in some fashion isolated from the world and society around him; a society in which both the philosophy and the fiction are viewed as more or less absurd, if not moribund. This man is then viewed as alienated from his culture, not as an abstraction, not as specimen *Homo sapiens alienatus* pinned like a dogfish to a dissecting board, but rather as an individual set down in a time and a place and a predicament. The subject of the novel may be outside his culture but his predicament is no less concrete and acute than that of Prince Andrey Bolkonsky lying wounded in the Battle of Borodino. He may be sitting alone in a café, listening to the conversation of the bourgeoisie in Bouville, or she may be spinning around the interstates or holed up with a stranger in a motel like a character in a Joan Didion novel.

In any case, what is being explored and set forth in this kind of serious novel is not primarily the hypocrisy of the bourgeoisie or the wasteland of Los Angeles but the fundamental predicament of the character himself or herself. Accordingly, what is being explored or should be explored is not only the nature of the human predicament but the possibility or non-possibility of a search for signs and meanings. Depending on the conviction of the writer, the signs may be found to be ambiguous or meaningless—or perhaps a faint message comes through, a tapping on the wall heard and deciphered and replied to.

The point is that all fiction can be used as an instrument of exploration and discovery, in short, of sciencing. In a new age, when things and people are devalued, when meanings break down, it lies within the province of the novelist to start the search afresh, like Robinson Crusoe on his island. The novelist or poet in the future might be able to discover, or rediscover, how it is with man himself, who he is, and how it is between him and other men. ■

*When meanings
break down, it lies
within the province
of the novelist to
start the search
afresh*

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

Dear Friend,

You guessed it. This is a chain letter. You say you haven't received one of these since your best friend from high school sent one saying that if you broke the chain, you'd risk incredible bad luck? That a bricklayer from Brooklyn broke the chain, and lost all his equipment in a snowstorm, and his union card too, and then his wife left him besides? That a seamstress from Minnesota didn't, and while buying gas for her '47 Buick, found \$632,589 on the sidewalk? THE VERY NEXT DAY?

Well, this is that kind of chain letter. Sort of. This one is meant to tune you into something you really won't be able to live without.

It's one of the best programs on radio, or anywhere. And in May, it turned 15 years old. Since 1971, National Public Radio's ALL THINGS CONSIDERED has been charming millions of listeners across the country with its unique brand of journalism, information and wit. And it's won every award in the book. If you already listen to ATC, you're probably hooked on it. If you don't, you don't know what you're missing, and this letter has found its way to the right person.

Tune ATC in for a few evenings. In most cities, you can find it at 5:00 p.m. below 92 on your FM dial. That's all it'll take. And you'll be a confirmed, dyed-in-the-wool, no-holds-barred, chronic ATC fan. And you'll probably be telling anyone within earshot about it.

That's where this chain letter comes in. Add your name to the bottom of this letter, make 10 copies, and send them to 10 of your best friends. SERIOUSLY. No dire warnings, no stern predictions of catastrophic doom if you break the chain. It's just that if you do, 10 of your friends are going to miss out on something really terrific. That's all.

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All the best,

Gene Wilder
Gene Wilder and . . .

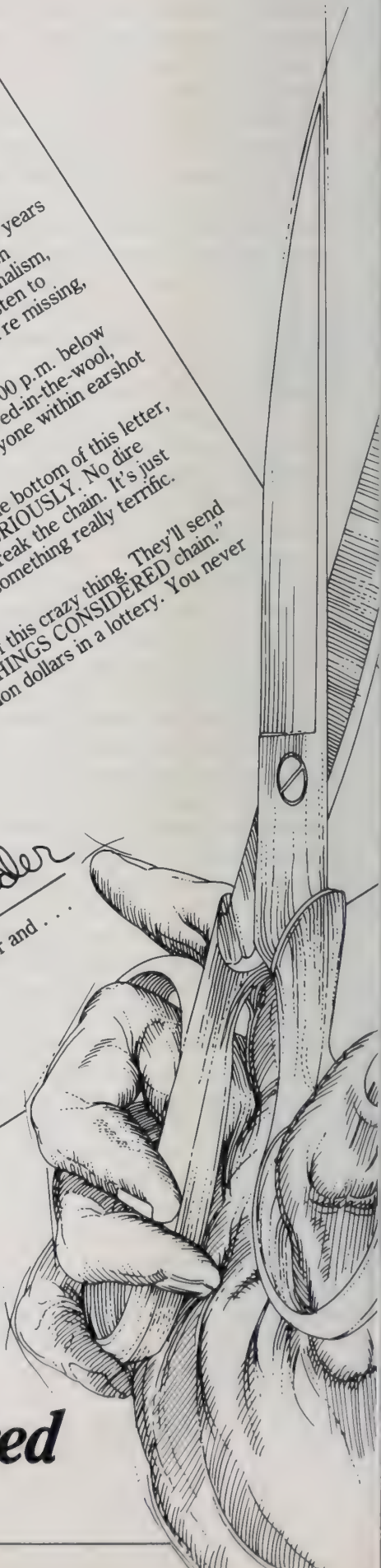
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Actor/comedian Gene Wilder wrote, directed and stars in the forthcoming film "Haunted Honeymoon."



THE SOCCER WAR

Design for a Central American battlefield

By Ryszard Kapuściński

This spring at Oxford's St. Antony's College (where I have been lecturing on the Third World) I met several people from Latin America. We met the day after my arrival, at lunch, which is eaten here in a large hall, at long tables which afford the opportunity of general conversation. As always with Latins, one can discuss endlessly. The talk turned quickly to Central America. Because of the events in Nicaragua, but also because of the tensions in Honduras and El Salvador, there is more discussion today of these small countries than of the Latin American giants—Brazil and Argentina.

We agreed that there has never been peace in Central America, or in any event that it has never lasted long. Revolts, upheavals, interventions—there's no rest in that region's history. As we talked we gave examples, and I of course brought up the war seventeen years ago between Honduras and El Salvador, the famous soccer war, which once caught world attention. I say "of course" because I witnessed that war, lived through it, and then wrote about it. Later, traveling around the world, I realized that many people learned of the existence of Honduras and El Salvador only because of that war, and I thought of the tragedy of such small states, spoken of only when they spill blood.

For me that war held a great and still relevant lesson. It erupted over something trivial—a soc-

cer match. But if a minor incident can start a major conflict (domestic or international), it means that the situation, the climate of the place, is brimming with dramatic tensions, that the powder keg is chock-full, and any spark will suffice to set off the conflagration. Such is the climate of Central America. The atmosphere is electric, unbalanced, because in the countries of that region there have accumulated an unusually large number of social contradictions, age-old conflicts, grievances, inveterate quarrels, unredressed wrongs. It is difficult to sort it all out, yet without the effort, without the desire to know this world that is Central America, it is impossible to grasp a most important point—that these conflicts and grievances are *their affair*, that they constitute a local reality which in itself most frequently bears no relation to any extraregional one. Being in the soccer war, I was in their world. I saw how for them no other world exists, how all their thoughts are circumscribed by the borders of their national consciousness, because nationalism is finally the only ideology of these societies, at least the only ideology authentically experienced.

Nationalism is their only value, and sometimes their only wealth. This is because in moments of euphoria (in times of war, for example), nationalism gives rise to social equality in these hierarchical societies, and all (at least for a while) become brothers, the rich and the poor suddenly equal, all feeling needed by one another. Talk is only of the nation. To restore the nation's dignity, to protect the nation's bor-

Ryszard Kapuściński was for many years a foreign correspondent for the Polish Press Agency. He is the author of The Emperor and Shah of Shahs.

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ders, to create a strong nation—it's a language understood by all and accepted by all. *Patria* is the key word, the all-embracing concept, the highest principle.

Now, as I read press reports and commentaries from Central America, I'm struck by how everything there is seen exclusively in terms of East-West relations, how little attention is paid to the fact that these people have their own ways of thinking, their own ideals. If things get to the stage of open conflict, it is only the rivalry of the great powers that gives this conflict its ideological dimension, its international character. For without such external interference, it would only be a question of their own great game, their own, next soccer war.

Luis Suarez said there was going to be a war, and I believed whatever Luis said. We were staying together in Mexico. Luis was giving me a lesson in Latin America: what it is and how to understand it. He could foresee many events. Long before the return of Perón he believed that the old *caudillo* would again become president of Argentina; he foretold as well the sudden death of the Haitian dictator François Duvalier, at a time when everybody said Papa Doc had many years left. Luis knew how to pick his way through the shifting sands of Latin politics, in which amateurs like me bogged down and blundered with each step.

This time Luis announced his opinion about the impending war after laying down the newspaper in which he had read a report on the soccer match between the Honduran and Salvadoran national teams. The two countries were playing for the right to take part in the 1970 World Cup in Mexico.

The first match was held on Sunday, June 8, 1969, in the Honduran capital, Tegucigalpa.

Nobody in the world paid any attention.

The Salvadoran team arrived in Tegucigalpa on Saturday and spent a sleepless night in their hotel. The players could not sleep because they were the target of psychological warfare waged by the Honduran fans. A swarm of people encircled the hotel. The crowd threw stones at the windows and beat sheets of tin and empty barrels with sticks. They set off one string of firecrackers after another. They leaned on the horns of cars parked in front of the hotel. The fans whistled, screamed, and set up hostile chants. This went on all night. The idea was that a sleepy, edgy, exhausted team would be bound to lose. In Latin America these are standard practices that surprise no one.

The next day Honduras defeated the Salvadoran squad, 1-0.

Eighteen-year-old Amelia Bolanios was sitting in front of her television in San Salvador

when Roberto Cardona, the Honduran forward, scored the winning goal in the final minute. She got up, ran to the desk, opened the drawer containing her father's pistol, and committed suicide by shooting herself in the heart. "The young girl could not bear to see her fatherland brought to its knees," wrote the Salvadoran newspaper *El Nacional* the next day. The whole capital took part in the televised funeral of Amelia Bolanios. An army honor guard marched with a flag at the head of the procession. The president of the republic and his ministers walked behind the flag-draped coffin. Behind them came the Salvadoran soccer eleven, who, booed, laughed at, and spat on at the Tegucigalpa airport, had returned to the country on a special flight that morning.

The return match of the home-and-home series took place in San Salvador, in the beautifully named Flor Blanca stadium, a week later. This time it was the Honduran team that spent a sleepless night. The screaming crowd of fans broke all the windows in their hotel and threw rotten eggs, dead rats, and stinking rags inside. The Honduran players were transported to the stadium in armored cars of the First Salvadoran Mechanized Division—which saved them from bloodshed at the hands of the mob that lined the route, holding up portraits of the national heroine Amelia Bolanios.

The army surrounded the stadium. Around the field stood a cordon of soldiers from a crack National Guard regiment, with submachine guns ready to fire. During the playing of the Honduran national anthem the stadium roared and whistled. Next, instead of raising the Honduran flag—which had been burned before the eyes of the spectators, driving them mad with joy—the hosts ran a dirty, tattered dishrag up the flagpole. Under such conditions the players from Tegucigalpa did not, understandably, have their minds on the game.

El Salvador prevailed, 3-0.

The same armored cars carried the Honduran team straight from the playing field to the airport. A worse fate awaited the visiting fans. Kicked and beaten, they fled toward the Honduran border. Two of them died. Scores landed in the hospital. A hundred and fifty of the visitors' cars were burned. The border between the two states was closed a few hours later.

Luis read about all of this in the newspaper and said that there was going to be a war. He had been a reporter for a long time and he knew his beat.

In Latin America, he said, the line between soccer and politics is extremely tenuous. The list of governments that have fallen or been overthrown by the army after the defeat of the national team is long. Players on the losing side are

denounced in the press as traitors to the nation. When Brazil won the 1970 World Cup, a colleague of mine, a Brazilian political exile, was heartbroken: "The military right wing," he said, "can be sure of at least five more years of peaceful rule." On the way to the title, Brazil beat England. In an article headlined "Jesus Defends Brazil," the Rio de Janeiro paper *Jornal dos Esportes* explained the reasons for the win this way: "Whenever the ball flew toward our goal and a score seemed inevitable, Jesus reached his foot out of the clouds and cleared the ball." Drawings illustrating this supernatural spectacle accompanied the article.

Anyone who goes to a stadium can lose his life. Take the match in 1969 that Mexico lost to Peru, 2-1. An embittered Mexican fan shouted in an ironic tone, "Viva Mexico!" A moment later he was dead, massacred by the crowd. But sometimes the heightened emotions find another outlet. After a match once in which Mexico downed Belgium, 1-0; Augusto Mariaga, the warden of a maximum-security prison in Chilpancingo, became delirious with joy and ran around waving a pistol, firing into the air and shouting "Viva Mexico!" He opened all the cells, releasing 142 dangerous criminals. A court acquitted him since, as the verdict read, "he acted in patriotic exultation."

"Do you think it's worth going to Honduras?" I asked Luis, who was then editing the serious and influential weekly *Siempre*.

"I think it's worth it," he answered. "Something's bound to happen." I was in Tegucigalpa the next morning.

At dusk an airplane flew over the city and dropped a bomb. Everybody heard it go off. The neighboring mountains echoed the violent blast of bursting metal; some said later that it had been a whole series of bombs. Panic swept the city. Merchants closed their shops. Cars stood abandoned in the middle of the street. Then everything became still, as though the city had died. Soon the lights went out and Tegucigalpa sank into darkness.

I hurried to my hotel, burst into my room, fed a piece of paper into the typewriter, and tried to write a dispatch to Warsaw. I was trying to move fast because I knew that at that moment I was the only foreign correspondent in the city, and that I could be the first to inform the world about the outbreak of war in Central America.

But it was pitch dark in the room and I couldn't see anything. I felt my way downstairs to the reception desk, where they lent me a candle. I went back upstairs, lit the candle, and turned on my transistor radio. The announcer was reading a communiqué from the Honduran government about the commencement of hos-

tilities with El Salvador. Then came the news that the Salvadoran army was attacking Honduras all along the front line.

I began to write:

TEGUCIGALPA (HONDURAS) PAP JULY 14 VIA TROPICAL RADIO RCA TODAY AT 6 PM WAR BEGAN BETWEEN EL SALVADOR AND HONDURAS STOP SALVADORAN AIR FORCE BOMBARDED FOUR HONDURAN CITIES STOP AT SAME TIME SALVADORAN ARMY CROSSED HONDURAN BORDER ATTEMPTING TO PENETRATE DEEP INTO COUNTRY STOP IN RESPONSE TO AGGRESSION HONDURAN AIR FORCE BOMBARDED IMPORTANT SALVADORAN INDUSTRIAL AND STRATEGIC TARGETS AND GROUND FORCES BEGAN DEFENSIVE ACTION

At this moment someone in the street started shouting "Apaga la luz!" over and over, sounding more nervous and serious each time, so I had to blow out the candle. I went on typing blind, by touch, striking a match over the keys every now and then.

RADIO REPORTS FIGHTING UNDERWAY ALONG FULL LENGTH OF FRONT AND THAT HONDURAN ARMY IS INFLECTING HEAVY LOSSES ON SALVADORAN ARMY STOP GOVERNMENT HAS CALLED WHOLE POPULATION TO DEFENSE OF ENDANGERED NATION AND APPEALED TO UN FOR CONDEMNATION OF ATTACK

I carried the dispatch downstairs, found the owner of the hotel, and asked him to find someone to lead me to the post office. It was my first day there and I did not know Tegucigalpa at all. The owner wanted to help but he had no one to send with me, and I was in a hurry. In the end he called the police. Nobody at the police station had time. So he called the fire department. Three firemen arrived in full gear, wearing helmets and carrying axes. We greeted each other in the dark; I could not see their faces. I begged them to lead me to the post office. I know Honduras well, I lied, and I know that its people are renowned for hospitality. I was sure they would not refuse me. It was very important that the world find out the truth about who started the war, who shot first, and so on, and I wanted to assure them that I had written the honest truth. The main thing at the moment was time, and we had to hurry.

We left the hotel. I could see only the outlines of the street. I do not know why we spoke in whispers. I counted my steps, trying to remember the way. I was getting close to a thousand when the firemen stopped. One of them knocked on a door. A voice from inside asked what we wanted. Then the door opened, but only for a minute, so that too much light wouldn't get out. Now I was inside. They ordered me to wait. In all of Honduras there was only one telex machine, and the president of the republic was using it. The president was carrying on an exchange of views with the Hon-

When Brazil won the 1970 World Cup, a colleague of mine was heartbroken: 'The military right wing can be sure of five more years of peaceful rule'

People have been making war for thousands of years, but it looks each time as if they were starting from scratch

duran ambassador in Washington, whom he was directing to apply to the American government for military assistance. This went on for a long time, since the president and the ambassador were using uncommonly flowery language; besides, the connection would break every so often. After midnight I finally made contact with Warsaw.

I awoke in my hotel the next morning and found that the city was preparing for a siege. People had been digging trenches and putting up barricades for hours. Women were laying in supplies and crisscrossing their windows with masking tape. People scurried aimlessly through the streets; an atmosphere of panic reigned. Student brigades were painting outsized slogans on walls and fences. A bubble full of poetry had burst over Tegucigalpa, and within hours thousands of verses covered the walls:

ONLY AN IMBECILE WORRIES
NOBODY BEATS HONDURAS

PICK UP YOUR GUNS AND LET'S GO GUYS
CUT THOSE SALVADORANS DOWN TO SIZE

WE SHALL AVENGE 1-0

PORFIRIO RAMOS SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF HIMSELF FOR
LIVING WITH A SALVADORAN WOMAN

ANYONE SEEING RAIMUNDO GRANDOS CALL THE POLICE
HE'S A SALVADORAN SPY

Latins generally have an obsession with spies, conspiracies, and plots. Now, in wartime conditions, they regarded everyone as a fifth-column diversionist. My own situation did not look good. Official propaganda on both sides had featured wild campaigns blaming communists for every misfortune, and in the whole region I was the only correspondent from a socialist country. They could expel me.

I went to the post office and invited the telex operator for a beer. He was in terror, because although he had a Honduran father, his mother was a citizen of El Salvador. As a mixed national, he found himself among the suspected. He did not know what would happen next. All morning the police had been herding Salvadorans into provisional camps, most often in stadiums. Throughout Latin America, stadiums play a double role: in peacetime they are sports venues, and in times of war they turn into prisons.

In the afternoon forty correspondents, my colleagues, arrived from Mexico. Because the airport in Tegucigalpa was closed, they flew into Guatemala and hired a bus there. They all wanted to drive to the front. We went to the presidential palace to try to arrange permission. It was an ugly turn-of-the-century building, painted bright blue, in the very center of the town. There were machine-gun nests, covered with

sandbags, set up around the palace. Antiaircraft guns stood in the courtyard. Inside, in the corridors, soldiers were dozing or lolling around in full battle dress. It was quite a mess.

Every war is a horrible mess and a great waste of life and property. People have been making war for thousands of years, but it looks each time as if they were starting from scratch, as if the first war in the world were being held.

A captain appeared and said he was the army press spokesman. He told us that they were winning all along the front and that the enemy was suffering heavy losses.

"O.K.," said the man from AP. "And what do we want to see?"

We always sent the Americans first, because this was their sphere of influence—they commanded obedience and could arrange all sorts of things. The captain said we could go to the front the next day.

We drove to a place where two artillery pieces stood under some trees. Cannons were firing and stacks of ordnance were lying around. Ahead of us we could see the road that led to El Salvador. Swamp stretched along both sides of the road and dense green bush began past the belt of swamp.

The sweaty, unshaven major charged with holding the road said we could go no farther. Beyond this point both armies were in action, and it was hard to tell who was who or what belonged to which side. The bush was too thick to see anything. Two opposing units often noticed each other only at the last moment, when, wading through the overgrowth, they met face to face. In addition, since both armies wore the same uniforms, carried the same equipment, and spoke the same language, it was difficult to distinguish friend from foe.

The major advised us to return to Tegucigalpa, because advancing might mean getting killed without even knowing who had done it. (As if that mattered, I thought.) But the television cameramen said they had to push forward to the front line, to film soldiers in action, firing, dying. Gregor Straub of NBC said he had to have a close-up of a soldier's face dripping sweat. Rodolfo Carrillo of CBS said he had to catch a despondent commander sitting under a bush and weeping because he had lost his whole unit. A French cameraman wanted a panorama shot with a Salvadoran unit charging a Honduran unit from one side, or vice versa. Somebody else wanted to capture the image of a soldier carrying his dead comrade. The radio reporters sided with the cameramen. One wanted to record the cries of a casualty summoning help, growing weaker and weaker, until he breathed his last breath. Charles Meadows of Radio Canada

wanted the voice of a soldier cursing war amid a hellish racket of gunfire. Naotake Mochida of Radio Japan wanted the bark of an officer shouting to his commander over the roar of artillery—using a Japanese field telephone.

Many others also decided to go forward. Competition is a powerful incentive. Since American television was going, the American wire services had to go as well. Since the Americans were going, Reuters had to go. Excited by patriotic ambition, I decided, as the only Pole on the scene, to attach myself to the group that intended the desperate march. Those who said they had bad hearts, or professed to be uninterested in particulars since they were writing general commentaries, we left behind, under a tree.

There might have been twenty of us who set out along an empty road bathed in intense sunlight. The risk, or even the madness, of the march lay in the fact that the road ran along the top of an embankment: we were perfectly visible to both of the armies hiding in the bush that began about a hundred yards away. One good burst of machine-gun fire in our direction would be enough.

At the beginning everything went well. We heard intense gunfire and the detonation of artillery shells but it was a mile or so away. To

keep our spirits up we were all talking (nervously and without necessarily making sense). But soon fear began to take its toll. It is, indeed, a rather unpleasant feeling to walk with the awareness that at any moment a bullet can find you. No one, however, acknowledged fear openly. First, somebody simply proposed we take a rest. So we sat down and caught our breath. Then, when we started again, two began lagging behind—apparently immersed in conversation. Then somebody spotted an especially interesting group of trees that deserved long, careful inspection. Then two others announced that they had to go back because they had forgotten the filters they needed for their cameras. We took another rest. We rested more and more often, and the pauses grew longer. There were ten of us left.

In the meantime, nothing was happening in our vicinity. We were walking along an empty road in the direction of El Salvador. The air was wonderful. The sun was setting. That very sun helped us extricate ourselves. The television men suddenly pulled out their light meters and stated that it was already too dark to film. Nothing could be done—not long shots, nor close-ups, nor action shots, nor stills. And it was a long way to the front line yet. By the time we got there it would be night.

Competition is a powerful incentive. Since the Americans were going to the front, Reuters had to go



Salvadoran armor had penetrated deep into Honduran territory. The Salvadorans were moving: push through to the Atlantic!

The whole group started back. The ones who had heart trouble, who were going to write general commentaries, who had turned back earlier because they had forgotten their filters, were waiting for us under the tree, beside the two artillery pieces.

The sweaty, unshaven major (his name was Policarpio Paz) found an army truck to carry us to our quarters for the night, in a village behind the line called Nacaome. There we held a conference and decided that the Americans would phone the president to request permission to see the whole front, to go into the very midst of the fighting.

In the morning they sent a plane to take us to the far end of the front, where heavy fighting was in progress. A night rain had turned the grass airstrip at Nacaome into a rust-colored quagmire. The dilapidated DC-3, black with exhaust smoke, stuck up out of the water like a hydroplane. It had been shot up the previous day by a Salvadoran fighter and there were holes patched with rough boards in its fuselage. The sight of these ordinary, simple boards frightened those who had said they had bad hearts. They stayed behind and later returned to Tegucigalpa.

We were to fly to Santa Rosa de Copán. On its takeoff run the plane trailed as much smoke and flame as a rocket starting for the moon. In the air it screeched, groaned, and reeled like a drunk swept along in a hurricane. The cabin—this aircraft usually carried freight—contained no seats or benches of any kind. We gripped curved metal handholds to avoid being thrown against the walls.

In Santa Rosa de Copán, a sleepy hamlet filled just then with soldiers, a truck carried us through muddy streets to the barracks. The barracks stood in the old Spanish fort, surrounded by a gray, moisture-swollen wall. When we went inside we could hear three prisoners in the courtyard.

"Talk!" the interrogating officer was shouting at them. "Tell me everything!"

The prisoners mumbled. They were weak from loss of blood. They stood stripped to the waist, the first with a belly wound, the second with a shoulder wound, the third with part of his hand shot away. The one with the belly wound wouldn't last long. He groaned, turned as if executing a dance step, and fell to the ground. The remaining two went silent and looked at their colleague, with the blunt gaze of landed fish.

An officer led us to the garrison commander. The commander, pale and tired, did not know what to do with us. He ordered that we be given military shirts. He ordered his aide to bring coffee. He was worried that Salvadoran units might arrive at any moment. Santa Rosa lay along the

enemy's main line of attack—that is, along the road connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific. El Salvador, lying on the Pacific, dreamed of conquering Honduras, lying on the Atlantic. In this way little El Salvador would suddenly become a two-ocean power. Salvadoran armor had already penetrated deep into Honduran territory. The Salvadorans were moving: push through to the Atlantic, push through to Europe, push through to the world!

Their radio repeated:

A LITTLE SHOUTING AND NOISE
AND THAT'S THE END OF HONDURAS

Weaker and poorer, Honduras was defending itself fiercely. Through the open barracks window we could see officers readying their units for the front. Young conscripts stood in scraggly ranks. They were small dark boys, Indians all, with tense faces, terrified—but ready to fight. The officers said something and pointed at the distant horizon. Afterward a priest appeared and sprinkled holy water on the platoons.

In the afternoon we left for the front in an open truck. The first twenty miles or so passed without incident. The road led through higher and higher country, through green heights covered with thick tropical bush. Empty clay huts, some of them burned out, clung to the mountain slopes. At one point we passed a whole village straggling along the edge of the road, carrying bundles. Later a crowd of peasants in white shirts and sombreros flourished machetes and shotguns as we passed.

Suddenly there was a commotion in the road. We had reached a triangular clearing in the forest where casualties were brought. Some were lying on stretchers, others right on the grass. A few soldiers and two orderlies moved among them. There was no doctor. Nearby, four soldiers were digging a hole. The wounded lay there calmly, patiently, and the most amazing thing was that patience, the unimaginable superhuman endurance of pain so characteristic of Indians. No one was crying out, no one was calling for help. The soldiers brought them water and the orderlies applied primitive dressings as well as they could. What I saw there staggered me. One of the orderlies, with a lancet in his hand, was going from one casualty to another and digging the bullets out of them, as if he were coring apples. The other orderly poured iodine on the wounds and then pressed on a bandage.

Later a wounded boy came in on a truck. A Salvadoran. He had taken a bullet in the knee. He was ordered to lie down on the grass. The boy was barefoot, pale, spattered with blood. The orderly poked around in his knee, looking for the bullet. The boy moaned.

"Quiet, you poor bastard," the orderly said. "You're distracting me."

He used his fingers to pull out the bullet. Then he poured iodine on the wound and wrapped it in a bandage.

"Stand up and go to the truck," said one of the soldiers.

The boy picked himself up off the grass and hobbled to the vehicle. He didn't say a word, didn't make a sound.

"Climb in," the soldier commanded. We rushed to give the boy a hand up, but the soldier waved us away with his rifle. This soldier had something under his skin—he'd been at the front; his nerves were jangly. The boy rested himself on the high tailgate and dragged himself in. His body hit the bed of the truck with a thud. I thought he was finished. But a moment later his gray, naive, quizzical face appeared, waiting humbly for the next stroke of destiny.

"How about a smoke?" he asked us in a quiet, hoarse voice. We all tossed whatever cigarettes we had into the truck.

Now the orderlies were administering intravenous glucose to a dying soldier. This drew a crowd of interested onlookers. Some were sitting around the stretcher where he was lying, others were leaning on their rifles. He might have been, say, twenty. He had taken eleven rounds. An older, weaker man hit by those eleven would have been dead long ago. But the bullets had ripped into a young, strong, powerfully built body, and death was meeting resistance. The wounded man lay unconscious, already on the other side of existence, but some remnant of life was putting up a last desperate fight. The soldier was stripped to the waist, and everyone could see his muscles contracting and the sweat beading up on his sallow skin. The tense muscles and streams of sweat let everyone appreciate what a fierce battle it is when life goes against death. Everybody was interested in that struggle; they wanted to know how much strength there is in life and how much strength there is in death.

"Doesn't anybody know him?" one of the soldiers asked eventually.

The wounded man's heart was working at maximum effort; we could sense its feverish thumping.

"Nobody," another soldier answered.

A truck was climbing the road, its motor complaining.

"Is he ours or theirs?" a soldier sitting by the stretcher asked.

"Nobody knows," said the orderly after a moment's quiet.

"He's his mother's," a soldier standing nearby said.

"He's God's now," added another after a

pause. He took off his cap and hung it on the barrel of the rifle.

The man on the stretcher shivered, and his muscles pulsed under his glossy yellowish skin.

Everyone was silent, concentrating on the sight of the wounded man. He was drawing breath more slowly now, and his head had tilted back. The soldiers sitting near him clasped their hands around their knees and hunched up, as if the fire were burning low and the cold creeping in. In the end—it would be a while yet—somebody said: "He's gone. All he was is gone."

They stayed there for some time, looking fearfully at the dead man, and afterward, when they saw that nothing else would happen, they began walking away.

We drove on. The road snaked through forested mountains. Past the village of San Francisco a series of curves began, one after another, and suddenly, around one curve, we ran into the maw of the war. Soldiers were running and firing, bullets whizzed overhead, long bursts of machine-gun fire ripped along both sides of the road. The driver braked suddenly and at that instant a shell exploded in front of us. Sweet Jesus, I thought, this is it. What felt like the wing of a typhoon swept through the truck. Everybody dove for it, one on top of another, just to make it to the ground, to hit the ditch, to vanish.

I plunged forward in the direction that struck me as being quietest; I threw myself into the bushes, down, down, as far as I could get from that curve where we had been hit, downhill, along bare ground, skating across slick clay, and then into the bush, deep into the bush, but I didn't run far because suddenly there was shooting right in front of me, bullets were flying around, branches were fluttering, a machine gun was roaring. I fell to the ground.

When I came to and opened my eyes I could see a piece of soil and ants crawling over that soil.

They were walking along their paths, one after another, in various directions. It wasn't exactly the time to be observing ants, but the very sight of them marching along, the sight of another world, another reality, brought me back to consciousness. An idea came into my head: If I could control my fear enough to stop my ears for a moment and look only at the wandering insects, I could begin to think with some sort of sense. I lay among the thick bushes, plugging my ears with all my might, nose in the dirt, watching the ants.

How long it went on like that, I don't know. When I raised my head, I was looking into the eyes of a soldier.

I froze. Falling into the hands of the Salvadorans was what I feared most, because the only

What felt like the wing of a typhoon swept through the truck. Everybody dove for it

*There is
nothing worse
than finding
yourself alone
in somebody
else's country,
in somebody
else's war*

thing I could look forward to then was certain death. They were a brutal army, blind with fury, shooting whomever they got hold of in the madness of the war. In any case, having been fed Honduran propaganda, that is what I thought. An American or an Englishman might have a chance, although not necessarily. In Nacaome, the day before, we had been shown an American missionary killed by the Salvadorans.

The soldier was taken by surprise, too. Crawling through the bush, he hadn't noticed me until the last moment. He adjusted his helmet, which was adorned with grass and leaves. He had a dark, skinny, furrowed face. In his hands there was an old Hauser.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"And what army are you from?" I responded.

"Honduras," he said; he could tell right off that I was a foreigner, neither his nor theirs.

"Honduras! Dear brother!" I rejoiced and pulled a piece of paper out of my pocket. It was the document from the Honduran high command, from Colonel Ramirez Ortega, permitting me to enter the region of military activity. Each newsman had received an identical document in Tegucigalpa before leaving for the front.

I told the soldier that I had to get to Santa Rosa and then to Tegucigalpa so that I could send a dispatch to Warsaw. The soldier was happy; he was already thinking that with an order from the general staff (the document commanded all subordinates to assist me), he could withdraw to the rear along with me.

"We will go together, Señor," the soldier said. "Señor will say that he has commanded me to accompany him."

He was a recruit, a dirt farmer; he had been called up the week before. He didn't know the army, the war meant nothing to him. He was trying to figure an angle that would permit him to survive.

Shells were slamming around us. Far, far away we could hear shooting. Cannons were firing. The smell of powder and smoke was in the air. There were machine guns behind us and on both sides.

His company had been crawling forward through the bushes, up this hill, when our truck came around the corner and drove into the turmoil of war and was abandoned. From where we lay, pressing against the ground, we could see the thick-ribbed gum soles of his company, only their soles, as the men crawled through the grass. Then the soles of their boots stopped, then they moved ahead, one-two-one-two, a few yards forward, and then they stopped again.

The soldier nudged me: "Señor, mira cuantos zapatos!" (Look at all those shoes!)

He kept looking at the shoes of his company

as the men crawled forward. He blinked, he weighed something in his mind, and at last he said hopelessly, "Toda mi familia anda descalza." (My whole family goes barefoot.) We started crawling through the forest.

The shooting let up for a moment and the soldier, fatigued, stopped. In a hushed voice he told me to wait while he went back to where his company had been fighting. He said that the living had certainly kept moving forward, because their orders were to pursue the enemy to the very border; the dead would remain on the battlefield, and for them, boots were now superfluous. He would strip a few of the dead of their boots, hide them under a bush, and mark the place. When the war was over, he would come back here and have boots enough for his whole family. He had already calculated that he could trade one pair of army boots for three pairs of children's shoes; there were nine little ones back home.

It crossed my mind that he was going mad, so I told him that I was putting him under my orders and that we should keep crawling. But the soldier did not want to listen. He was driven by thoughts of footwear, and he would throw himself into the front line in order to secure for himself the property lying there in the grass, rather than let it be buried with the dead. Now the war had meaning for him, a point of reference and a goal. Now he knew what he wanted.

I was certain that if he left me we would be separated, and would never meet again. The last thing I wanted was to be left alone in that forest, because I did not know who controlled it or which army was where or which direction I should set off in. There is nothing worse than finding yourself alone in somebody else's country, in somebody else's war. So I crawled after the soldier toward the battlefield. We crept to where the forest gave out, where the fresh scene of combat could be observed through the stumps and bushes. The front had moved off laterally: shells were bursting behind an elevation that rose up to the left of us, and somewhere to the right—underground, it seemed, but it must have been in a ravine—machine guns were muttering. An abandoned mortar stood in front of us, and in the grass lay dead soldiers.

I told my companion that I was going no farther. He could do what he had to do, as long as he didn't get lost and returned quickly. He left his rifle with me and bolted ahead. I was too worried to watch him: worried that someone would catch us there, worried that someone would pop up from behind the bushes or throw a grenade. I felt sick lying there with my head on the wet dirt, dirt smelling of rot and smoke. If only we don't get encircled, I thought, if only we can crawl closer to a peaceful world. This sol-

dier of mine, I thought, is satisfied now. The clouds have parted above his head and the heavens are raining manna—he will return to the village, dump a sackful of boots on the floor, and watch his children jump for joy.

The soldier came back dragging his booty and hid it in the bushes. He wiped the sweat off his face and looked around to fix the spot in his mind. We moved back into the depth of the forest. It was drizzling, and fog lay in the clearing. We walked in no specific direction, just keeping as far as possible from the tumult of the war. Somewhere, not far from there, it must have been Guatemala. And farther, Mexico. And farther still, the United States. But for us at that moment, all those countries were on a different planet. The inhabitants of that other planet had their own lives and thought about entirely different problems. Perhaps they did not know that we had a war here. No war can be conveyed over a distance. Somebody sits eating dinner and watching television: pillars of earth blown into the air—cut—the tracks of a charging tank—soldiers falling and writhing in pain. And the man watching television gets angry and curses because while he was gaping at the screen he oversalted his soup. War becomes a spectacle, a show, when it is seen from a distance and expertly reshaped in the cutting room. In reality, a soldier sees no farther than his own nose, shoots at random, and clings to the ground like a mole. Above all, he is frightened. The front line soldier says little: If questioned he might not respond at all, or a shrug of his shoulders might be his whole answer. As a rule he walks around hungry and tired, not knowing what the next order will be or what will become of him in an hour. War provides an opportunity for constant familiarity with death. This experience sinks deep into the memory. Afterward, in old age, a man reaches back more and more to his war memories, as if recollections of the front expand with time, as if he had spent his whole life in a foxhole.

I asked the soldier why his country was fighting with El Salvador. He replied that he did not know, that those are government affairs. I asked him how he could fight when he did not know what he was spilling blood in the name of. He answered that when you live in a village it's better not to ask questions, because asking questions arouses the suspicion of the mayor. Later, the mayor volunteers him for the road gang. While he's working on the roads a farmer has to neglect his farm and his family, and then the hunger waiting for him is greater. And isn't the everyday poverty enough as it is? A man has to live in such a way that his name never reaches the ears of authority. When the authorities hear a name, they write it down immediately, and

that man is in for a lot of trouble. Government matters are not fit for the mind of a village farmer; the government understands such things, but nobody's going to let a dirt farmer understand anything.

At sunset we came to a small village plastered together out of clay and straw: Santa Teresa. An infantry battalion, decimated in the all-day battle, was billeted there. Exhausted and stunned by the experience of the front line, soldiers wandered among the huts. It was drizzling, and everybody was dirty, smeared with clay.

The people from the guardpost at the edge of the village led us to the battalion commander. He sat in an abandoned hut, listening to the radio. The announcer was reading a string of communiqués from the front. Next we heard that a wide range of states from both hemispheres wanted to begin mediation to bring the war between Honduras and El Salvador to an end. The countries of Latin America, along with many from Europe and Asia, had already issued statements about the war. Africa was expected to take a stand presently. Communiqués about the attitudes of Australia and Oceania were also anticipated. The silence of China was provoking interest, and so was that of Canada.

Then the announcer read a report that the Apollo 11 rocket had been launched from Cape Kennedy. Three astronauts, Armstrong, Aldrin, and Collins, were flying to the moon. Man was drawing closer to the stars, opening new worlds, soaring into the infinite galaxies. Congratulations were pouring into Houston from all corners of the world, the announcer informed us, and all humanity was rejoicing at the triumph of rationality and precise thinking.

Finished off by the day's hardships, my soldier dozed in a corner. At dawn I woke him up and said we were leaving. Still half asleep, the exhausted battalion driver took us to Tegucigalpa in a jeep.

The soccer war lasted 100 hours. Its victims: 6,000 dead, more than 12,000 wounded. About 50,000 people lost their homes and fields. Many villages were destroyed.

The two countries ceased military action as a result of intervention by various Latin American states, but to this day there are exchanges of gunfire along the Honduras–El Salvador border, and people die, and villages are burned.

But both governments were satisfied with the war, because for several days Honduras and El Salvador occupied the front pages of the world press and were the object of international concern. Small countries from the third, fourth, and fifth worlds have a chance to evoke lively interest only when they decide to shed blood. This is a sad truth, but so it is. ■

*To this day
there are
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El Salvador
border, and
people die*

WATCH OUT!

Drug testing and

A commission established by President Reagan to study ways to wipe out organized crime recently issued a 1,000-page report—and on page 452 called for widespread drug testing of Americans by their employers. As the President weighs this recommendation, he should bear in mind that urinalysis, the most common means of testing, gives an organization a window into the private lives of its employees—and power to demand loyalty, power even to punish dissent. He might also bear in mind the case of Leslie Price, thirty-three, and Susan Register, thirty-two, two former employees of Georgia Power—two of the 4.5 million workers tested last year.

The private sector hardly needs the nudge. Businesses have been supporting drug testing in rapidly growing numbers: 25 percent of Fortune 500 companies, for example, now do some form of testing. The firms have been spurred on by studies showing huge productivity losses as a result of drug use (\$33.3 billion in 1983). Georgia Power was worried about productivity. It was more than \$6 billion above its original estimates for construction costs and years behind schedule on its Plant Vogtle nuclear plant, where Price and Register worked.

In late 1984—with help from the paladin of testing, Peter B. Bensinger—Georgia Power implemented a drug-testing program at Plant Vogtle. Workers chosen at random would be given urine tests and a special hotline would be set up—a recorded message followed by three minutes of blank tape on which employees could finger co-workers. (Give dates and places, a woman's voice says.) One Georgia Power engineer wrote to an Augusta paper to say that while he was worried about safety and the role drugs play in undermining it, he thought the program was a "paranoid overreaction." Register, a \$10.50-an-hour mechanical expediter, and Price, a \$13.33-an-hour quality control inspector, were concerned about plant safety, too—they had reported apparent violations to the Nuclear Regulatory Commission. In early 1985, the two were told they'd been "hotlined," and were ordered in for tests.

State failing this requirement of electronic surveillance measures with the proceeds thereof do constitute per se failure.

3. The President should require all federal agencies to formulate immediate implementing guidelines, including programs, expressing the intent of Federal employees. State the private sector should that any and all use of contracts should not be implement drug programs, Federal, State, or local indirectly to programs condone illicit drug use which "decriminalized" form of such condonation

4. States that enforce laws prohibiting

5. The States should about their preventive Institute on Drug Abuse obtained from private

Philip Weiss wrote about antipornography legislation in the March issue of Harper's Magazine.

THE TROUBLE

es, by Philip Weiss

enact State
forfeiture provisions,
-drug programs, should
heads of all Federal
policy statements, with
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ed to report information
programs to the National
information, and reports
A will be better able to

What exactly is "suitable"? Georgia Power gave Price and Register the test most favored these days: the Emit st. The Emit st was brought on the market in 1981 by the Syva Company, which had received federal funding to come up with a cheap way to test for marijuana use. A company nurse, with the briefest training from Syva, can administer the Emit st and interpret the readouts ninety seconds later. And each test costs as little as \$5, less than a tenth of more precise lab procedures. One problem: the st unit may give false positives for pot up to a third of the time.

Anyone who lives near a nuclear plant would agree that it's unacceptable for workers to be high. But there exist less intrusive ways of checking, such as hand-eye coordination tests. Susan Register wasn't so lucky. Suitable drug testing meant being forced by a nurse to drop her pants to her ankles, bend over at the waist with her knees slightly bent, hold her right arm in the air, and with her left hand angle a specimen bottle between her legs. She sobbed and shook, wet herself, and vomited. She was fired for insubordination: refusal to take another test. Price, meanwhile, was told her sample was positive for marijuana, and then fired for misconduct. Had she had been fired for drug use, the NRC might have suggested that the company recheck (at great cost) the work she had inspected as a quality controller.

Laws protecting whistleblowers are a source of comfort to Register and Price—they're suing for back pay and their jobs. Other laws now being considered across the country are no comfort at all. Republican legislators in Erie County, New York, recently introduced a bill that, if passed, would force all welfare recipients to undergo drug testing; the reasoning is they would become better candidates for employment (the implication is they're spending government money on dope). And a New Jersey high school wants permission to test its 500 students every September. The school superintendent explained that he wanted to make sure the kids were educated "in a healthful, safe, and loving atmosphere."

TYPE'S CAST

Joyce and his mechanical muse

By Hugh Kenner

Cities entered the twentieth century by different routes, and at different paces. Dublin got there thanks to some entrepreneurs from Cork, who came up to a seaport city with the worst slums in Europe, one of the world's most notorious red light quarters, and an infant mortality rate surpassed only by Calcutta's, and managed through their genius with creative finance to equip it with the most advanced electric-tram system anywhere. In the process, of course, electric power stations got built, and the habit of maintaining the lines got established. Dublin is still a city where getting a telephone can take two years, but the power department's emergency crew will tumble into overalls at 2 A.M. at word of an outage.

If your trouble is in a buried line, they will rip up the pavement and dig. Once they've left, though, they leave behind a hole, perhaps big enough to swallow several pedestrians, and the filling-up of that hole may not happen for weeks. Routinely, a crew will be sent to watch the hole. They will pitch a tent over it and settle in for a long stay, equipping the tent with necessities of life: a Primus stove, a teakettle, a cribbage board. It takes three men to watch a good-sized hole. Day after day they will watch it, and no one will steal it, until the day when, mysteriously, a lorryful of men with shovels arrives; soon after which, lo, the hole is filled and gone.

Hugh Kenner is a frequent contributor to Harper's Magazine and the author of A Colder Eye: The Modern Irish Writers. A different version of this essay will appear in The Mechanic Muse, which Oxford University Press will publish next fall.

Such bursts of active and then contemplative power mark the Dublin rhythm. People are either in a great hurry or in no hurry at all, and are sometimes expending their maximum of energy while in the latter state. A good Irish storyteller could derive a whole entertainment from the goings-on in the tent, over the cribbage board, all the weeks when nothing is happening to the hole. The *Irish Times* once ran a feature called "The Hole"; week by week, it simply recorded the chat of men watching holes. The most flourishing local industry is the manufacture of sentences, and somehow everything, even electrical technology, always gets brought into the service of that.

Time is suspended in a dream of intricate talk. In the pawnshop where I once tried to purchase some coins, there could be no business done until the shopkeeper and his crony had canvassed thoroughly the prospects of yet a third duffer, who was coming forth, it seemed, from an old folks' home to seek his fortune in the labor market: "And what will he be doing? Is it falling off of buses? Why, he's older than the Chinese."

On the whole, the phrase "labor market" is an anomaly. You are Halloran the pawnbroker or Sweeney the dentist, as though enrolled lifelong in a craft guild. Joyce devoted ten lines of *Ulysses* to a phantom procession of "coopers, bird fanciers, millwrights, newspaper canvassers, law scriveners, masseurs, vintners, truss-makers, chimney sweeps, lard refiners"... and so on up to thirty-three different callings, like

the turnout for a feast day in the Middle Ages. Dublin has even, as he did not fail to notice, a "Sick and Indigent Roomkeepers' Society," which apparently looks after you if you are a dues-paying roomkeeper fallen sick or indigent. Its name is still emblazoned on its office windows. Anyone who is a roomkeeper presumably knows what the word means. Like much English encountered in Ireland, "roomkeeper" is not in the OED.

A reason may be that the OED relied on printed sources, and by the time idiosyncratic Irish usages were getting into print, a good deal of the dictionary's data had already been gathered. In 1910 P. W. Joyce, no kin to James, published *English as We Speak It in Ireland*, so frequently reprinted it testifies to a market for what was perceived as Irish quaintness. Irish quaintness is what stands out against a background of "standard English," and standard English is English like the wallpaper, the English you don't notice.

Victorian prose fiction had worked out elaborate codes for exhibiting what always preoccupies an English reader, the social class of the characters. The principle is easily stated. You commence with a "neutral," literate idiom, called the narrator's. That is the idiom the writer shares with the reader. In itself it is not noticeable at all, but other idioms become visible by deviating from it. Deviations of diction and syntax are common, also deviations of rhythm. Any of these signals the presence of a "character," and repeating the pattern makes the character recognizable. To indicate oddities of pronunciation you deviate systematically from standard spelling: an elementary instance is the Cockney's dropped aitch.

Now here is James Joyce, in the first lines of a novel:

Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road and this moocow that was coming down along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo. . . .

His father told him that story: his father looked at him through a glass: he had a hairy face.

He was baby tuckoo. The moocow came down the road where Betty Byrne lived: she sold lemon platt.

*O, the wild rose blossoms
On the little green place.*

He sang that song. That was his song.

O, the green wothe botheth.

When you wet the bed first it is warm then it gets cold. His mother put on the oilsheet. That had the queer smell.

The first thing odd about this page is the look of it: little paragraphs mixed with italics, and not a quotation mark in sight. The "neutral" narrative idiom has disappeared: the literate and hardly noticeable idiom that forms the usual common ground of reader and writer. It was from this common ground that the narrator would extend a helping hand, explaining what the odd behavior of the characters meant, and illustrating it with quotations. But if the narrative idiom has disappeared, then for practical purposes the narrator has disappeared too, and we must fend for ourselves amid textual indications which include, in the very first sentence, three words we have never seen before: "moocow" and "nicens" and "tuckoo." Next we must translate "glass" into "monocle," a word baby tuckoo wouldn't have known; and "had a hairy face" we interpret as "bearded."

If the narrator has disappeared, where is the text coming from? It is certainly not coming from a baby: the words are correctly spelled and the sentences accurately punctuated. Moreover it is in the third person: "He was baby tuckoo." Let's agree to say that it's present on a printed page, thanks to the intricate and largely anonymous mechanisms by which that can be made to happen. We look at printed pages all day long without ever reflecting on how so many thousands of letters got there. The Victorian novelists got into the habit of exploiting printed pages, but do not seem to have quite reflected that that was what they were doing. Though they freely employed the convention of misspelled words to indicate dialect or want of education, they seldom worked free from the implicit presence of a storyteller. And James Joyce's most radical, for that matter his most un-Irish, act was dispensing with the storyteller. He forces us to confront printed pages, and make what we can of them.

Outside of fiction, this was nothing new. Reflect that the *New York Times* does not tell stories; it simply exhibits column after column of print. The headlines, from which many readers glean most of their information, are invariably anonymous, and the idiom they speak is Headlinese, meaning nobody's. Beneath them we find the details, in smaller print. Some of the columns of detail are "by" so-and-so, some are not. But the presence of a byline doesn't matter to you and me. It is not as though the owner of the byline were telling us. The *Times* is telling us.

The newspaper's massive anonymity had been achieved by the time James Joyce had learned to read. It followed from the implications of the printed page, where words look just the same no matter who wrote them and their location in space—front page versus inside pages—is what

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governed by
marks on paper

assigns them status. These implications had been noticed by Mallarmé in France but by no one, so far as I know, in the English-speaking world: certainly not by English fiction-writers, who still used the page as a mass-reproducible substitute for the storyteller's speaking voice. Joyce alone seems to have understood from the first what it can mean to be writing for print. Each stroke of his pen encoded instructions for a print-shop technician, a fact of which he was at all times fully aware.

His first published fiction appeared in a trade paper, amid ads for milk pumps and cream separators, and it represented Irish speech in this fashion:

—Mind you, I noticed there was something queer coming over him latterly. Whenever I'd bring in his soup to him there I'd find him with his breviary fallen to the floor, lying back in the chair and his mouth open.

She laid a finger against her nose and frowned; then she continued:

—But still and all he kept on saying that before the summer was over he'd go out for a drive one fine day just to see the old house again where we were all born down in Irishtown and take me and Nannie with him. If we could only get one of them new-fangled carriages that makes no noise that Father O'Rourke told him about—them with the rheumatic wheels—for the day cheap, he said, at Johnny Rush's over the way there and drive out the three of us together of a Sunday evening. He had his mind set on that. . . . Poor James!

When she gets one word wrong—"rheumatic" for "pneumatic"—she does so without hesitation; she's not being funny. And there's no comic spelling here. That is because the narrative does not presuppose a "normal" pronunciation by which to gauge hers. Nor is there anything in the way of "quaint" idiom for outsiders to quote: she is not being put on exhibit to amuse outsiders. And her utterances are minimally punctuated: a comma here and there to mark a slight pause. Otherwise the long undulant strings escape being Steiniesque by virtue of internal rhythm, a rhythm to which the transcription is scrupulously faithful, though it's up to us to reconstitute it. "Whenever I'd bring in his soup to him there I'd find him with his breviary fallen to the floor, lying back in the chair and his mouth open." There are many ways to put that into grammatical English:

Whenever I'd bring his soup in to him there . . .

Whenever I'd bring him his soup in there . . .

Whenever I'd bring his soup to him in there . . .

We may be sure that our author has tested them all and found the only one with the right speaking cadence: "Whenever I'd bring in his soup to him there."

The issue of comic misspelling deserves atten-

tion. Prior to *Finnegans Wake* Joyce reserves it for just two situations: when a speaker is drawing attention to his own pronunciation, because imitating some foreigner, English ("Wy don't you old back that owlin mob?") or Yankee ("Wall, tarnation strike me!"); and when nature, not culture, interferes with speech, as when someone has bitten off the end of his tongue: "—I' 'ery 'uch o'liged to you, sir, said the injured man." Otherwise the murkiest Dublin dialects receive the same orthographic courtesies accorded to university men. We detect their presence by syntax and cadence alone.

Note: we detect. We become Joyce readers the way we become newspaper readers: by practice. In neither case is there a narrator to help us. We are simply engaging the technology of print, and start to be qualified once we are free to forget that it is a technology: once the page ceases to look odd. At our earliest stages of engagement with Joyce, we stare at his page and wonder* how to get a purchase on it; most browsers still get no further with *Finnegans Wake*. At one time, to be staring at the page was the normal condition of gapers at *Ulysses*; one of the earliest readers of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, Edward Garnett, publisher's reader for Heinemann's, reported that the last part of what now passes for a fairly tame text looked utterly fragmented.

No writer was ever so observant of the way our lives have come to be governed by marks on paper. The characters in *Ulysses* are reading and writing constantly; those acts occur in virtually every episode. At one point Leopold Bloom receives a typewritten letter from a woman he has never met; one of its sentences runs, "So now you know what I will do to you, you naughty boy, if you do not wrote." Bloom notices this—"Wonder did she wrote it herself"—and Joyce means us to notice it too, and to reflect not that Martha is illiterate but that "i" and "o" are adjacent keys on a typewriter. Elsewhere Bloom's name appears in a newspaper list of those present at a funeral, but misprinted: "L. Boom." I once struggled to quote that in the teeth of an editor who kept trying to correct my "error." I was fortunate in winning that round. Joyce himself did not always win. The 1968 Penguin edition of *Ulysses*, the one sold throughout the world except in the United States (and in 1971 "reprinted with corrections"), has Martha typing "... if you do not write," and Bloom pointlessly asking, "Wonder did she write it herself." That records the interference of a British proofreader as long ago as 1932. It remained for Hans Walter Gabler's critical edition

*So does the Vintage edition sold in the United States.

of 1984 to restore "wrote" in both places.

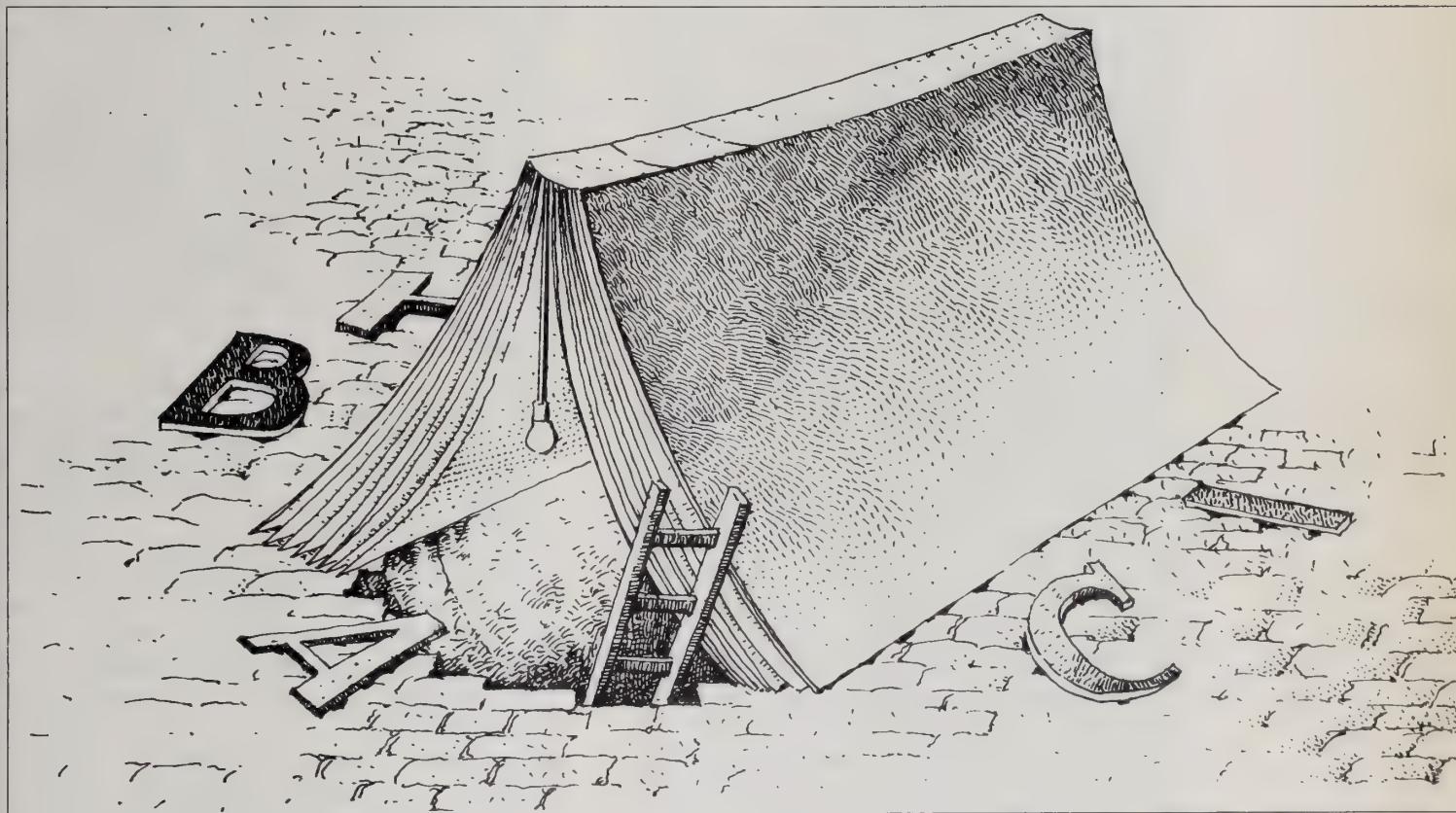
Of Gabler's 5,000-odd corrections, the vast majority entail, as here, a single character only. It is difficult to dismiss any as unimportant, so closely is Joyce's work bound to print-shop technology. Whether by hand or by keyboard, printers set single characters, one by one. Correspondingly, Joyce's unit of attention is apt to be the single character. If you saw "did she wrote it herself" in *David Copperfield* you'd assume a printer's error. When you see it in *Ulysses* you are correct in asking what it may mean. Assuming an uncorrupted chain of transmission, it will surely mean something. "Boom" means that an imaginary typesetter was dozing.

Joyce meant to assert final control over every mark on the final printed page, clear down to the large dot with which the Ithaca episode in *Ulysses* terminates ("Comme réponse un point bien visible," he instructed the printer). Arranging, rearranging—he once told Frank Budgen that he had the words but was seeking their appropriate ordering in the sentence—he seems

So it is unsurprising that so much of his biography can be reduced to a string of imbroglios with printers. When he wanted something "wrong" they'd put it "right." When with infinite pains he'd arrived at non-standard rightness, then they'd tend to make it wrong. And sometimes when he wanted something perfectly innocuous they'd balk absolutely. For print, as he discovered early in his life, is the most arcane of twentieth-century mysteries. We have even a category of words we call unprintable.

Such a word was "bloody," and the English publisher of his first prose book, *Dubliners*, backed out because no printer would set that word in type. After the book was finally printed in Ireland, by a publisher whom the "bloody"s in Synge's *Playboy* had not stopped, the sheets got destroyed uncirculated, having after all trespassed the limits of printability. This time the offending words included the names of several Dublin pubs: Davy Byrne's, the Scotch House, Mulligan's. The Irish publisher panicked. He may have objected to giving those three houses

The sight of the printer's artifact tended to prompt his most expansive flights



to have been guided by the analogy of compositors' fingers arraying small blocks of metal. And the surprising amount of *Ulysses* that was actually composed on the margins of proof sheets—for instance, 34 percent of Ithaca—prompts the reflection that the sight of the printer's artifact, its text extricated at last from his own execrable handwriting and his typists' irregular transcriptions, tended to prompt his most expansive flights.

free advertisement. More likely, he feared lawsuits, notwithstanding that Joyce had caused nothing unseemly to go on, unless you count boastful talk as unseemly, and had even offered to get explicit permission from the pubs in question.

We're reminded how Victorian convention would assign fictional happenings to the year 18—, in the city of B——, and may marvel that Joyce was bold enough to name his city, Dublin,

His whole art
turned on the
deep congruity
between the
modern city
and the
printed book

and in *Ulysses* to assign a year, a month, a day, and even specify actual street addresses. Leopold Bloom lives at 7 Eccles Street, and Paddy Dignam's funeral procession starts at 9 Newbridge Avenue, Sandymount. Those are actual houses (both vacant in 1904, according to Thom's Directory), and the prospect of setting in type what is actually so can affect printers like a religious taboo. It is like uttering one of the names of God.

That extreme of boldness was reserved for *Ulysses*; on the surface, *Dubliners* seems vague by comparison. Still, anyone familiar with the city can frequently identify actual buildings; recall that the publisher who destroyed the sheets of *Dubliners* was a Dubliner who knew the place well. But *Ulysses* names actualities wholesale, even to William Miller, plumber, with toilet bowls ("bare clean closetools") in his window at 17 Duke Street. We commence to understand why *Ulysses* had to be typeset in Dijon and published in Paris.

Had Joyce's been boldness for boldness's sake it would have been perverse indeed, seeing the misery it caused him. But as early as *Dubliners*, when he stood by his decision to name those pubs though it meant his book's going unpublished two more years, he was guarding what could not be surrendered, the deep congruity on which his whole art turned, the congruity between the modern city and the printed book. Both are finding-systems: as a man sleeps at Eccles Street, No. 7, back room, so his name appears on page 55, line 3, fourth word. Both are subject to tacit zoning: as the district of Rathmines (late-Victorian shabby-genteel) is not the district of Rathgar (dingily arriviste), so the third episode of *Ulysses* (solipsistic, exotic) is not the seventeenth (objective, catechetic); in either case, experienced denizens suddenly arrived know where they are in an instant. Both employ undeformable units: bricks, typographic elements. An element misplaced is spotted at once by the skilled but can trap the unwary: the loose cellarflap Bloom circumvents is like the typing error we're meant to notice. And both city and book are haunted by the shades of people: Dublin by many thousands in no real sense at home there, *Ulysses* by a vast roster whose voices, even, we may think we hear, though it's we ourselves who silently supply them.

And the absence of a stable narrating voice in Joyce's fiction makes one more parallel operative: we are set down in book as in city, virtual strangers, amid people who seem to know what is going on though we somehow can't ask them, and we learn to find our way and feel somehow at home, to the point where we may even notice things the natives don't seem to. From the very

first Joyce let his readers sense that there was much going on they didn't quite understand. *Dubliners* is but a few hundred words old when we first hear someone speaking. This is Old Cotter, and we don't know what he's saying because he won't complete his sentences. "—No, I wouldn't say he was exactly . . . but there was something queer . . . there was something uncanny about him. I'll tell you my opinion. . . ." But he never does. The narrative goes on: "Tiresome old fool! When we knew him first he used to be rather interesting, talking of faints and worms; but I soon grew tired of him and his endless stories about the distillery." "Faints and worms"? That's never explained, though it sounds somehow morbid. One day we may learn from a big dictionary that both are distillery terms. But we shall never learn something after all more mysterious, what "endless stories about the distillery" could possibly be like.

Joyce delights in leaving us such queer things we may misinterpret, as if to keep alive in us an awareness traditional fiction is at pains to lull, the awareness that we *are* interpreting. The phrase "black mass" occurs in his story "Eveline," though as part of a clause about "the black mass of the boat." It's safe to feel sure he planted it, just as it's safe to state that when Macaulay, describing the trial of Warren Hastings, wrote the strange sentence "On the third day Burke rose," he was wholly unaware of alluding to a miracle. That is the sort of thing Joyce is *never* unaware of. When we find the word "grace" in the story called "Grace," it's embedded in the following sentences:

Mr Kernan was a commercial traveller of the old school which believed in the dignity of its calling. He had never been seen in the city without a silk hat of some decency and a pair of gaiters. By grace of these two articles of clothing, he said, a man could always pass muster.

If we're inclined to think of "grace" as a word from the vocabulary of religion, well, so are at least five other words in that passage: "believed," "calling," "decency," "gaiters," and "articles." Here are they all, still keeping company with "grace," though souls are no longer at stake, only an archaic respectability. That, in fact, is what the story has to say about Dublin religion, that it has become the servant of respectability. If you're properly religious, you're unlikely to fall down a pub's lavatory stairs.

This overlapping of vocabularies is something Joyce took great pains with. It comports with the fact that all printed words, unlike words on living tongues, are absolutely neutral. We can't tell what they mean till we can size up their neighbors. (Structural linguists like to contrive examples. What does the word "flies" mean? The word "like"? It depends. "Time flies

like an arrow," but "Fruit flies like a banana.")

Though print is always and everywhere potentially ambiguous, fiction dominated by a narrator contrives to minimize ambiguity to the point of concealment. Joyce, as his work progressed, was at pains to maximize ambiguity, to throw back on us all the implications of the fact that the signs we decipher can be maddeningly mute. His last work, *Finnegans Wake*, has a title in which "Finnegans"—as printed, no apostrophe—can only be a plural noun, hence "Wake" a verb, probably indicative. But whoever hears that title also hears the name of a nineteenth-century comic song in which "Wake" is a noun and "Finnegan's" a possessive singular. The book commences with a word ("riverrun") that is in no dictionary, and it ends with the English definite article followed by nothing, not even a mark of punctuation; and what's to be done about that, and about all the 200,000-odd words in between, is our responsibility solely. It's like being dropped down in a city where they're speaking all the languages of mankind simultaneously, and the one language we are fairly sure of is English. Like most travelers, we either give up or eventually make do.

It's basically English: even the distribution of its commonest words reflects English frequencies. Yet, as never before, the single letters control. "Laid to rust" says "laid to rest" and a little more. "Phall" says "fall" with extra torque. "Retaled" says "told again," but in being placed three words from "wallstrait" it receives fiscal contagion ("retailed"). These examples are from the book's first forty-one lines.

The root phenomenon *Finnegans Wake* exploits is the utter silence of print. We look at it: that is our only course. Since we're literate, it sounds itself, silently. "With half a glance of Irish frisky" was Joyce's example in a letter: "the words the reader will see, but not the ones he will hear." Seeing, hearing: the Gutenberg dissociation. "The Divine Comic, Denti Alligator" works because "Alligator" looks like "Alighieri," whereupon "Denti" creates serried teeth and locks two malapropisms into congruousness.

James Joyce was aware always of silent print, and of readers now seeing, now sounding, always interpreting. It's odd, in the very last moments of Molly Bloom's monologue, to see "with the old windows of the posadas 2 glancing eyes a lattice hid," where "2" jerks us back from the phonetic realm so violently Joyce himself was surprised—he wrote "two" and then changed it—while pre-Gabler printers dropped the number altogether. "Two glancing eyes a lattice hid," runs the song Molly's remembering: music, incurably acoustic, though the look of "2" seems to say not. Penelope weaving and un-

weaving her web wove it, warp and woof, of sound and sight.

But back to the men whose job was to watch the hole. That is not a reasonable job. Holes do not get stolen, not even in a land where golfers are passionate. You may think the three men were there to keep pedestrians from falling into the hole. But their tent pitched over the hole should have obviated that; moreover, while they were inside the tent playing cribbage they could not so much as see a pedestrian. There they played, on the city payroll, for several weeks. Their example can be commended to anyone who thinks events in Joyce pointless or unmotivated: who wonders, for instance, about a man who spends his entire day walking the streets, passing lampposts on the outside. That man is named Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell, and his presence in *Ulysses* is utterly unexplained. He strides by from time to time, one time to mutter a Latin phrase, *Coactus volui*, which went unexplicated for sixty-three years. (In the Fall 1985 *James Joyce Quarterly*, R.J. Schork traced it to Justinian's *Digest* and supplied a plausible reason for Farrell to utter it.) Then there's a man named Gumley, whose paid job is to watch paving stones by night and see (somebody remarks) "that they don't run away." Cities support all manner of seemingly pointless behavior. In finding odd ways for people to be gainfully employed, Dublin is perhaps especially accommodating. No one is more oddly employed, come to think of it, than the James Joyce expert, of whom one or two make a living in Dublin, but many more all over the world. Their job, it may seem, is to watch the paving stones that they don't run away, or the holes that they don't get stolen.

They fill, though, it's widely agreed, a necessary office, difficult to specify. No other body of fiction so resembles a city in necessitating such guides and such watchmen. Nor does any other body of fiction so resemble a city in containing holes into which the naive may fall, or such loose stones over which they may stumble. Like Dublin, it's shabby and intricate; like Dublin, it won't go away. Like Dublin, it exudes an ambiguous hospitality. Like Dublin, and unlike New York, it's much the same when you go back to it. There are guidebooks, and guided tours, and the way of the natives can seem both charming and bizarre. Joyce once said there was no higher human destiny than to be the mayor of a great city. He himself, though, did fulfill a higher one, issuing instructions to typesetters in three countries, that they might erect according to his plans, each of them doing something as simple as laying bricks, constructions intricate as any city, made of letters on lines, and haunted, and solely for the enticement of visitors. ■

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MENGELE IN JERUSALEM

By Tova Reich

When I told Krystina that I had definitely seen him in Jerusalem, she was not impressed. Of course; where else would he be? But for a sour old Jew like you to finally break down and go there, she said—that was really something! She said this even after he had officially been declared dead, after the comic relief of that clown squatting in the Brazilian grave, tossing out a skull and some ordinary bones, and the hunt for the peculiar doctor was called off.

I always give serious consideration to Krystina's words, especially when they apply to me, a subject in which I've sustained a certain indifferent interest but for which I've lost all passion whatsoever. Forty years ago Krystina sold herself to me with her placid solidity, but—an unanticipated bonus—there's a bull's-eye intuition she possesses as well that I've come to appreciate. So my Krystina is a cliché; clichés, by definition, are too true. She knows how I rate her. She doesn't complain, nor has she the right to. I've prospered so brilliantly in America they could put my picture in a brochure to promote this golden land, with Krystina, smug and well stuffed, alongside me.

Only three things I've denied her. I would not marry her and I would not give her a child. A wife and children I've already had, in another life; that trip I've already taken, as they say in this deceptively casual land. Last I saw of this wife and children, the building in whose cellar they were hiding was being sealed off by a gang of industrious Huns. Every crevice and air hole, the thoroughness was something to admire. Maybe it was a mistake of biblical proportions to turn my head for that final glimpse. Maybe I should have kept my eyes directly in front of me, on those train wagons meant for creatures who chew their cud, for us Jews, in other words, who keep on bringing up our regurgitant, everything we've ever swallowed, never forgetting for an instant, never giving anyone a moment's peace with our obsessive litany of sufferings, grievances, and complaints. As for me, I've had it with Jews; I'm sick of us.

Tova Reich is the author of Mara, a novel.

That's the third thing I've refused Krystina: permission to convert. Speaking as an insider, for anyone in his right mind to desire to mutate into a Jew seems to me to be nothing less than a perversion, unhealthy in the extreme. In Krystina's case, it is perhaps a consequence of the masochism inherent in the female character. She cajoled and she pleaded, but I never yielded, nor will I ever. There was even a time that I found buried under her private effects pamphlets from a company that specializes in transacting conversions through the mails—Plotzker's Postal: Personalized Conversions to Suit Every Taste, All Styles and Varieties, Ultra-Ultra Orthodox to Ethical-Cultural-Historical-Identity Conscious, No Red Tape. I took these documents, and, to teach her a lesson, right in front of her eyes I shoved them into the oven and broiled them like a steak. Had I wanted a Jewess, I would have gotten one. But whereas those bracketed years rendered many who had been squeezed into them even more obnoxiously Jewish, branded them, committed them even against their will to that destiny alone, me they filled with a final determination to cut off every connection.

If I recall correctly, in the early pages of his memoirs, the man who ended my life records how the sight on his streets of a stooped, sickle-nosed Jew in black gabardine and black hat—parasite, predator—overwhelmed him with such pure disgust that it was, in a sense, the impetus for his brilliant career. I understand his attitude perfectly. I, too, am often repelled by this anachronism, this deliberately provocative spectacle, the incendiary air of superiority and exclusivity that is exuded; and it requires a strenuous effort of the will on my part to keep myself from hating my own grandfathers. But he, the legendary struggler with the little fake mustache, he took steps, he translated his instincts into deeds, in the process doing a favor for those who managed to survive his tantrums of endowing them with an interesting past, giving them a story, and creating, as a byproduct, a flourishing blue-chip industry, Holocaust Inc.

What if he appears one day to demand, as the founder, his cut, his rightful share in the profits? Who can swear on the Bible that he's really dead, that he really killed himself? The way I see it, he is immortal. But I will have no part in this sentimentality. For instance, in the matter of his protégé, the peculiar doctor, I don't give a damn whether he's a bag of rotten bones in Brazil or a raving professor living it up in Paraguay. I wouldn't offer a cent for his head. I wouldn't donate a penny for any Jewish cause, in fact. I will never set foot inside a synagogue. When and if they find my dead body, they will cremate it; I've given Krystina detailed instructions. Israel—it means nothing to me.

What, then, forty years after, in the summer of 1985, was I doing in Jerusalem? Krystina was right to marvel.

The answer has to do with the third right I've acquired as an American—the right to pursue happiness. I take my citizen's duties very seriously, so I pursue and pursue. Nevertheless, she has eluded me. Jews are justly despised for their litigious nature, but this Jew is not about to drag anyone to court; we have been guaranteed only the pursuit. Yet it seems to me to have been a little cynical—dare I even say sadistic?—on the part of the Founding Fathers to append that pursuit-of-happiness clause. It is, as it were, a grim invitation to all future Americans to step into those circles of hell reserved for such unfortunate sinners as Tantalus and Sisyphus, who are condemned for an eternity to struggle in vain. I am a man of action who likes to see results. When I set out in the pursuit of happiness, I expect to get her. But for many years now, nothing has given me pleasure. No success, no triumph, no springtime, no pastry, no touch—nothing. There is no happiness for me. No sorrow either. All feeling is lost. Tell me about the brutal death of a child: I am cold. Insult me, humiliate me, publicly expose my pettiest weaknesses, my smallest vanities, strip me naked: I feel nothing. Even the fact that I've lost all feeling—from utter sadness to utter joy and whatever lies in between—even that leaves me unmoved. Yet feeling is necessary for happiness. As a hyphenated American who has good reason to appreciate the bounty of this land, pursuing her is not only my destiny; it is my responsibility.

A wealthy man can pamper himself, so whereas my father or my grandfather would have run to the rabbi crying, "Holy Rabbi, I have lost my delight," I sought out a psychoanalyst. That was an indulgence, let me tell you, like visiting an expensive prostitute on a regular basis, into whom you can unload, dump, what no one else is inclined to receive; and because you shell out such fat, crisp bills, you don't even need to hyp-

ocritically inquire, How are you? and then be sentenced to sit there politely enduring the tedious answer. A person gets a uniquely false sense of importance being encouraged to talk only about himself, to lay out for solemn scrutiny all his bits and pieces, all his marginalia, his insignificant clutter of biographical knickknacks. I don't really understand why I even went; it was a way to pass the time, I suppose. My business was thriving on its own and no longer required my attention every moment. And it was not an easy task, believe me, to locate an analyst who wasn't a Jew. A Jew would have been intolerable: he would have assumed too much, he would have taken conceptual liberties. With money, though, you can accomplish anything. His name was Jamie Hill.

What was my problem?

Nothing makes me happy, Doctor. I feel nothing. Correction—not even nothing. Doctor, I said, I am dead.

That is a synopsis of the first session. I told him this only so he would consider me a worthy and interesting enough case to take on. To even speak such words—although they are the banal truth—goes against my nature; I'm not a sensationalist. Let's talk about it, said Jamie Hill, M.D. But over the next five years, the subject never came up again, and, personally, I never cared enough to raise it. What, then, did I discuss in that consulting room, opposite his still, warm body? Business mostly. Should I buy this property, should I sell that one? Should I go into this deal with so-and-so—yes, no, maybe? Should I buy Krystina the sable coat she wants? Yes, but maybe a diamond bracelet would be a better investment because if ever we should part company and I would be obliged to take the bracelet back, diamonds never lose value, you know, they could be clasped around another lady's wrist, whereas a coat, a coat, a coat, becomes worn and threadbare, for another woman it would require alterations and adjustments, and so on and so forth. Problems with employees, help, underlings, servants, though I never mentioned him—Dr. Hill, that is—by name, out of deference to his self-esteem, although there's no question that what he was doing was servicing me. Which car to buy? What vacation to take? Ruminations, the sort of empty scrawls that are daily processed and reprocessed across the mind's slate, but it was a luxury, a luxury indeed, to speak them out loud without interruption.

It was in this fashion that I used Hill as my vessel for nearly five years exactly. It happened just around then (after five years, that is, the period of time allotted to determine whether or not the cancer has been licked) that Hill suggested that perhaps I ought to undergo some

testing—a lie detector test I think it was that he mentioned in particular. Test batteries he wanted to insert into me; then I would really shine, then I would be rendered transparent. In short, he planned to figure me out statistically, to reduce me to the lowest common denominator, to balance me. And then, entirely by accident, I discovered that his real name wasn't Jamie Hill at all, but Hymie Goldberg, a South American, it turned out, and I quit without explanation, cutting off, by my calculations, approximately one sixth of his annual income.

Who informed me about Goldberg-Hill, the fraud? It happened to have been an acquaintance of mine, a stockbroker named Fogel—a Jew, obviously, but nevertheless I didn't hold it against him since he took precautions not to be a pain in the neck about it. After all, I'm a Jew, too. I could have undergone an operation to change myself into a Unitarian, or something benign like that, but what would have been the point? I'm not against associating with my kind as long as they're discreet, as long as they don't make a federal case about it. Identity, identity—for heaven's sake, stop hammering me over the head with your wretched identity.

In a profession in which people have been known to change their name from Johnson to Cohen in order to get ahead, the stockbroker Fogel said to me, this dumb shrink switches from Goldberg to Hill. How do you figure it? Which only goes to prove that he not only is a little weird, but also obviously stupid. And stupidity, by the way, is not such a rare commodity among Jews, contrary to the cherished stereotype. Maybe if we got ourselves a hot public relations type who would spread the news to the Gentiles that we Jews have also been allotted our fair share of stupid sons, maybe then there'd be a major cut-back in anti-Semitism in this world.

We were standing at the counter at Cartier when Fogel gave me the goods on Goldberg-Hill. I had in my hand a sapphire ring I was con-

templating as a gift for Krystina, and, by the way, also as an intelligent investment. In the nimbus of the gem, tinged by a blue out of time. I watched the passage of a strikingly elegant woman. She was dressed in an old-fashioned tailored suit, and a wide-brimmed hat slouched over one eye. Half her face was dark, in deep shadow, yet not a single detail escaped me—the mole at the right-hand corner of her upper lip, the heartbreaking curve of her throat, the mus-

cles of her calves tightening inside her silk stockings. This was my wife in her best hour. But, of course, assuming a wife had existed, and, if she had existed, that she had crawled out of the cellar, she would have been a much older woman by now. The solution was obvious: this woman—I longed to set the sapphire down in the soft part of the palm of her hand, fold her fingers over it one by one, like a baby's fist—this woman could only be my daughter. Here she was, a stately vision, shopping in the afternoon at Cartier like any pampered lady. Nothing unimaginable had happened to her. Tell me, who could prove that anything had happened? Where, except in the unreliable circuits of human memory, was there any evidence that something grotesque

had taken place? She was achingly attractive, this image of my daughter, but Fogel, for his part, was too engrossed in unloading what he knew about the psychiatrist to take note or pay his respects.

"Don't tell me you were a client of his," Fogel intruded rather presumptuously. Client is a falsely delicate, a flabby euphemism for patient.

Had my daughter not just then floated past in a pale dream, I would have quickly invented some kind of story to explain my connection to Goldberg-Hill. But seeing her again—it disoriented me. I admitted it, yes. For this apathy I suffer from, I said to Fogel. For this sense I have of not being alive.

In my experience, it's always a mistake to weaken and unburden yourself, to blurt out a



confession, for that in turn softens up your listener and expels from him a confession that you never wanted to be inflicted with in the first place. Yes, Fogel said, he, too, used to be oppressed by this feeling that he was a machine of some sort, an automaton that had been programmed—a money-making machine, a family-man machine, a consumer machine, a tooth-brushing, shaving, showering, newspaper-processing, television-watching, desk-clearing, garbage-taking-out, and so on machine. That's how it used to be with Fogel, until, according to his account, he started taking the cure, once a year, at what he called his spiritual spa, and the effects lasted, they lasted right through one year until the next one, they carried him over until the time arrived for his next fix. Once a year, Fogel told me, he traveled to Jerusalem, to the black section of the city—they called it Me'ah She'arim, One Hundred Gates—where the most zealous Jews, the ones in the black coats, lived. There Fogel sat for a week at the table of the saintly Reb Mendele. "I don't know what it is about Reb Mendele," Fogel said to me, "but at his table I am fed happiness, and the leftovers I take home with me in little doggie bags."

So this was my sordid fate: Hill was really Goldberg, and Fogel was really a Hasid. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't get away from them. Some Jews are more prone to attract other Jews; this is a clinical fact. It's a smell we give off, a signal, a definite invitation. And it's not as if I ran from my meeting with Fogel directly to the travel agent to book the last ticket to Tel Aviv. That conversation at Cartier took place in 1980. Five more years went by before I called Fogel again to get this Reb Mendele's address. I don't know what, in the end, brought me to Jerusalem. Krystina said I was desperate for a little "jewling." As she pronounced it, it sounded like chewing: would I chew (for we Jews are the perpetual chewers) or would I be chewed (chewed, also, we have been)? Desperate I was; again Krystina was on the mark. Reb Mendele was a charlatan. That's what I expected. I got what I expected. But nobody would say of me that I had lacked seriousness in the pursuit.

The most exceptional thing about Reb Mendele was his physical stature: he was extremely short and slight. When he sat at the head of his long table, his chin rested on the edge, and his feet underneath dangled, like a child's, a few inches above the floor. Reb Mendele's Hasidim claimed that he fed on the celestial fruits and nectars of the mysteries, and thus was he sustained. The one thing most religions have in common is this use of elevated language designed to obscure, mislead, and deceive. Celestial

fruits and nectars of the mysteries indeed! Inside those inflated words, what was there? Hot air. But it's true that Reb Mendele appeared to be a happy man, always giggling and cracking jokes. Each morning his wife would march into the room where he sat enthroned at the head of the table with his court flanking him on both sides like two wings. Compared with Reb Mendele, his wife was three times as high and three times as wide. In her hands she would bear a tray on which she had arranged a giant glass of prune juice, a kettle of hot water, and a plate of sliced lemons. "Mendel," she would boom, "drink down every last drop if you know what's good for you!" Then she would set the tray down in front of her husband, turn with the haughty air of a person who was truly an insider, truly in the innermost inner circles, unlike the deluded flunkies around the table, and carry herself out with formidable dignity.

As soon as she was gone, Reb Mendele would point to the big glass of prune juice. "The Bomb!" he would declare. "One hundred percent guaranteed!" Then he would squeeze some lemon juice into it and pass it around the table for each of his Hasidim to take a sip, the potion growing more and more diluted as the hot water was added for the junior members of the court, with the more robust bowels, who sat at the foot of the table. When it made its way back to Reb Mendele, the glass was licked clean, and his wife looked properly satisfied as she entered to reclaim the tray. This was one of the original ways in which Reb Mendele reinterpreted the practice of *shirayim*, wherein the disciples pounce on the rabbi's leavings for a morsel of the food that has been blessed by the holy man, touched by his lips, his hand, meant for him. "There are three occasions when it is explicitly permitted to fool one's wife," Reb Mendele taught: "When it makes the wife happy, when it makes your fellow Jews happy, and when it makes the husband happy. The wife is happy because she believes with full faith that I have obeyed her and drunk my prune juice. My fellow Jews are happy because they have sampled a bit of the rebbe's *shirayim*. And the rabbi, too, a mere trembling husband in this case, he is happy as well because, as you know, he hates prune juice." "Ya ba ba, ya ba ba, ya ba bum," sang the Hasidim, and they pounded the table ecstatically as they assimilated their rabbi's wisdom.

But what about me? I didn't care for prune juice either. And I was not happy.

"Never mind," Reb Mendele said. "To you I will give a piece of your mother's honey cake."

My mother's honey cake? What in the world could that possibly mean? Had I truly had a mother once? And if I had one, did Reb Mendele in his darkest dreams find out what had

happened to her, much less to her honey cake? Here was another example of the corruption of language in the service of religion, empty words diabolically twisted to resonate a profundity, a cosmic enigma, that simply was not there.

However, at least I still possessed my sanity, and for the sake of its preservation it was necessary to get myself away from that hilarious table as often as possible. So I began to walk in and out of the narrow alleyways of Me'ah She'arim, elbowing my way through the swarm of black coats and black hats. At first they all looked alike to me, like insects, like crows—who could tell one beetle from another? And, again, that old sensation would well up in me of revulsion and disgust, the same sensation that the marionette with the little fake mustache who ended my life describes so richly in his inspirational memoirs. But then, as I waded deeper and deeper into that sea of black, distinct faces began to emerge, ordinary and extraordinary, as if my eyes had grown accustomed to the dark, or as if a shaft of light had suddenly been beamed to illuminate the anomalies. The converts, in particular, stood out for scrutiny. There was, for example, an American Negro basketball player—he could have been nothing else—wearing a specially ordered black caftan and black hat, advancing with great giraffe strides, his eyes cast down so as not to attract too much attention, his long sidelocks curled tight as springs. A Japanese, sparsely bearded for reasons of genetic code, attired in the striped robe of a particular Hasidic sect, on his head a crocheted white yarmulke with a little tassle.

My eyes had been opened. That was when I saw him. I recognized him instantly—how could I not?—despite his black satin gabardine tied with a rope belt, despite his fringed garment, his long white stockings, his black felt hat brushed to a regimental shine, the purple velvet prayer-shawl-and-phyllacteries bag embroidered with a gold Star of David tucked under his arm. But the face was indelible: the heavy, feral eyebrows; the gap between the teeth. Could I ever forget it? And now, when I set out into the narrow lanes and courtyards of Me'ah She'arim, I set out for him alone. I saw him many times, coming and going from the synagogue to the study hall to the bank before I dared open my mouth and greet him.

"Well, a good morning to you, Reb Mengele."

"And a good morning to you as well, Reb Yid."

"So—I see you've stopped practicing medicine. Everyone's given up looking for you. They all think you're dead."

"I have returned, *baruch haShem*, thank God."

"Plotzker's Personalized Postal Conversions?"

Mengele nodded beatifically. "All Styles and Varieties," he said. "Something for Every Taste. I chose Ultra-Ultra."

"So I see. I would have expected nothing less."

It suits you."

"*Baruch haShem*. I am born again."

He had aged, of course. The beard and long sidelocks that now framed his face were the color of ash. Under his felt hat I could see the lower crescent of his full black velvet yarmulke. But his famous eyebrows were still dark. And the space in his mouth still delivered a licentious look. And he still emanated that air of medical authority that made you, against your will, want to please him, to win his approval, to have him pronounce you his favorite client.

Naturally he had aged. From aging, at least, he was not immune. After all, the last time I had seen him was more than forty years ago, when I was a camper in the camp in which he was the camp doctor. We must have done something pretty awful that day, because he had us—about two hundred or so of us campers—gathered around a trench of some sort. From this group he counted out one hundred and fifty exactly, counted twice to make sure there was perfect attendance. It was my good fortune to be numbered in this select group. So, as I said, he counted out one hundred and fifty, me among them, and shot us all. There was some mild protest, some polite confusion among the chosen one hundred and fifty, which gave me, or so I believe, the opportunity to crawl out of the hole into which we had fallen one on top of the other, like rows of theoretic dominoes, and to rejoin the group of campers still standing on the side being taught a lesson, the ones who had not been selected. Afterward, when the smoke cleared, as the cowboys say, the peculiar doctor ordered that the dead be dragged out of the pit and counted. One hundred and forty-nine. No question: a dead man was missing. Then he ordered that the bodies be laid out in rows of ten. So we arranged them in fifteen rows, and it was true, the last row contained nine corpses only. It would have been an easy enough matter just to pick out one from among those of us who were still standing upright, put a bullet through his head, simply even things out, and call it a day. But the peculiar doctor believed in the natural, the divinely inspired, correctness of his original selections. He set us to work searching for the missing dead man. For five days I squatted in that grave, digging in the dirt for my corpse. The labor was heavy. Men toiling alongside me fell down dead during the hunt for my remains. The one hundred and fiftieth dead body was never found. ■

ENGINEERS OF A SHAM

How literature lies about power

By Stephen Vizinczey

But Truth is the silliest thing under the sun. Try to get a living by the Truth—and go to the Soup Societies.
—Herman Melville

On a visit to Hungary a few years ago I was amazed to see Herman Wouk's *The Caine Mutiny* promoted with almost the same zeal as best sellers in America. There were stacks in every bookshop and the stage version was playing not only in Budapest but in several provincial theaters. I was told that it had come to Hungary via the Soviet Union, where it was doing even better.

Judging by its content, one would suppose that American fans of *The Caine Mutiny* are staunch conservatives and anticommunists disgusted by attention-seeking individuals who criticize things and try to "tear down" America and its leaders, be they sea captains or presidents, and it seemed odd that the cultural commissars of the Soviet empire would approve of the same book. But on reflection it made perfect sense. *The Caine Mutiny* is an ideal Soviet novel: it maligns people who criticize their superiors and encourages loyal submission to the men in charge, even if the men in charge are insane. True, it maligns malcontents in the U.S. Navy, not dissidents within the Soviet system, but this circumstance pales to insignificance beside the all-important need of a dictatorship to promote the virtue of unthinking servility. The secret police can control only what people do; literature (printed, staged, filmed, televised) is used to control what they *would like to do*, by influencing their imaginary worlds, their attitudes, and their daydreams. Stalin called writers "engineers

of the soul," and to this day Soviet writers are expected to tinker with people's minds and make them believe that "the individual is nothing, the system is everything." I'm quoting the late Andrei Amalrik, who like so many others was sent to prison, to Siberia, and finally to exile in the West, for writing critically about life in the Soviet Union.

To most Americans this sounds not only wrong but crazy. Who cares what novels people read? Here fiction is seen as either art or entertainment, but in both cases as a diversion that has nothing to do with the practical business of living, especially politics. Yet literature is inescapably political, here as much as anywhere else. It is in the act of reading that we define our notions about the world, what we judge to be right or wrong, important or unimportant, acceptable or unacceptable; literature is the testing ground of the imagination, where we decide who we are and what sort of society we live in or should be living in. You tell me your favorite novelists and I'll tell you whom you vote for, or whether you vote at all.

This connection between reading matter and who gets elected is not recognized by our arbiters of literary taste. Publishers, editors, critics, academics, members of committees that bestow grants and awards, seem to be above politics, but with admirable exceptions they tend to overlook fiction that could undermine respect for people in power, and they have a great love for the innocuous. For all their tolerance of experimentalism, exhibitionism, obscenity, ranting and raving (anything that excites people to no purpose), they're not all that different from the bureaucrats of culture in communist countries.

Before winning the approval of Moscow, *The Caine Mutiny* won the Pulitzer Prize. *Catch-22* did not win the Pulitzer Prize. Nor did *Cat's Cradle*, the best book on the way scientists

Stephen Vizinczey's *Truth and Lies in Literature* and a revised version of his novel *In Praise of Older Women* will be published this month by the Atlantic Monthly Press. His most recent novel is *An Innocent Millionaire*.

There are two
basic kinds of
literature: one
helps you to be
a free citizen,
the other helps
people to
manipulate you

think as they go about inventing various means to end life on Earth. In fact, no irreverent novel of critical intelligence that might inspire people to question the actions, motives, and competence of the men who run America has ever won the Pulitzer Prize. Of course, in a democracy, literature cannot be controlled in the same way and to the same extent as in a totalitarian state—here oppression goes no further than lack of support—but the powers-that-be on both sides of the ideological divide evidently share a preference for literature that helps to keep the citizenry in a state of mindless submission. Indeed, they are so much of the same mind about this that they can end up pushing the very same bundle of lies.

The hero of *The Caine Mutiny*, Captain Queeg, is the mean, petty, incompetent, cowardly commander of a mine sweeper fighting the Japanese in the Pacific. Or rather, he is not a mean, petty, incompetent coward but a mentally unbalanced person, because “no man who rises to command of a United States naval ship can possibly be a coward. . . . therefore if he commits questionable acts under fire the explanation must lie elsewhere.”

In a combat zone, Captain Queeg ransacks the ship, searching for the men who ate a quart of strawberries without permission; when they are actually under attack, he harangues a sailor for being improperly dressed. To get his ship away from Japanese shore batteries, he abandons the landing craft he is supposed to protect. Then he freezes from terror during a typhoon, at which point the executive officer, Steve Maryk, relieves him of his command to save the ship from foundering. By any rational standard Maryk deserves a medal for courage and initiative, and I'm sure if this story had really happened the Navy would in fact have promoted him. But in Wouk's novel Maryk is charged with mutiny, and though acquitted at the court-martial, he stands to get “a nice fat letter of reprimand.” His career in the Navy is over. “You're guilty,” his own defense counsel assures him.

More precisely, he is half-guilty, because he was spurred on by a cynical and opportunistic fellow officer named Keefer, a novelist in the making who ruthlessly noted each and every one of Queeg's irrational actions and kept urging Maryk to assume command. We are to take it that no one aboard would have displayed any active concern about the ship's being commanded by a mentally unbalanced person if it had not been for the scheming Keefer, who plots against his captain out of sheer malice. He is portrayed as a vile character and the source of all the trouble, even though everything he says about Queeg is true. If Wouk had wanted to attack mischief-

makers who undermine authority without cause, then he would have made Queeg a more suitable commander, one who could at least be trusted to keep the ship afloat; but he made Queeg exaggeratedly incompetent and dangerous, convincing the reader that he should and must be replaced. It is only near the end of the novel that Wouk twists the story around, leading the reader to mistrust his own judgment and accept the conclusion that to unseat even such a captain as Queeg is a wrong and unpatriotic thing to do.

Wouk delivers this message in fictional wrappings designed to disarm the reader's critical faculties: it comes after the court-martial, at a party thrown by Keefer, and is delivered by Greenwald, the defense counsel, when he is drunk “The wrong man was on trial. . . . You went after Queeg and got him,” he accuses Keefer. The officers of the *Caine* should have served their paranoid captain loyally—should have let the ship go down*, if need be—because while they were having fun in peacetime, Queeg, a regular Navy man, was “standing guard on this fat dumb and happy country of ours.” Captain Queeg “stopped Hermann Goering from washing his fat behind with my mother,” says Greenwald, who is Jewish.

As a matter of common sense and geography, it was the Atlantic Ocean that protected America from invasion, but Greenwald's line sounds just right in the Soviet Union, where Stalin's insane regime is still defended on the grounds that it enabled the country to triumph over the Nazis. The Russian historian Roy Medvedev has documented the fact that the Soviet Union won the war not because of but *in spite of* Stalin, who in 1937 carried out a vast purge of the armed forces, in the course of which between 25,000 and 30,000 regular officers perished, including 3 of the 5 marshals, 15 of the 16 army commanders, 60 of the 67 corps commanders, 136 of the 199 divisional commanders, and all 10 admirals of the Soviet navy. When Hitler struck, Stalin went into hiding; no doubt he was terrified of being murdered by the few surviving generals. But the Russians cannot read Medvedev's books to learn the truth about their great guardian; they get *The Caine Mutiny* instead.

There are two basic kinds of literature: one is like astronomy, the other is like astrology. One helps you to understand, the other confuses you; one heightens your awareness, the other induces amnesia. One helps you to be a free person and a free citizen, the other helps people to manipulate you. Needless to say, people in power, who by the nature of their position are bound to be manipulators, favor the kind of literature that

makes it easier for them to manipulate. The last thing they want is a literature that mirrors the world as it is, inciting readers to think with their own heads: people's minds should be filled with the sort of craven nonsense that will keep them quiet and malleable. In totalitarian countries the preferences of power are almost the only artistic criteria, but they tend to weigh heavily on the aesthetic scale everywhere.

This has always been so. Tolstoy was passed over for the Nobel Prize not because the members of the Swedish academy made a mistake, but because they did not want to offend the czarist regime. And also because they were the kind of people who have a natural aversion to literature that gives offense. This was why they became academicians in the first place.

A similar mixture of opportunism and charlatanism, representing the interests of power rather than art, dominates American criticism. Certainly nothing else explains the status of *Billy Budd* as a literary classic.

Whole books have been devoted not only to *Billy Budd* but to the books, essays, and scholarly studies written about it. It has been hailed as a masterwork ever since it first appeared in 1924 and was reviewed in the *Times Literary Supplement* by John Middleton Murry, who called it "this last will and spiritual testament of a man of genius. . . wonderful and divine," and said, "Melville is telling the story of the inevitable and utter disaster of the good and trying to convey to us that this must be so and *ought to be so* . . ." (Italics added throughout.) F. O. Matthiessen praised Melville for "no longer protesting against the determined laws as being savagely inexorable. *He has come to accept necessity*." That is, the necessity of slaughtering the innocent, which is the subject of Melville's last tale. I myself read it some fifteen years ago, but the passage of time has not softened its impact: I am still overcome by nausea whenever some laudatory reference reminds me of it. *Billy Budd* fleshes out the grossest, meanest lie in all literature, the lie that a man can love his executioner.

In 1797, shortly after the mutinies at Spithead and the Nore, a young seaman named William Budd—a handsome, guileless, cheerful, open-hearted boy—is falsely accused of trying to organize a mutiny aboard a warship of the British navy. Summoned to the captain's cabin and confronted by Claggart, the malevolent master-at-arms who is telling vicious lies about him, Billy cannot utter a word in his own defense: he has a speech impediment which makes him tongue-tied when he is excited. Moved by outraged innocence and his inability to speak, he lashes out in desperation and unintentionally strikes his false accuser dead. Captain Vere convenes a summary court-martial and Billy

Budd is hanged the following morning.

The bare outline of the story shows how little a seaman's life was worth in the eighteenth century. There was no shortage of men: if more were needed they were press-ganged onshore or commandeered, like Billy at the beginning of the story, from a passing merchant ship. The mutinies at Spithead and the Nore were provoked by the barbarous treatment of British seamen (though Melville is more inclined to put the blame on revolutionary contagion from France—as if kidnapping people, flogging them, and feeding them worms were not enough), and conditions were similar on American ships, which were known as floating jails. As late as 1842, on board the U.S. brig-of-war *Somers*, Captain Alexander Slidell Mackenzie hanged three sailors, without evidence or trial, on mere suspicion of plotting mutiny. Melville's cousin Lieutenant Guert Gansevoort was one of the officers aboard the *Somers* who supported Mackenzie's decision to hang the three men (two of them really only teenagers), and Melville refers to the affair in *Billy Budd*. Captain Vere and Captain Mackenzie both acted to suppress possible mutiny, he says, and they felt the same urgency about it, "well-warranted or otherwise." In case some readers might think it makes a difference whether executions are well-warranted or not, Melville quotes an unnamed author to remind them that they know very little about "the responsibilities of the sleepless man on the bridge."

Melville sees Captain Vere as a good man doing his painful duty, hanging a young sailor for involuntary homicide, but a good man would not be so keen to renounce his personal conscience and abdicate individual moral responsibility. At the court-martial he explains to the three junior officers who will have to pass judgment that they must suppress their natural reluctance to convict an innocent man: they should forget about "Nature" and think of the buttons on their uniforms.

"How can we adjudge to summary and shameful death a fellow-creature innocent before God, and whom we feel to be so?—Does that state it aright? You sign sad assent. Well, I too feel that, the full force of that. It is Nature. But do these buttons that we wear attest that our allegiance is to Nature? No, to the King. . . . In receiving our commissions, we in the most important regards *ceased to be natural free-agents*. . . . For suppose condemnation to follow these present proceedings. Would it be so much we ourselves that would condemn as it would be *martial law operating through us*? For that law and the rigour of it, we are not responsible."

This is what later became known as the Nuremberg defense, but it was no less shoddy in Melville's time. And in fact it doesn't make

A mixture of opportunism and charlatanism, representing the interests of power rather than art, dominates American criticism

One of the
most frequent
lies in literature
is that it hurts
more to abuse,
torture, or kill
somebody than
it does to be
abused,
tortured, or
killed

sense even in terms of the story. Neither law nor custom required Captain Vere to convene a court-martial.

As to the drumhead court, it struck the surgeon as impolitic, if nothing more. The thing to do, he thought, was to place Billy Budd in confinement and in a way dictated by usage, and postpone further action . . . to such time as they should rejoin the squadron, and then refer it to the Admiral. . . .

But the captain insists that the Mutiny Act must be applied, even though he agrees with the officer of marines that "Budd purposed neither mutiny nor homicide." He wants a quick hanging, no matter what.

"Can we not convict and yet mitigate the penalty?" asked the Sailing Master here speaking, and falteringly, for the first.

"Sailing Master . . . consider the consequences of such clemency."

To the captain, anything less than immediate execution—even putting the accused man in irons for the remainder of the voyage—would be clemency. And if he cannot persuade his officers to hang Billy for reasons of the law, he will come up with other reasons.

"The people" (meaning the ship's company) "...how would they take it? Even if you could explain to them—which our official position forbids—they, long molded by arbitrary discipline, have not that kind of intelligent responsiveness that might qualify them to comprehend and discriminate. . . . Your clement sentence they would account pusillanimous. They would think that we flinch, that we are afraid of them. . . ."

In other words, there is only one way he and his officers can communicate with the men under them: by beatings and hangings. He, Captain Vere, has ruled his ship arbitrarily, and his men, "long molded by arbitrary discipline," would not expect him to rule in any other way: they would not understand what was happening—they would *mutiny* if he suddenly made an intelligent and humane decision based on the facts and circumstances of a case.

Billy Budd, on the other hand, will have no difficulty understanding why he has to be hanged even though he is innocent, and will sympathize with his executioners. So the captain assures the three officers.

"You see then whither, prompted by duty and the law, I steadfastly drive. . . . I feel as you do for this unfortunate boy. But did he know our hearts, I take him to be of that generous nature that he would feel even for us on whom in this military necessity so heavy a compulsion is laid."

It is hard to believe that Melville intends us to take the captain's declarations seriously, and indeed, when the surgeon first heard about the

drumhead court, he was filled with "disquietude and misgiving," wondering whether the captain was not "suddenly affected in his mind." But no, it turns out that the captain is right about everything. The officers who venture to disagree with him are "well-meaning men not intellectually mature," whereas Captain Vere has both the wisdom of books and of practical experience.

When speak he did, something both in the substance of what he said and his manner of saying it, showed the influence of unshared studies modifying and tempering the practical training of an active career.

The twisted style goes with the twisted thinking. Portraying someone who is savagely cruel in his conduct, Melville perceives him at the same time as a wise, compassionate, decent man. It is this combination which is so perniciously false. Captain Vere is the killer with a heart of gold: he *loves* Billy Budd. Duty compels him to hang the poor lad, but the whole business is more painful for him than for Billy. He goes alone to inform Billy of the death sentence and emerges from the prisoner's compartment with his face "expressive of the agony of the strong." The senior lieutenant sees it and is startled by it: "The condemned one suffered less than he who mainly had effected the condemnation."

If readers will keep a lookout for it, they will find that one of the most frequent lies in literature is the pretense that it hurts more to abuse, torture, or kill somebody than it does to be abused, tortured, or killed. The corollary of this is that the victims have no objection. On the contrary. They understand; they sympathize with their torturers; they respect and even love them.

What a denial of the life instinct! What a betrayal of suffering humanity! What romanticizing of craven submission! Why should we worry about murder if the victims themselves don't make a big thing out of it? Billy Budd's "cheerful" devotion to his captain does not flag just because the captain decides to blot out his life. In the morning, with the rope around his neck,

Billy stood facing aft. At the penultimate moment, his words, his only ones, words wholly unobstructed in the utterance, were these—"God bless Captain Vere!"

And the supposedly mutinous crew assembled to witness the hanging of their young shipmate echo the unbelievable cry: "God bless Captain Vere!"

It is difficult to lie in clear, straightforward prose. Melville's way of relating things which couldn't possibly happen is to both say them and not say them. You can see here the advantages of a tortuous style and poetic images which do

not illuminate what is going on but distract your attention from it. Billy Budd is hanged but his body doesn't twitch or twist on the rope. The crew shouts its blessing on the homicidal captain—but not really:

Without volition, as it were, as if indeed the ship's populace were *but the vehicles of some vocal current electric*, with one voice from aloft and aloft came a resonant sympathetic echo—"God bless Captain Vere!"

Moments later the crew revoke their blessing—but again, possibly not.

The silence . . . was gradually disturbed by a sound not easily to be verbally rendered. . . . Being inarticulate, it was *dubious in significance* further than it seemed to indicate some capricious revulsion of thought or feeling such as mobs ashore are liable to, in the present instance *possibly* implying a sullen revocation on the men's part of their involuntary echoing of Billy's benediction.

The captain himself dies with his victim's name on his lips: "Billy Budd, Billy Budd." You might think the captain regrets what he has done. But no: "these were not the accents of remorse."

Melville at one point compares Captain Vere and Billy Budd to Abraham and Isaac, and it is said that he meant to write a modern version of the biblical tale. So the improbabilities do not matter; the story makes sense symbolically. But if Vere is Abraham and Billy is Isaac, then who is God? The very essence of all concepts of God is that God is what is above and beyond worldly power; Melville seems to be suggesting that men of power are to be obeyed as if they were divine. However unjust, irrational, and murderous their decisions may be, we should submit to them not only unquestioningly but gladly, renouncing our own reason, conscience, and survival instinct. What is false in the first instance becomes even more false if taken symbolically.

Melville might have revised the manuscript of *Billy Budd* if he had lived longer, but as it is, the novella appears to be the logical outcome of his lifelong quest for the one big, ultimate (that is, nonexistent) Truth. As Alfred Kazin has observed, Melville had "found a solution to his long search for truth past the chimera of this world. The solution is law, or authority. . . . Authority must be preserved, though we doom our own children." It could not be put better. Something had happened to the author of *White-Jacket*, which gave such a shocking account of the treatment of American seamen that it is supposed to have led to the abolition of flogging in the U.S. Navy. Prolonged failure and neglect made Melville worship authority as superior to reason, to the best human instincts and feelings. In Melville's last book authority does not ill-

treat its subjects out of indifference, venality, incompetence, or callousness, but *for the common good*. However arbitrary and cruel it may seem in its actions, it is always benign at heart. What disabling misconceptions about human nature and society are inspired by such lies!

TTrue, not many people read, but many more see the stage, film, and television dramatizations of novels, and practically the whole population watches television programs inspired by themes, ideas, and attitudes derived from printed fiction. So it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the extended impact of literature, its immense capacity to spread ignorance and uncritical trust in authority and to inculcate in people a confused mistrust of their own senses. *The Caine Mutiny* and *Billy Budd* are important because their influence shows up in the media every day, clouding the minds of millions. The high regard in which such books are held points to the prevalence of the notion that we cannot tell anything from events, that we cannot judge people by their conduct: they can be nice and wish us well even as they do us in. Millions of Americans cast their vote on this basis.

When viciousness appears in current fiction, it appears in the shape of marginal characters who are violent but otherwise powerless. In Anne Tyler's *The Accidental Tourist*, for example, there is a reference to the "men in our own government willing to blow up the world," but the pain and sorrow actually portrayed are inflicted by a petty criminal holding up a variety store. Reading recent novels, you would be excused for thinking that the only dangerous people in America are muggers, drug addicts, or terrorists. As a rule, power is glamorized or it is unseen. And even when it is perceived to be harmful, it is impersonal.

There is a general and increasing inability to distinguish between words and deeds, the mask and the face, with the consequence that many people no longer understand their own private lives, let alone politics, the life of the republic. The biblical warning *by their deeds shall ye know them* is disappearing from public consciousness, and the citizenry, cowed into uncomprehending, submissive apathy, gives the captains of government and industry a free hand with the deficit, pollution, the arms race, the whole huge, unholy, terrifying mess. From their actions the politicians may seem unprincipled and incompetent; they may even appear to be crooked and crazy, like Captain Queeg. But we should trust them the way Billy Budd trusted Captain Vere. If they say they are looking after us they must be—and maybe we won't sink if we are loyal and keep out of their way. ■

There is a general and increasing inability to distinguish between words and deeds, the mask and the face

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LETTERS

Continued from page 9

Let me say again, as I have said often in New York and elsewhere: I regard Reagan's policies toward the Sandinistas as destructive and capable of leading to a wider war. I myself have announced that I will bar the dispatch of any New York State National Guardsmen to Honduras for exercises designed to destabilize the Sandinista government. I favor instead our participation in the Contadora peace process.

Mario M. Cuomo
Governor
New York, N.Y.

One Man's Pleasures

In his attempt to come to terms personally with what one feminist he quotes calls a "socially constructed sexuality," Philip Weiss does manage to speak to a conspicuous gap in the ongoing debate over pornography ["Forbidden Pleasures," *Harper's Magazine*, March]. But his perspective as a "passive," "often guilty" consumer of pornography reveals a limited appreciation of some of the key issues of that debate. Specifically, his assumptions about the nature of pornography and its social role are problematic.

Weiss claims that pornography is appealing, in general, because it is "gritty," "aggressively superficial," and "male." This characterization enables him to find entertainment in "the reduction of a person to a close-up detail," and to conclude that men relate to pornography in much the same way they relate to rock-and-roll. He suggests that there is a qualitative difference between the pornography that arouses him and that which seems "reptilian," the stuff of "male excesses." And he is content to allow traditional standards of obscenity to define that distinction.

Weiss's confidence that sexually explicit imagery can be judged solely on the basis of its subject matter reflects a shallow view of pornography. This is a relatively accessible approach, since if we focus only on visu-

al content, pornography becomes easy to recognize and, in theory, easy to regulate. The depiction of certain activities—pedophilia or extreme sexual violence, for example—is so unambiguously objectionable that few among even the most vigilant guardians of free speech will openly justify it. Hence the task of establishing the lowest common denominator of acceptable morality is fairly uncomplicated. And pornography thus ceases to pose much of a problem.

The "problem" of pornography, however, has to do not only with what the specific images are and how they represent sex, but also with what they say, implicitly, about the nature of social-sexual relations between men and women. The ideological message in a given porn spread may not have been consciously engineered.

But the scenarios, postures, and facial expressions commonly represented in pornographic images speak for themselves. What they tell us is that the exercise of power, by men, within (and, by implication, beyond) the realm of sex is virtuous, desired, and fun. Therein lies the essence of pornographic fantasy.

Weiss argues reasonably that the fantasies inspired by pornography are harmless because they are private, contained, and have no bearing on actions: "Porn's reductions, even its degradations, seem to go on in a feverish, removed zone." While this may be true to some extent, it does not follow that sexual fantasies—and more general fantasies about male power—have no bearing on our attitudes toward social-sexual conduct.

Through its sheer prevalence and endurance, pornography has acquired a degree of social acceptance. We are, as noted, generally content to regulate the grossly obscene; the vast majority of porn is dismissed as little more than a curious aspect of contemporary culture. As a result, the social fantasy manifest through its images is quietly legitimized. Is it unreasonable to suggest that this fantasy of the pleasure of male power exerts a passive but nonetheless real influence on perceptions of social reality? The fine line of reason or instinct that separates fantasy and reality may well

become obscured. In this context, pornography is properly understood not simply as a product, but as part of a social process.

The victims of this process are many. They include women who are compelled to participate in the business of pornography and who come to judge themselves as they are judged by men. They include all men who have been conditioned to objectify sex—to view it and value it in isolation from its essential personal or social context. (It is the absence of social context and the tendency to cater to a fixation on sexual anatomy which distinguishes traditional pornography from that which Weiss suggests is consumed by women in the form of romance novels and other pseudo-erotica.) Among the victims too are all men and women who find themselves falsely characterized as, respectively, sexual aggressors and sexual targets.

We must be actively concerned with more than the surface appearance of pornography. And we must not confine our critical analyses to the realm of traditional morality, where porn is judged according to a sense of "right and wrong." Rather, our attention should be directed to the social dimension of pornography. As such, porn should be judged in the context of social ethics: according to a reasoned assessment of the extent to which the interests of one group of individuals are being pursued at the expense of another's.

The challenge to men is not, as Weiss presents it, to venture into the fray of anti-pornographers, there to slay the myth that "dirty, rotten, awful things pass through straight men's minds when they look at pornography." The real challenge is to recognize pornography's role as a pernicious socializing agent. Only then can we begin to appreciate its potential to inhibit the development of social-sexual relations between men and women that are not based on the exploitation of power. Only then can we understand the extent to which it inhibits the realization of a socially constructed sexuality.

Douglas Campbell
Ottawa, Canada



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The most difficult admission all of us have to make about pornography is that we simply don't know, that we don't have the answers. We don't know if porn incites men to violence, or to do anything palpably antisocial. We don't know whether there are irreducible differences between men and women, corresponding to differences in what they tend to find arousing, or what the range of individual differences might be. We don't know the extent to which responses to porn are culturally influenced in both men and women.

Scott Baltic
Chicago, Ill.

June Index Sources

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1	D	2	K	3	B	4	F	5	A	6	Q	7	N	8	H	9	U	10	R	11	K	12	G	13	C	14	U
15	O	16	F	17	M	18	J	19	X	20	Z	21	W	22	C	23	H	24	B	25	Z	26	E	27	D	28	M
29	C	30	P	31	J	32	T	33	K	34	F	35	R	36	S	37	N	38	M	39	U	40	R	41	G	42	I
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85	H	86	C	87	I	88	F	89	E	90	H	91	I	92	Z	93	N	94	F	95	X	96	H	97	D	98	A
99	W	100	O	101	C	102	B	103	A	104	Y	105	A	106	X	107	X	108	G	109	W	110	J	111	Y	112	U
113	I	114	R	115	Z	116	W	117	I	118	N	119	P	120	V	121	P	122	J	123	B	124	T	125	U	126	D
127	Z	128	L	129	N	130	P	131	F	132	Z	133	A	134	S	135	R	136	O	137	M	138	E	139	D	140	B
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169	B	170	E	171	U	172	Y	173	A	174	X	175	W	176	L	177	V	178	G	179	L	180	O	181	U	182	V
183	O	184	P	185	X	186	L	187	T	188	K	189	H	190	J	191	W	192	H	193	G	194	O	195	W	196	F
197	P	198	U	199	T	200	K	201	F	202	R	203	N	204	B	205	C	206	L	207	P	208	H	209	A	210	Z
211	Y																										

CLUES

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|---|------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|
| A. Imaginative escape (3 wds.) | $\overline{103}$ | $\overline{173}$ | $\overline{209}$ | $\overline{57}$ | $\overline{98}$ | $\overline{105}$ | $\overline{133}$ | $\overline{5}$ |
| | | | | $\overline{44}$ | $\overline{78}$ | $\overline{64}$ | $\overline{143}$ | $\overline{47}$ |
| B. Thoughts occurring during meditation | $\overline{169}$ | $\overline{204}$ | $\overline{102}$ | $\overline{83}$ | $\overline{24}$ | $\overline{3}$ | $\overline{123}$ | $\overline{67}$ |
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| C. Infer, conjecture | $\overline{22}$ | $\overline{205}$ | $\overline{75}$ | $\overline{79}$ | $\overline{13}$ | $\overline{141}$ | $\overline{101}$ | $\overline{29}$ |
| | | | | | | $\overline{152}$ | $\overline{86}$ | $\overline{63}$ |
| D. Innermost state | $\overline{27}$ | $\overline{139}$ | $\overline{1}$ | $\overline{97}$ | $\overline{126}$ | $\overline{60}$ | | |
| E. Anchors, fixes firmly | $\overline{89}$ | $\overline{170}$ | $\overline{26}$ | $\overline{138}$ | $\overline{131}$ | | | |
| F. Freed, opened up | $\overline{146}$ | $\overline{34}$ | $\overline{16}$ | $\overline{196}$ | $\overline{73}$ | $\overline{94}$ | $\overline{4}$ | $\overline{88}$ |
| | | | | | | | | $\overline{149}$ |
| G. Displays ostentatiously (2 wds.) | $\overline{74}$ | $\overline{108}$ | $\overline{155}$ | $\overline{193}$ | $\overline{178}$ | $\overline{46}$ | $\overline{12}$ | $\overline{41}$ |
| H. Ragamuffin | $\overline{208}$ | $\overline{201}$ | $\overline{50}$ | $\overline{85}$ | $\overline{54}$ | $\overline{23}$ | $\overline{8}$ | $\overline{192}$ |
| | | | $\overline{72}$ | $\overline{90}$ | $\overline{68}$ | $\overline{59}$ | $\overline{96}$ | $\overline{189}$ |
| I. Goldanged, infernal (hyph.) | $\overline{113}$ | $\overline{71}$ | $\overline{87}$ | $\overline{145}$ | $\overline{158}$ | $\overline{91}$ | $\overline{42}$ | $\overline{117}$ |
| J. Delighting; feasting | $\overline{122}$ | $\overline{77}$ | $\overline{190}$ | $\overline{31}$ | $\overline{110}$ | $\overline{84}$ | $\overline{18}$ | $\overline{164}$ |
| K. Creating discord | $\overline{11}$ | $\overline{188}$ | $\overline{200}$ | $\overline{2}$ | $\overline{167}$ | $\overline{33}$ | $\overline{159}$ | $\overline{142}$ |
| L. Lash | $\overline{128}$ | $\overline{179}$ | $\overline{154}$ | $\overline{186}$ | $\overline{206}$ | $\overline{176}$ | | |
| M. Vex, harass | $\overline{144}$ | $\overline{38}$ | $\overline{17}$ | $\overline{28}$ | $\overline{137}$ | | | |

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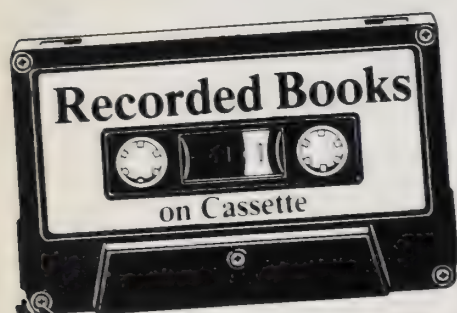
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SOLUTION TO THE MAY PUZZLE

NOTES FOR "DOUBLE ENTRY"

ACROSS: 6. HEBRAIC, anagram; OUT-RANK; 7. SABRA, hidden; RISEN, anagram; 8. D(OGG)IER, RED reversed; MADE-IRA; 9. BOLSTER, anagram; SOURSOP, anagram; 10. AN-A; ALF, reversal; 12. DEBS, two meanings; (j)IFFY; 14. T-I-DAL, reversal; LIFER(aft); 15. MO(b)IL; L-IAC, reversal; 17. BEE(F)S; OATHS, anagram; 19. GUANACO, hidden; MAN-DATE; 21. ELGAR, anagram; IN-ERT; 22. TOUCAN, anagram; PHRASE, "frays." DOWN: 1. BOOM, two meanings; SHE'D; 2. AU(ro-)RA; AERO, hidden in reverse; 3. C-RAGS; DRIER, anagram; 4. B-AS IS; HA-BIT; 5. ONE R; E-IRE; 9. SALIVA, anagram; SKI TAB reversed; 11. N-I-D-I, initial letters; LIMA, hidden; 12. IAMB, hidden; I-L-ED reversed; 13. E(R...)ASE; FL(O)AT; 16. BANTU, "ban too"; C-ULPA(anagram); 18. SE(IN)E; SO(ck)-WE'D; 19. MILL, two meanings; GERM(any); 20. C(...R)AN reversed; DRUG, two meanings.

SOLUTION TO MAY DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 41). R(OBERT) CLAIBORNE: OUR (MARVELOUS) NATIVE TONGUE. To some . . . snobs . . . splitting an infinitive is deemed the mark of the beast; the definitive comment on this was made by, I believe, James Thurber, on the margin of a proof "corrected" by an officious editor: "When I split an infinitive, it's going to damn well stay split!"

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 42, Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to Harper's Magazine, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by June 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to Harper's Magazine. The solution will be printed in the July issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 40 (April) are Sharys Wheeler, San Jose, California; Mrs. L. L. Meek, Pocatello, Idaho; and Yoko Iwadata, New York, New York.

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PUZZLE

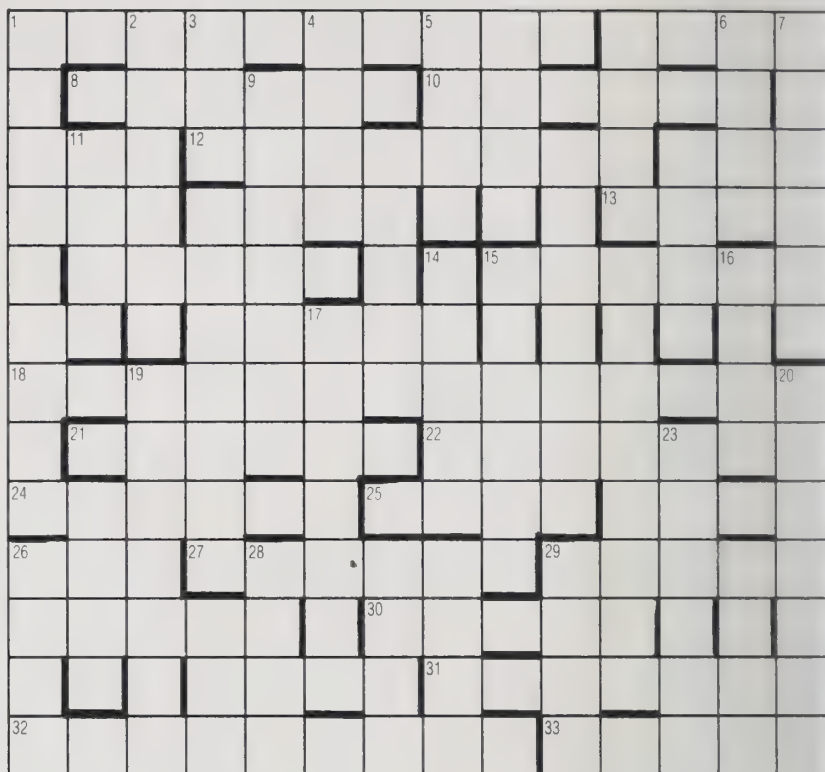
Eponyms

By E. R. Galli
and Richard Maltby Jr.

Each of the eponyms—we take some liberties with the meaning of the word—clued below is the source of two unclued entries in the diagram, one running across and one down. Another pair can be deduced from the title. All these entries are words; those running across are identified by the unclued entry at 18A.

The eponym clues below are listed in the alphabetical order of their answers. Among the answers to the conventional clues are one proper name and one common foreign word.

The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 79.



Eponyms

- Back male liberated in political rally (8)
- British politician with license got into protected (on the outside) complex (11)
- Argues against 60 percent of track meets being located outside (11)
- Loaning out \$1,000 first shows a lot of nerve? (8)
- Broke word in print? Deny he is mistaken, assuming an indication of acidity (8)
- Northern European I vilify outspokenly (9)
- Retest oil colors . . . these drawings are haphazard (9)
- Graduate arrived holding end of newspaper work for stringers? (7)
- Sexual advances could be least troubling when included in proposal (11)
- Knock over a favorite line of defense (7)
- Old riding rig jockeys get ride on (9)

Across

- Office supplies cooked apple crisp (10, two words)
- Ballyhoo plainly includes this! (6)
- Source of sugar coating in tooth (6)
- Small fish drop in on grating, one hears (8, two words)
- His alternative includes common sense (4)
- Big laugh right out of crazed look (6)
- See instructions (7,7)
- Shrew, for instance, teased, not without love (6)
- Plug fall season's opener first (7)
- Hope consumes energy just superlatively . . . (6)

- . . . besides being somewhat authentic (4)
- Miss terribly receiving credit. It's curtains! (6)
- Small boat takes about an age getting back (5)
- Excuse given by prisoner doomed to death (7)
- Betrays nervousness for each Republican in the CIA? (9)
- Tool one needs gripping stuff initially! (5)

Down

- Usually, seventy-two strokes on a horse is maximum (9)
- Grapefruit coming from post office, don't finish melon (6)
- God of love drops resistance for Greek goddess (3)
- What's left in container . . . some of the Scotch? (4)
- Religious image Number 101 is uplifting (4)
- Anything edible, almost . . . a bit of lunch, for instance! (4)
- Flattery from bachelor, say (6)
- Page one letters lambasted the lot of the toiler (7)
- Cheap executive keeps tip (4)
- Grind first of gears on old car (5)
- Sweet treat I pop off loaf (4)
- Around North, travel with upset of the stomach (7)
- Where food is served with check (7)
- Reagan, entering cathedral towns, upset about half of the Spaniards? (7)
- Shackle number-one cut-up (6)
- Well-rounded figure? This derogatory remark is taken the wrong way (4)
- Trim part of microphotograph (4)
- Smashed on tequila during Prohibition? Just the opposite! (4)

2 6 4 3

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Eponyms," Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to Harper's Magazine, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by June 9. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to Harper's Magazine. Winners' names will be printed in the August issue. Winners of the April puzzle, "Bar Hopping," are Philip McComish, Wichita, Kansas; Richard Faust, New York, New York; and Ines Poza-Juncal, San Diego, California.

